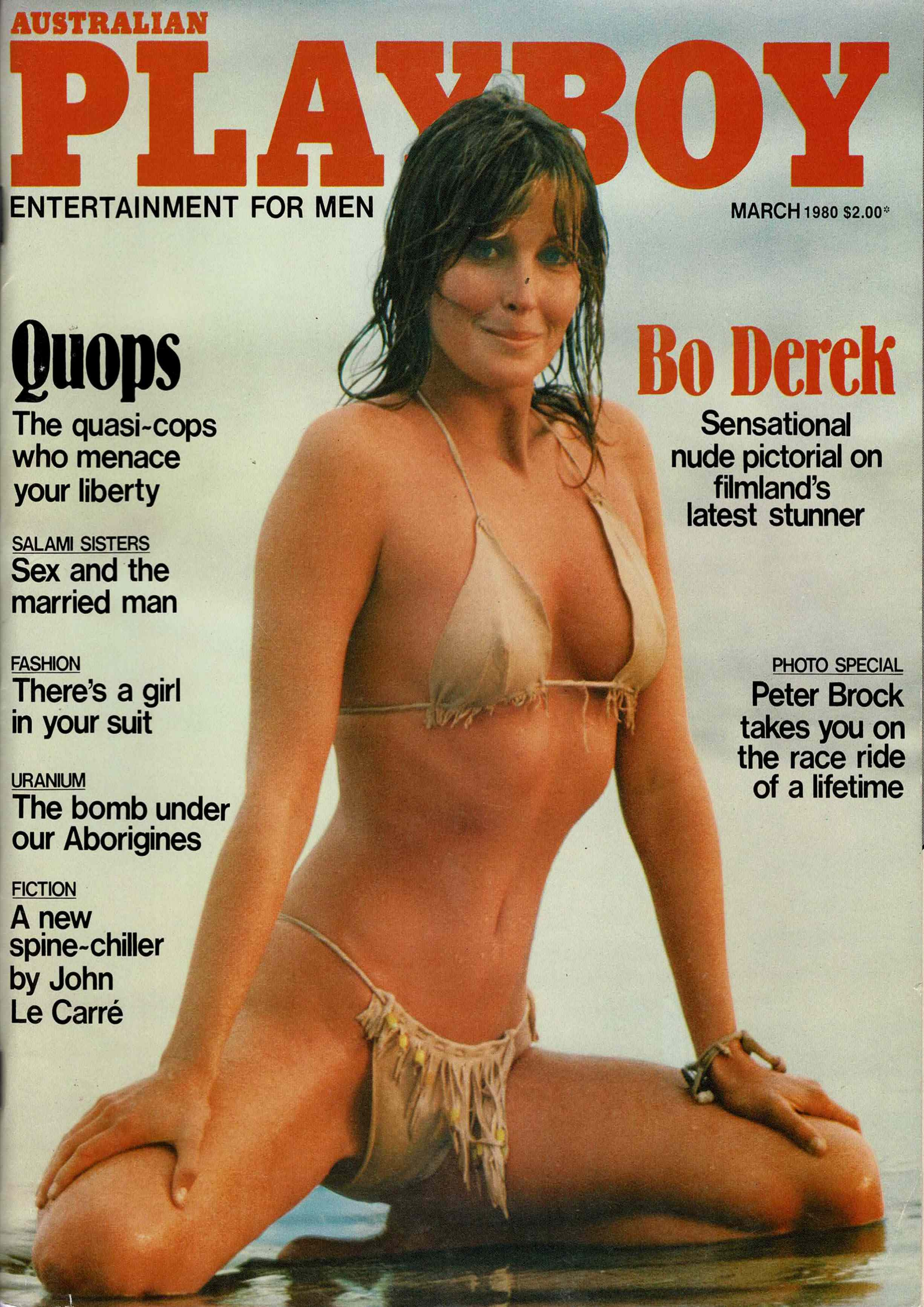
AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1980 $2.00*



Quops

The quasi-cops who menace your liberty

Bo Derek

Sensational nude pictorial on filmland's latest stunner

SALAMI SISTERS

Sex and the married man

FASHION

There's a girl in your suit

URANIUM

The bomb under our Aborigines

FICTION

A new spine-chiller by John Le Carré

PHOTO SPECIAL

Peter Brock takes you on the race ride of a lifetime

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

"It's the best deal Winfield's ever offered
...and that's sayin' something!
...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's."

'Hoges'

8999 19/78

MS

Help me fight Multiple Sclerosis

A CHALLENGE FROM ROSEMARY PAUL
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY PLAYMATE
OF THE MONTH

CAN YOU SWIM 50 METRES?
(time is not important)
AS A SWIMMER (any age group) would you like to join me in the athletes v MS, the disease which attacks young adults?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN a 6-day (7-night) Jet About holiday for two to New Zealand valued at $736?

If you can answer YES to all three questions, and would like to swim for those who can't, then complete and send the coupon below. As well as meeting me, you will also meet a mystery VIP swimmer and the Golden Key Quest entrants.

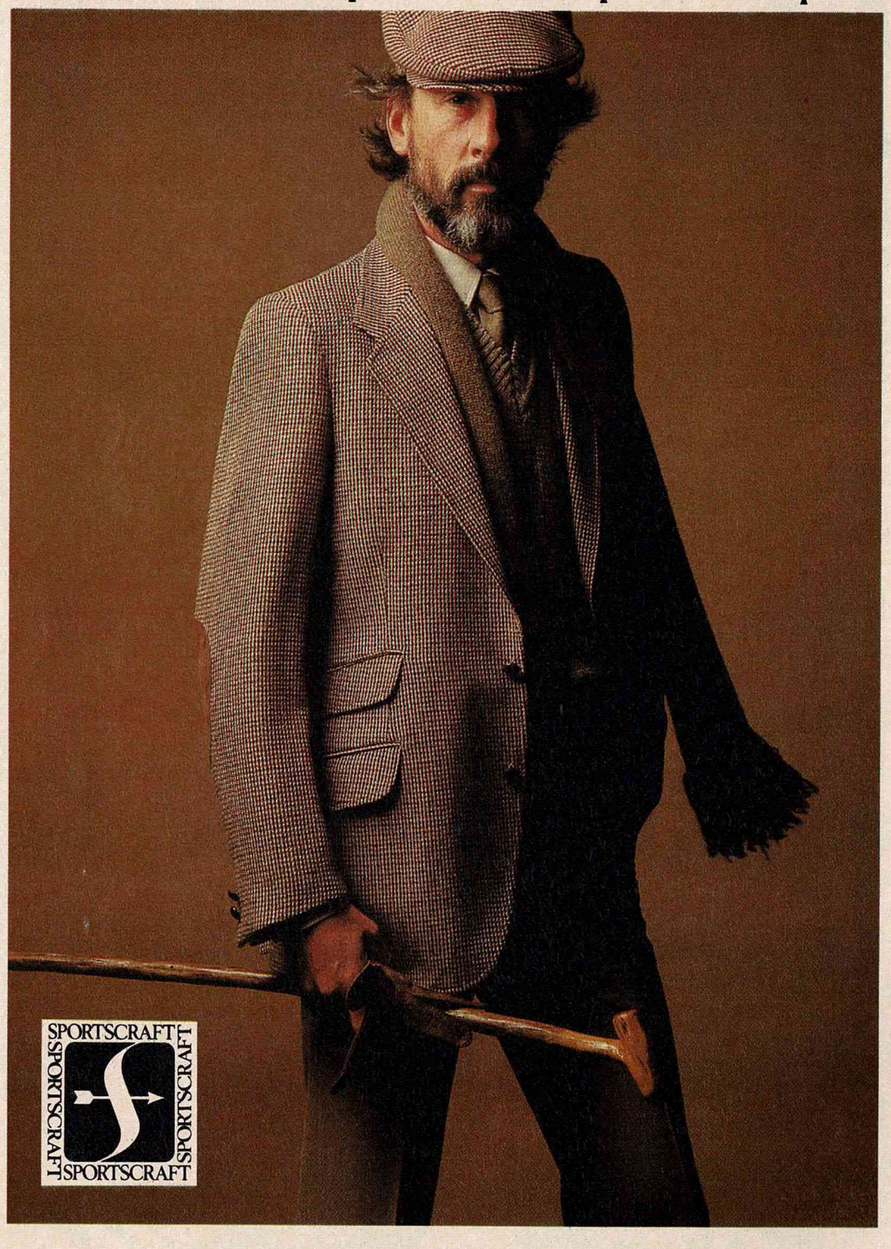
The MS Society of NSW thanks the Lions Club of Lane Cove for making this event possible

TO: MS SOCIETY OF NSW
PO BOX 364, ARTARMON, NSW 2064

I would like to swim for those who can't at the Lane Cove Swimming Pool on Friday, March 7 at 7.45 pm.
Please send a sponsor form and an identification card to

NAME (Mr/Mrs/Miss) .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
POSTCODE .....
PHONE .....

Gentleman's pleasure. Sportscraft.



Traditionally attractive.
Rugged. Styled like a fine sports car.
Sleek and good looking.
This traditional pure new wool hacking jacket has side vents and the fashionable narrow lapels.
Genuine suede elbow patches and leather buttons complete the air of elegance.
The colours are the 80's and the fabric is of such quality that it has earned the Woolmark.
A stunning item from this year's Sportscraft collection.
Gentlemen, your jacket.
Related clothing accessories are also from Sportscraft.

Only wool has natural talent

LBV 1350

PLAYBILL

It's just a year since a beautiful, suntanned model ran into the early-morning surf at a Perth beach and planted a chaste but firm kiss on the cheek of HRH Prince Charles Philip Arthur George, scion of the House of Windsor. That brief embrace brought a broad smile to the face of the future monarch, and lightning fame to a comely commoner named **Jane Priest.** Within hours, her name – and the photographic evidence of her audacity – was on the front pages of the world's newspapers. Magazines and television networks queued to court her favors. Jane Priest, the smiling, bubbling local girl, had made good.

It is Australian PLAYBOY's proud privilege this month to present, exclusively, her first nude pictorial, gloriously photographed by **Denis Scott.** Welcome Jane Priest, *Playmate of the Month.* Eat your heart out, Prince Charles!

Connoisseurs of the female form will revel, too, in our 10-page photo special of **Bo Derek,** star of the film of the same number and hailed as today's most beautiful actress.

Liberty has always been a subject close to PLAYBOY's heart; its defence an editorial obligation. In keeping with this policy, we publish this month a disturbing report on the burgeoning powers of civilian investigators – government-sponsored snoops often with unfettered authority over ordinary, unprepared citizens. In preparing this document on "quops" – quasi-cops – **Gary Sturgess** has drawn widely on his experience as a lawyer and civil libertarian in Queensland. The innovative illustration is by **Alan Ewart.**

Another social issue of increasing concern is the mining and sale of Australia's huge uranium deposits – and what the developments mean to the Aborigines of Arnhem Land. We sent **Andrew Clark** to find out. In the first of a probing two-part series, he visits the four major mining sites. His report is illustrated by **Gordon Fitchett.**

In a lighter vein, our resident humorist, **Ron Saw,** journeys to historic Parramatta on the trail of a truss-maker's clerk who claims to be Casanova reincarnate.

Married philanderers are in for an uncomfortable ride at the hands of the **Salami Sisters.** This odd pseudonym clouds the identities of two young single Sydney girls whose encounters with other women's husbands will strike many a responsive chord. You'd better think up some fresh excuses, chaps. The article is illustrated by **Robert Pearce.**

A liaison of a different kind is detailed in an intriguing profile by **Susan Anthony** of **Judy Chavez,** the US prostitute who bedded Soviet defector Arkady Shevchenko. Chavez will be here soon to promote her book of the affair.

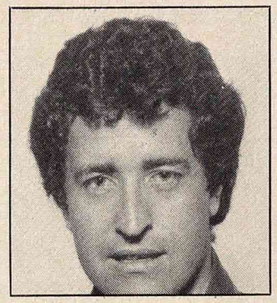
Strap yourselves in for a whirlwind tour of Melbourne's Sandown Park circuit with Australian touring car ace **Peter Brock.** Photographer **Rico Mettbach** recorded this Brock's-eye-view from the passenger seat of the winning Marlboro Holden Dealer Team Torana A9X. The champ's comments were monitored by motoring writer **Bill Tuckey.**

Even further up the adrenalin-surge graph is stuntman **Grant Page,** the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview* by staff writer **Camilla Beach.**

There's action, too, in our first look at **John Le Carré's** new novel, *Smiley's People.* And, to complete our fiction line-up, **Graham Goodman** spins a captivating cricketing yarn, The Kid from Coonabindi.

Cameras play a vital role in the life of PLAYBOY. We think they're pretty important to our readers, too. So we've prepared a comprehensive guide to help you select the best camera for your needs. **James Crown** examined hundreds of cameras – 35mm, miniature, instant, underwater, movie – for this report. **Tandy Rowley** took the product shots.

Quite a line-up, isn't it? Well, we've done our bit – now it's over to you!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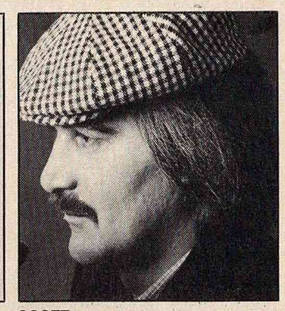
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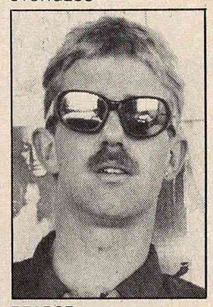
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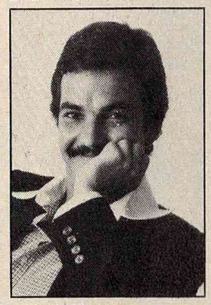
SALAMI SISTERS

ANTHONY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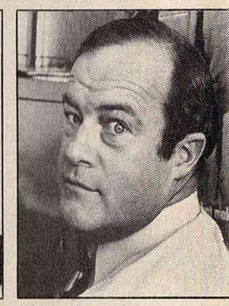
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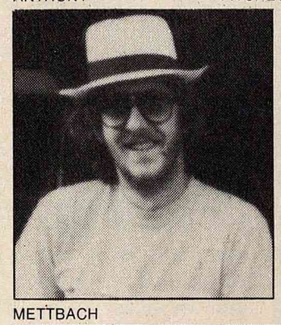
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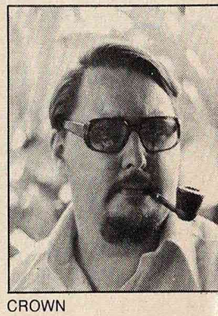
CROWN

It is in the interest of the working man to be protected from the young, cheap, fiery whisky which is offered.

Sir Peter Mackie (Restless Peter) 1855-1924.

A dynamo of energy. And for over 30 years, the driving force behind White Horse Whisky.

The Mackie family had distilled fine whisky for generations. But it was Restless Peter who devised the name "White Horse", after the ancient White Horse Cellar, an Edinburgh Inn long famous for its tradition of hospitality.

Restless Peter was a larger than life character, who worked unceasingly to ensure an undeviating standard of quality for the whisky he produced.

The London Times said of him: "He had the restlessness of a vigorous mind and was constantly planning fresh enterprises, most of which he succeeded in carrying out!"

His indomitable character and uncompromising dedication was typical of the White Horse men. And it is reflected still in character of the whisky he named and helped produce. White Horse Whisky.

It has its own uncompromising character. A standard of quality which will not be lowered.

Like the men who helped make it, a truly indomitable spirit.

White Horse. A Scotch Legend.

SE49/79

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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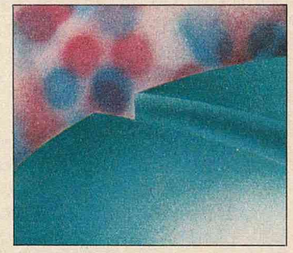

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

PRETTY PAIR

After buying your December issue, I flicked through the pages, as I usually do, when I stopped at the *Playboy Potpourri* and saw the lady displaying that neck glass. Wow! What a gorgeous set of boobs. Couldn't we use the rest of her in PLAYBOY? Why don't we see boobs like that in your Centrefold? What a shape! Even the faint freckles are a turn-on.

Glenn Forsyth
Ashfield, NSW

We'd love to give you a picture of her in the altogether, Glenn, but we had only one part of her delectable anatomy under contract . . .

STAR GAZER

Congratulations on finally bringing Australian magazines up to date.

I would like to know why you have not yet featured any well-known Australians among your pictorials. The US edition is famous for its pictorials of movie stars etc., which sets it apart from the other similar magazines and has an obviously beneficial effect on sales. In Australia, women's magazines have featured well-known men such as Jack Thompson and Bob Rogers. I would have thought that even a less revealing pictorial of someone famous (e.g. what is called "tits and bums") would be better for sales than more revealing ones of complete unknowns who, for all we know, could be from overseas.

Could I also suggest a series on films similar to that in the US edition?

G.T.
Edgecliff, NSW

Top personalities in the nude? What about Norman Gunston? We had him in the (almost) altogether – except for a well-placed packet of Omo – in September. Have you forgotten Linda Kerridge, the well-known Marilyn Monroe look-alike, who made the cover of our May issue? And of course there's our first Playmate, Karen Pini, a beauty queen and TV actress. But you're right . . . we need more. So, all you famous people, please take this letter to heart.

WILD ABOUT BARBI

Your salute to Raquel Welch (PLAYBOY, January) is fine: she is quite a subject for any photographer. Next, as a real treat for your fans, why not feature the beautiful Barbi Benton?

I first saw this adorable and stunning piece of physical perfection in PLAYBOY (March, 1970) under the title Barbi Doll. She was featured on the cover in May, 1972, and a couple of years later popped up again in an article entitled Barbi's Back.

Barbi recently guest starred with Connie Stevens in a *Love Boat* episode, and I am afraid Miss Stevens ran a long last in the beauty stakes. I also note that she is featured in an American series, *Sugar Time,* on Channel 0 in Victoria. She is just a knockout – just about the best bird I have ever seen.

Are prints available from PLAYBOY, and if so, where do I apply?

Ralph T. Blake
North Geelong, Victoria

If I said that PLAYBOY is the best magazine in Australia, I would be

stating something that everybody knows. So I've said that; what about some photos of Barbi Benton?

N.Papadopoulos,
Kangaroo Point, Queensland

After such heartfelt pleas, sending an urgent note to US PLAYBOY *in Chicago seemed the only decent thing to do. So here she is again, at great expense.*

MR RICHARD HENDERSON

My attention has been drawn to statements made by Mr Don Dunstan, former Premier of South Australia, concerning Mr R. J. R. M. Henderson, private secretary to me as Governor of South Australia, and published in an interview in the July issue of PLAYBOY. These statements are untrue and completely unjustified. When Brigadier Wearne resigned in 1972 from his post as private secretary, I decided that Captain Henderson, the senior ADC, might make a suitable successor. He was reluctant, feeling that he had neither the experience nor the status for this post, but he finally agreed to undertake the task on a probationary basis.

Although, under the conditions applying to his office, the Governor made all appointments to his personal and household staff, I took my proposal to the Executive Council for approval. It was received well, without opposition or advice against it. Indeed, some members, including the Deputy Premier, congratulated me on my desire to appoint a younger man who promised well.

From the beginning, Mr Henderson carried out his duties meticulously. He became a master of protocol, and made virtually no mistakes in his handling of staff, his attention to all official and social matters, and his advice to me. His complete and rapid mastery of his duties impressed me, so that I was very happy indeed to ask him to continue in the post. His complete reliability in, and detailed attention to, all matters of protocol and procedure involved in such events as royal visits, and visits by other VIPs sponsored by the Commonwealth Government, has been supported strongly to me by Sir James Scholtens, Director, Office of Government Ceremonial and Hospitality, Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet, Canberra.

As Governor, I wrote my own speeches and made my own decisions about which invitations should be accepted or turned down. Occasionally, I sought the advice of the private secretary when matters arose which might be unappreciated by the Government of South Australia, or by individuals. In all cases where my remarks led to controversy, I had made them contrary to the advice he gave. I could have avoided almost all statements or actions which displeased Mr Dunstan, or other members of Government, had I always adhered to Mr Henderson's advice.

Professor Sir Mark Oliphant,
AC, KBE, FRS, FAA,
former Governor of South Australia.

Interviews published in this magazine, like letters published in these columns, express the views of their authors, and not those of PLAYBOY. *We are sorry that the publication of Mr Dunstan's views has caused distress to Mr Henderson. – Editor*

GIVE YOUR CAMERA THE LENS IT DESERVES.

To take full advantage of your SLR camera you need a high performance lens.

A lens which can zoom from 80mm through to 200mm to capture all the action (from portraits through to telephoto shots) as well as having a Macro feature– that easily allows close-ups to within 70cm.

Until recently up to seven lenses were needed to get the sort of shots you can now get with this one lens.

Look at the shots in this ad.
They were all taken with one compact lens.

The Hanimex f4.5/80-200mm Macro Zoom lens. Designed to be versatile yet compact (just 14cm long) and it's so easy to carry around in its soft pouch case.

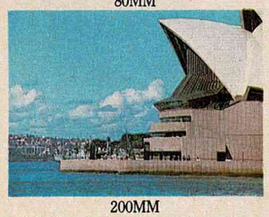
It's a delight to use and all at a price you can afford.

This high quality, high performance Hanimex Multi-coated Macro Zoom lens is available for use with Praktica, Fujica, Canon, Minolta, Olympus, Pentax and Pentax K cameras and is backed by the Hanimex 3 year guarantee.

MACRO

80MM

135MM


200MM

Just send this coupon to Hanimex Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 57, Brookvale, N.S.W. 2100 for a free brochure on this and other Hanimex lenses.

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HAN 60/79

Get your hi-fi act together.

If you're aiming to set up the hi-fi system that will turn your pad into the original magic carpet, here's how to do it right first time.
After all, Kenwood's engineers are *gurus* when it comes to getting the most out of reproduced music.
Take the system displayed here.
It's built around the KA-405 fast-response amplifier, which is incredibly quiet during record playing sessions.
It's built to live in harmony with the KT-413. A highly accurate, auto-sequential tuner.
The KX-500 offers you the rich potential of recording with metal tape. While the KD-1500 automatic cut turntable provides easy operation and high performance.
The LS-60 speaker system makes sure the sound comes naturally. And there's an attractive audio rack to keep your pad neat and tidy.
The Kenwood system. It's one of the simplest—and safest—ways to get into the real high-fidelity act.

KA-405
Fast response integrated amplifier.
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KT-413
Auto-tuning FM/AM stereo tuner.
60dB selectivity.
KD-1500
Automatic cut turntable.
W/F 0.05% (WRMS).
KX-500
Stereo 2-head cassette deck with metal-tape capability. W/F 0.05% (WRMS).
LS-60
70W 3-way 3-speaker system.
SRC-95
Audio rack.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

DROPOUTS

The Australian male is not as sexually potent as he would like to pretend, says a Queensland University infertility expert. Professor Tim Glover claims an increasing number of Australians are sub-fertile.

"There is evidence that the quality of human semen is declining and nobody knows why," he says. "The evidence is not final, but it must be something to do with lifestyle."

Glover says the condition doesn't mean the men can't father children, but they are definitely below par and have more difficulty than what are called normal men. With Australia's declining population now a matter of official concern, scientists are trying to treat infertility. Glover claims they're having "quite a lot of success".

WHAT'S THAT AGAIN?

The names-occupation link has often been a source of much merriment, but according to a 34-year-old Brisbane telephonist, by the name of Lynda O'Hello, it can be hell.

"When I say my name, many callers think it is a bad line," she says. "Others think I'm deaf, some think it's all a silly game, and a lot of trunk operators think I'm having them on."

Mrs O'Hello's surname originates from her husband's birthplace, Ambon Island, off Irian Jaya in Indonesia. He was officially dubbed O'Hello by an Indonesian public servant who replaced his birth certificate after his personal records were destroyed by the Japanese during World War Two.

But, for all the confusion, Mrs O'Hello wouldn't swap her job for anything. She actually gets a great charge out of saying: "Oh, hello."

CAR OF THE FUTURE?

If Professor R.G. Boothroyd gets his way, the car of the future will be sold in packages at supermarkets and assembled at home. The professor, who is head of the engineering department at the Capricornia Institute of Advanced Education, has produced a $2000 kit-car made of fibreglass.

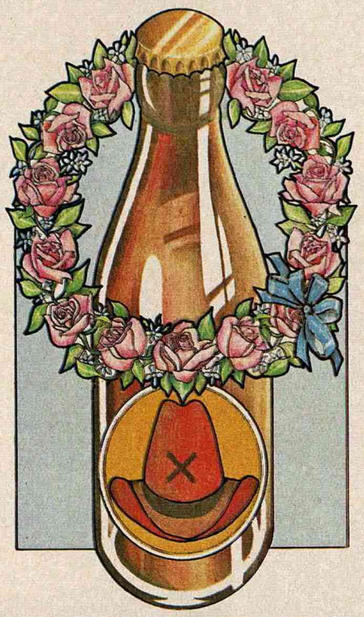
He says the two-cylinder motor will take it 100km on 2.2 litres of petrol. The entire car weighs only 250kg, has detachable sides to carry larger-than-usual loads, and two doors hinged to a central roof support pillar.

But the professor doesn't hold out much hope for the immediate acceptance of his kit. "A light car is a cheap car, and that's what the motor industry doesn't like," he said. He feels few people will support his cause because it will mean enormous losses to the present industry and probably large-scale unemployment. But Prof Boothroyd plans to keep on trying.

BURIED WHERE THEY DROP

Papua-New Guinea has long been a source of some bizarre stories, but the latest one from our nearest neighbor takes some beating . . . apparently the latest trend in funeral arrangements is to bury the dead where they fall!

An Australian writer visiting the Western Highlands near Mount Hagen was intrigued by a neat roadside rectangle of beer bottles. He was told it was the grave of a local man killed in a drunken brawl. Nearing the town along the Highlands highway, he counted eight other graves, all with brightly painted headstones. Inquiries showed they were the graves of men who had died in road accidents.



The villagers nearby insisted they be treated with respect, and anyone walking or driving past them must remove his hat.

If this custom is adopted in Australia, imagine what the Hume Highway, with its mortality rate, would look like! It would resemble an elongated Rookwood cemetery. The hat industry might complain, but it would probably be better to go bareheaded between Sydney and Melbourne. As one wit remarked: "If you were in your coffin by the road, anyone could doff your lid."

AND FU TOO

A lot of free and unwanted publicity has been given in Parliament in Perth recently to a whizz-bang outfit named Focal Universal, which offers personality development courses. A $1000 fee buys an intensive four-day package, with follow-up visits if required. Hundreds of locals and interstaters have taken the main course, Greatness In You, in the past five years.

The first two days are spent in a group of 20, confessing your greatest weakness, being vilified, criticised and purged. The second two days are spent building up your self esteem.

Testimonials from hundreds of happy customers reveal extraordinary case histories. For instance: "I was a whore in Kings Cross and my marriage was ruined. But four days with FU changed my life." . . . and "I conquered my gambling problem at FU."

The State Psychologists' Registration Board doesn't feel so happy about FU. Three people have needed treatment at the Mental Health Service after FU courses. And Tex

Croft, one dissatisfied customer, says many others are afraid to speak out because of the possibility of being blackmailed with intimate personal details they revealed in the two-day group therapy sessions.

Incidentally, Focal's catalogue offers a course called "Sensuous Woman" which promises to show how to be "a lady in the kitchen and a harlot in the bedroom".

SWEET REVENGE

Poor Mr Frank Walker. The NSW Attorney General has really caught some flack over the repeal last year of the Summary Offences Act. Police claimed that the decriminalising of such offences as vagrancy, drunkenness, prostitution and offensive behavior meant erosion of their powers. But Frank can hardly have expected to cop a personal example of this . . .

We hear that, after the new law was passed, he was confronted by an irate citizen in North Sydney and was told to go and get well and truly . . . Understandably offended, he called the police, but, when asked if he was a reasonable person, and if he was seriously affronted, he could reply only that he was Attorney General and wanted the man to be charged. The constable asked if Mr Walker was willing to sign the charge and attend court to prosecute the offender. But Frank Walker wasn't prepared to go through that, so the offender went free.

Poor Frank Walker's suffering notwithstanding, the incident gave the police a feeling a sweet revenge.

THE EARTH MOVES . . .

Sexual athletes who brag about their membership of the "mile-high club" (screwing in an aircraft above 5280 feet) would be yawned at by the mighty men of the Pilbara in WA.

Up there, the greatest show of virility is to have it away in the cab of a Haulpak – an enormous iron ore truck with tyres 2.4 metres high, air-conditioning and even music.

Some of the Haulpaks are being driven by some very pretty women (the trucks are power-assisted).

A few wives of the men who work for Mt Newman Mining were a bit suspicious about all the harmonious relations at work, and they protested to the management. They complained in a petition with 40 signatures.

A company officer explained: "They were a little bit afraid there could be some hanky panky."

LABOR OF LOVE

We're overwhelmed with admiration for the public-spirited folk of the small Nevada town of Beatty who rally together to help those among them struck down by cruel misfortune. Among recipients of their generosity have been a family whose house was burned down, a small boy suffering from cancer (they paid his hospital bills and, when he died, set up an anti-cancer fund in his name) . . . and, most recently, the newly-installed madam of the local whorehouse.

Fran had taken over the House only a month before it was destroyed by fire. The townsfolk immediately rallied to raise funds for its rebuilding. One of the projects was selling T-shirts emblazoned with the name of the bordello – a great success.

We presume that the motive for seeing the cathouse back in business (prostitution is legal in Nevada) wasn't entirely unselfish.

But brothels of Nevada seem to have a certain morality about them. We read of another in Reno which has been turning away Iranian students . . .

LAW DEGREES

Overheard at lunch in a restaurant which is frequented by Legal Eagles: "The only cases that go to trial are the unimportant crimes of important people and the important crimes of unimportant people."

The Dragon & Castle has moved to new premises.

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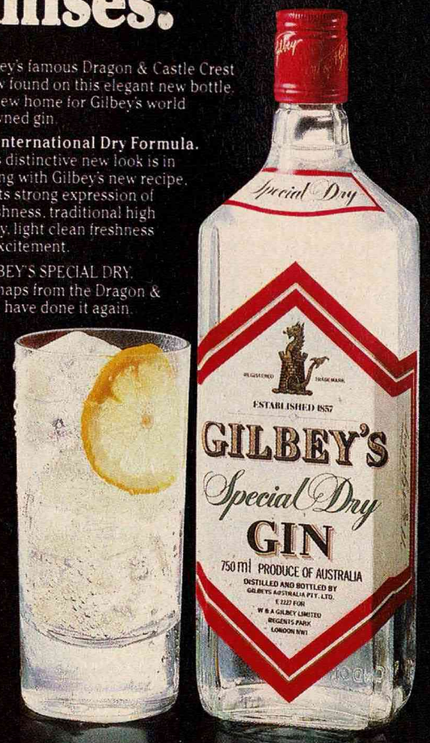

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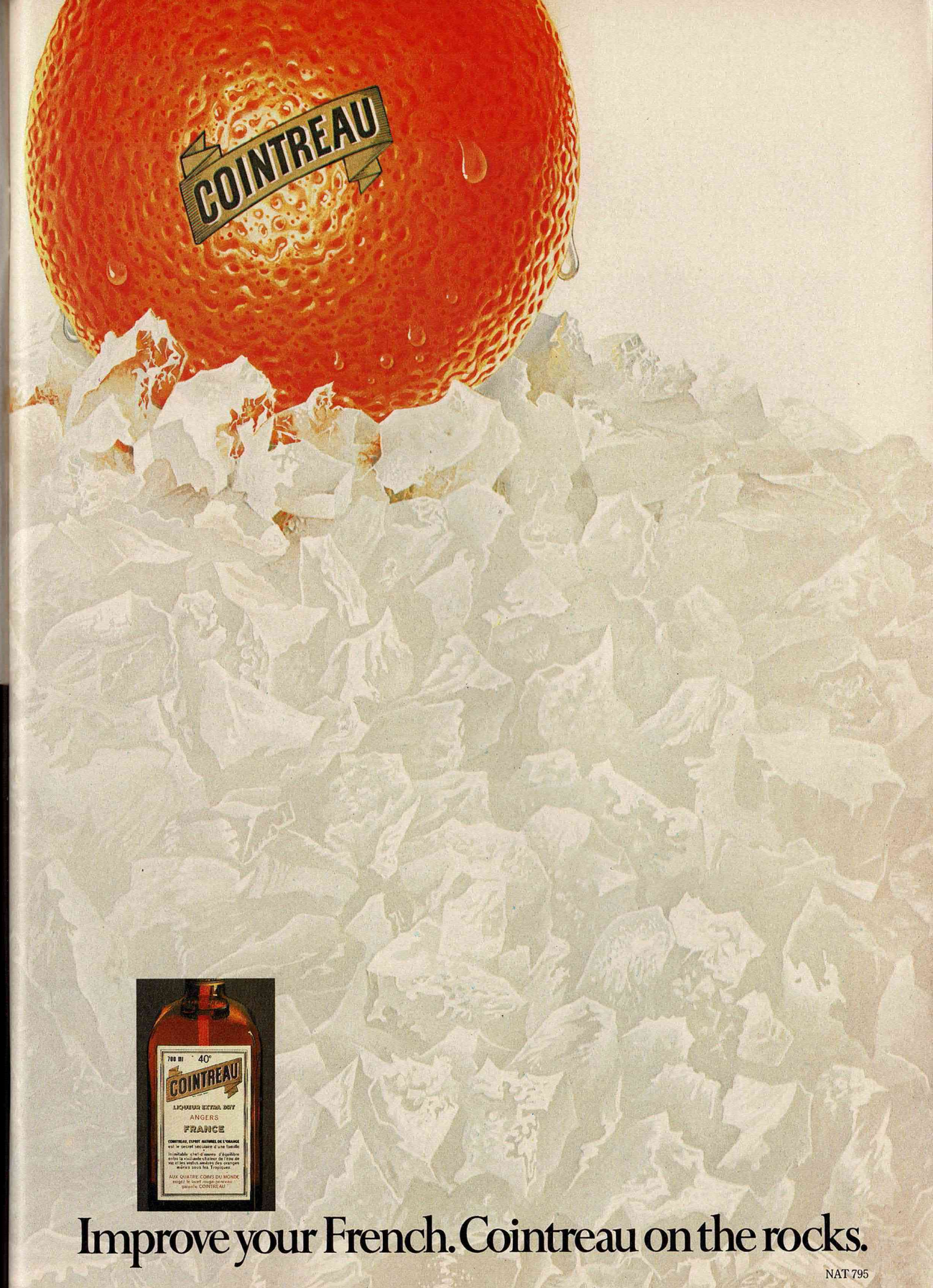

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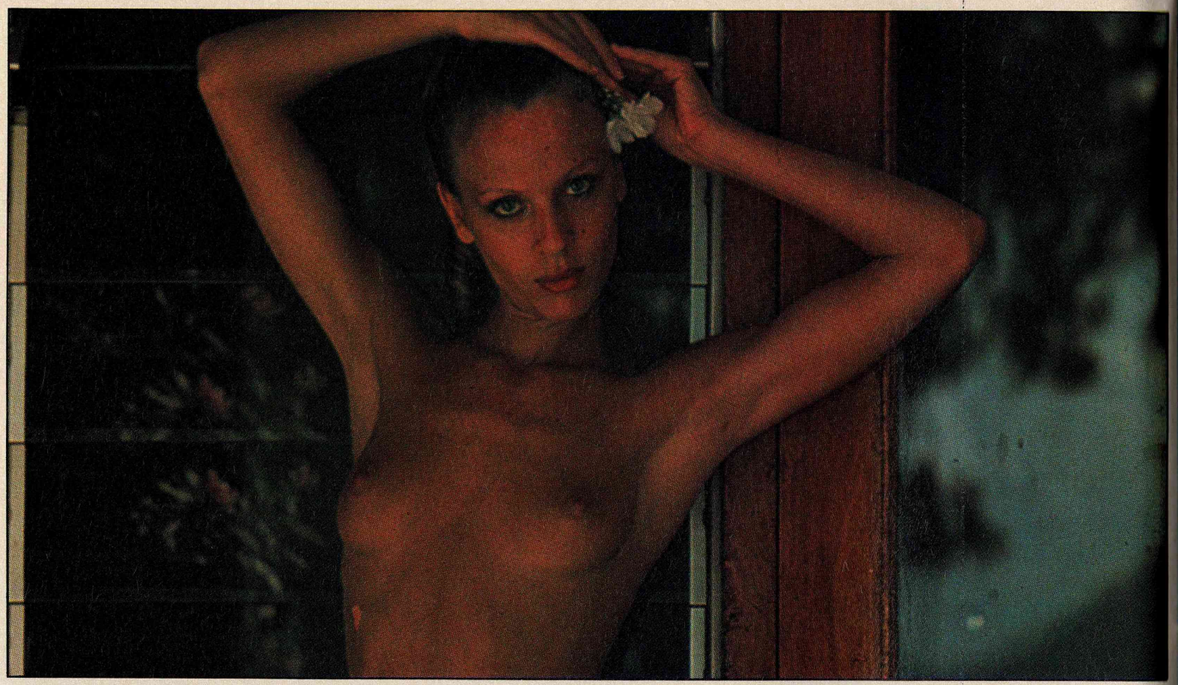
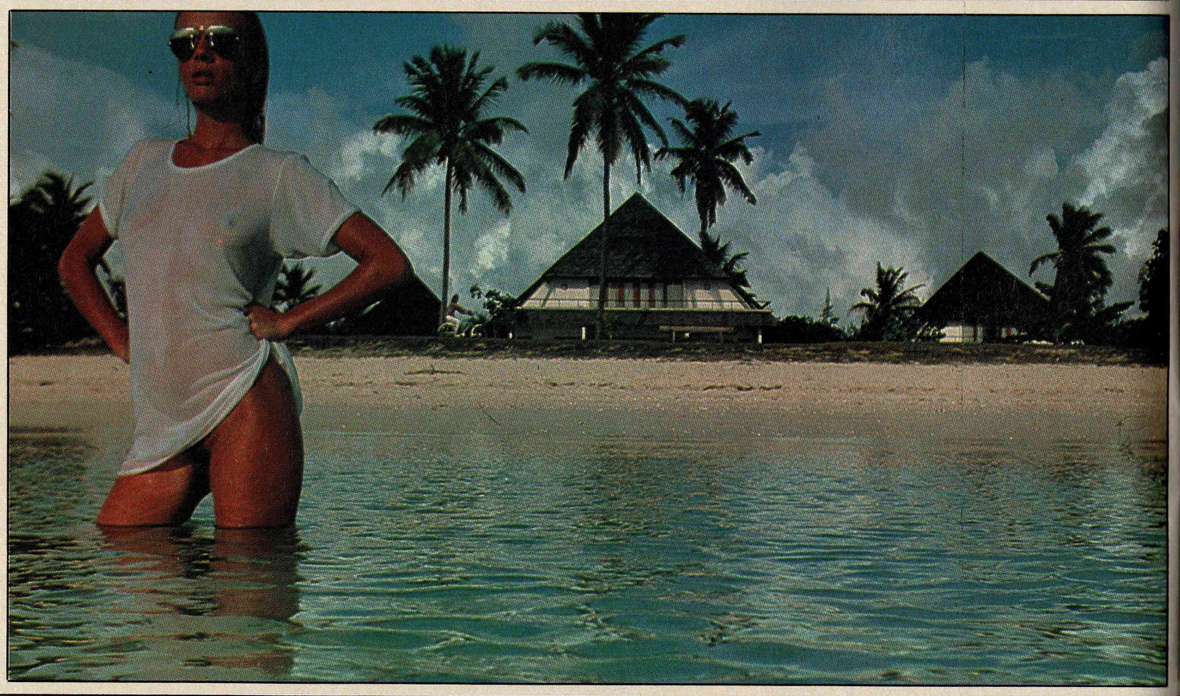
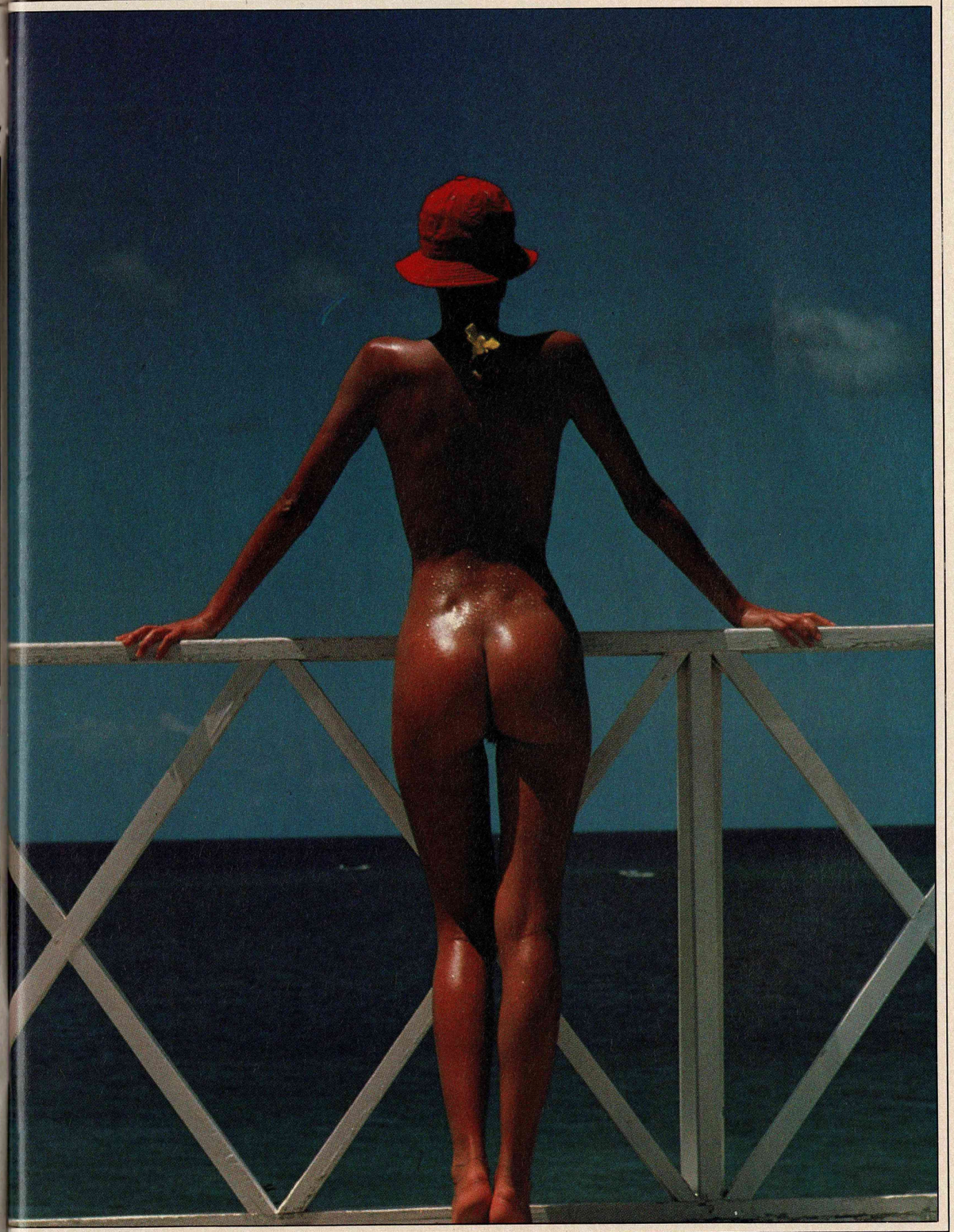
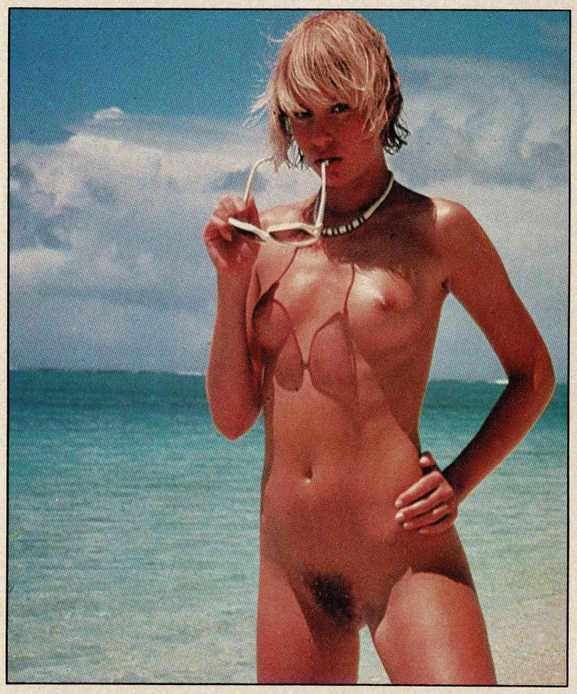






MIA

mamma mia! an italian lovely puts the finishing touches to her all-over tan

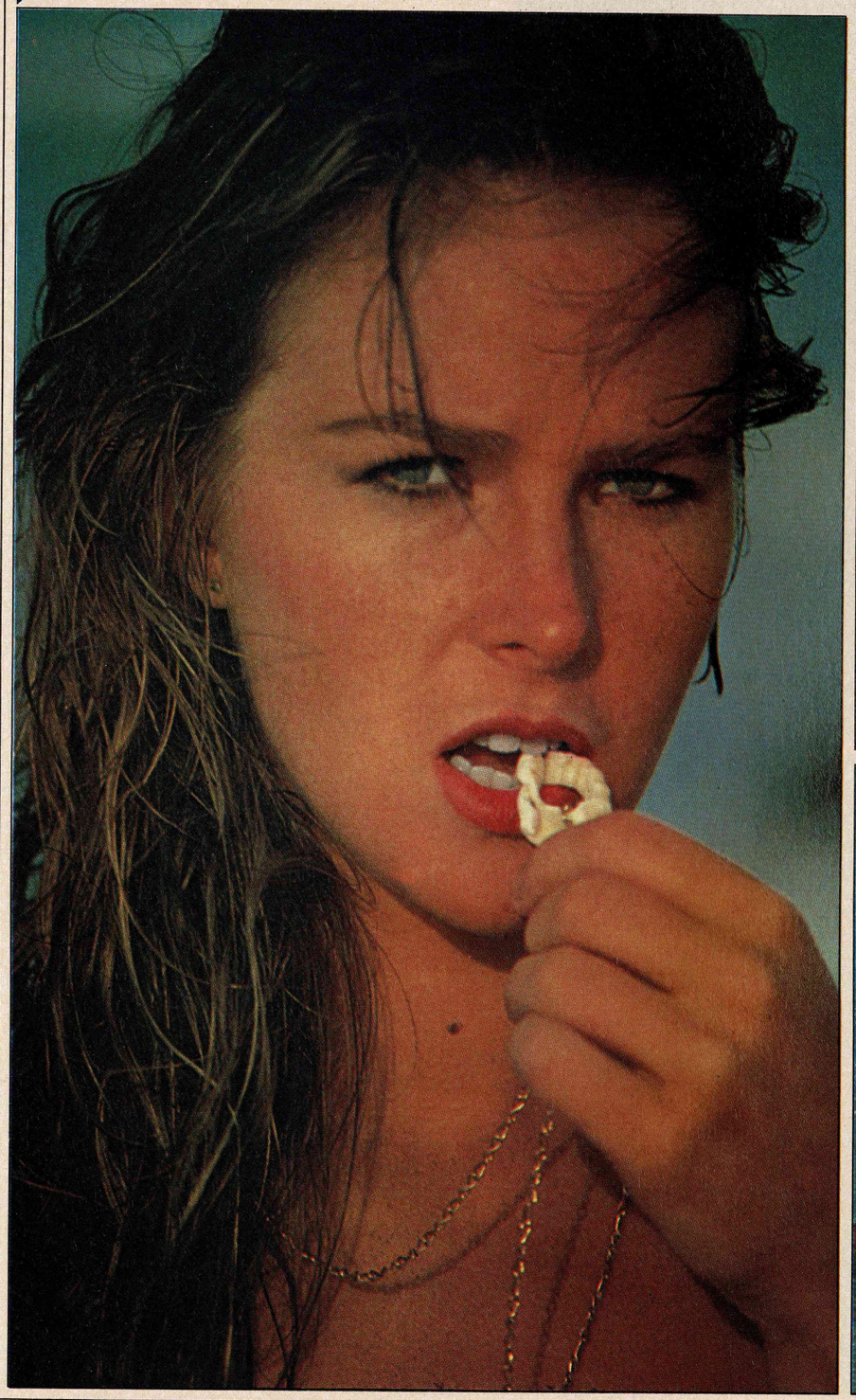


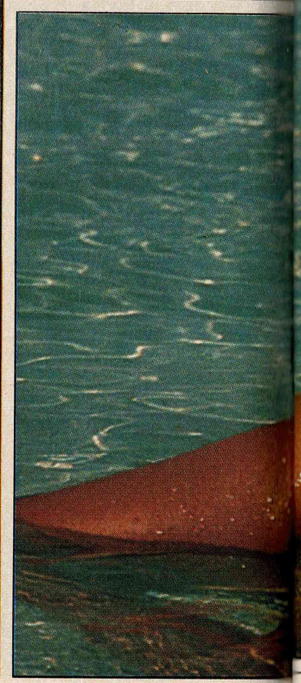
MIMI

relaxing with a cigar... a roman lady as lovely as she is unconventional

MARISA

dedicated beach belle of brazil





BEATRIZ

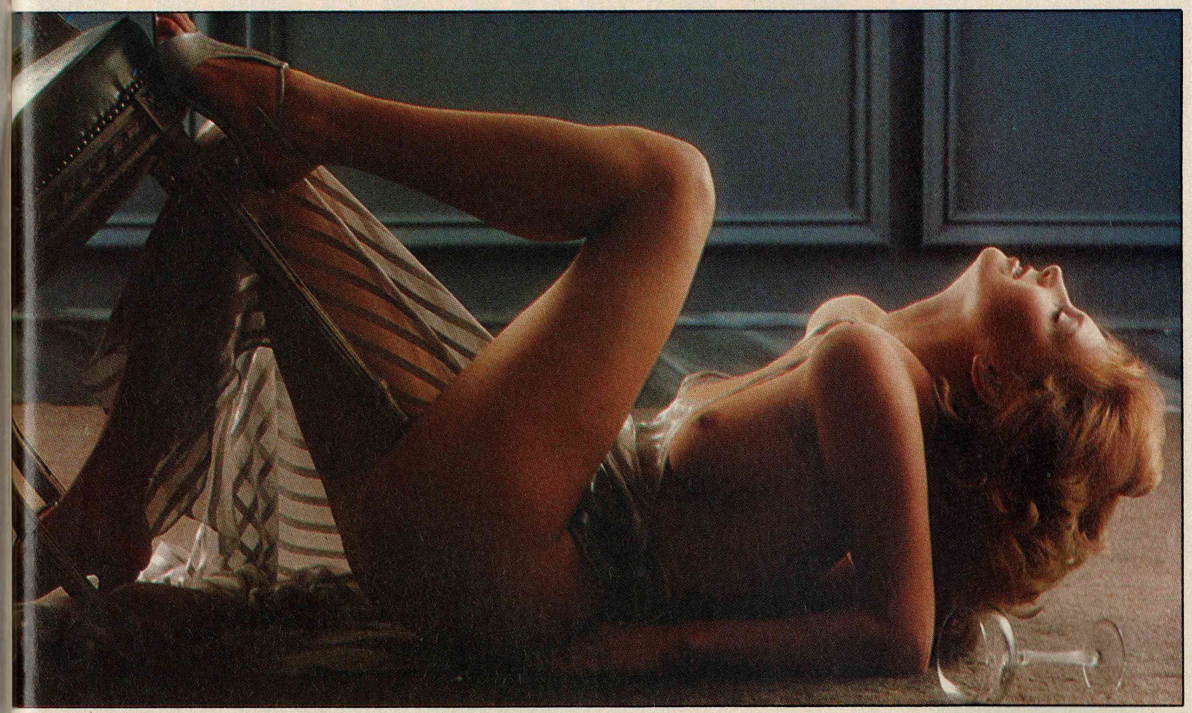
this latin beauty is simply nuts about sao paulo beaches

BEA

left: outdoor fräulein with a homely nature

CHRISTINA

right: a marvel of german engineering



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

My problem may not seem serious, but it is very frustrating. Until 12 months ago, my wife and I had a normal sex life. This all changed when a friend asked us around to watch a blue movie which featured, among other things, oral sex. An hour and several drinks later, someone suggested that we should all try. What followed was amazing. That evening was good because it happened spontaneously, and was quite a change from the norm. The problem now, however, is that my wife wants to carry on having other partners and I do not. I gave in to her once, but I can't stand watching her have sex with other men. Ordinary love-making doesn't turn her on any longer, and she is now interested only in oral sex. I'm not against oral sex, but I don't want it to the exclusion of everything else. – C.R., Queensland.

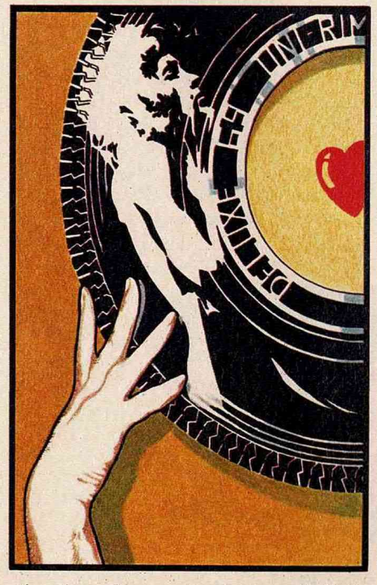
We're not certain exactly what your problem is. Do you mean your wife can achieve satisfaction only in a group situation, only in an oral situation, or only with someone other than you? The party you both enjoyed clearly opened up, for your wife, a whole new awareness of her sexuality. But, as you point out, it was, to your mind, a once-only occasion. From your wife's point of view, since you both enjoy oral sex at least as a variation on a theme, it wouldn't seem that she is missing out. However, if she's hooked on the group aspect, then it's fair to tell her that you are not, and don't intend to be. If only a physical group situation can fulfil your wife at the moment, in spite of the fact that you've explained you can't handle it, then the relationship is at fault. If she isn't prepared to consider that her behavior could be hurting you, or that your wishes should be considered as well as her own, then it might be a good idea to suggest that you and she talk things over with a sex therapist. Your doctor can refer you, or the Marriage Guidance Council will recommend one.

I intend to travel overseas next winter, and would like to know whether I need a smallpox vaccination. Can you set me straight? – M.J., NSW.

Very few countries require a smallpox vaccination certificate today, and then only from travellers who have visited areas in which the disease is endemic. The World Health Organisation has not identified a single smallpox victim since October 26, 1977, when a case occurred in Somalia. When the WHO declared war on the disease in 1966, it decreed that we would finally be free of the smallpox scourge when two consecutive years passed without a case being reported. This international criterion for the eradication of the disease has safely been met, so you're free to travel anywhere you like without that telltale scar on your arm.

Ever since I can remember, I've had a sexual fascination for black things. It started with black women, graduated to black leather gear and now, much to my dismay, I discover I am attracted uncontrollably to car tyres. I have heard of other fetishes, but nothing like this. Should I seek psychiatric advice? – B.W., Queensland.

There's no point in seeking psychiatric help, as this untreatable obsession is unknown to most specialists, and only by chance has Adviser *heard of it. You can read of the seven cases reported up to 1952 in Abercrombie's* Encyclopaedia of Unmentionable Ailments. *Its psychiatric name is on the British Medical Association's list of words so rude that even doctors aren't allowed to use them, so we can't tell you what to look under. Instead, thumb through the 1200 pages of* Volume Eight *until you find it.*



I had a breast reduction and a tummy tuck performed by a plastic surgeon 18 months ago. My problem is that my nipples protrude only now and again, and I have bad scars which are really thick in some places. It looks awful. Is this normal, or was I butchered? Also, is there any type of surgery that can eradicate these scars? After all, I had the tummy tuck to remove pregnancy-caused stretch marks. I still can't wear a bikini and my body looks worse than ever. – M.B., Queensland.

Unfortunately, cosmetic surgery is not synonymous with magic cure. Most surgeons who embark on reconstruction are extremely skilled and have spent many years perfecting their craft. But some patients simply do not respond the way it is hoped. Many develop keloid – excessive scar tissue formed when an incision heals. This genetic predisposition causes scars – normally small, very fine and usually unseen after a few months – to develop into ugly wide ones. No one can predict if scarring will occur. During breast reduction, in addition to removing a large amount of tissue (mainly fat), the nipple has to be stitched into its new position, increasing the possibility of excessive scarring. Because scar tissue is fibrous, it contracts, causing nipples to draw in. The stomach region is also susceptible to an excess of scar tissue. Most cosmetic surgeons explain the risks to patients before surgery, but their assertions often fall on deaf ears. The moral is: listen to your surgeon – and don't believe in miracles.

After a contented period of running my sex life according to instinct and my own idea of fulfilment, I have been told by the lady of my life that, in her opinion, I can't be called a raging success in the cot. The basis of this problem is that, although I've been blissfully reaching climax during our sexual encounters, she rarely achieves orgasm. She has even admitted faking it just to please me. Nursing a bruised male ego, I told her I'd try to make amends, but instead of enjoying sex, I'm battling to improve my performance so that she can be satisfied. I'm tempted to ask why I should change my act (which I've always enjoyed) to accommodate her. Or do you think I'd be risking too much by stating my feelings so bluntly? – I.W., NSW.

What you'd be risking would be another big bruise on your ego, and the possibility that your lady love might find a partner who isn't so wholly concerned with himself. You've always enjoyed your activity. But she hasn't. Mightn't you enjoy things even more if she were gaining as much pleasure as you? Even a top-of-the-bill act cannot afford to stick with the old material for ever, no matter how good it once was. So why not update for the sake of your lady – and you? She sounds more

considerate than you in that, for a while at least, she was prepared to fake the pleasure you thought you were giving her. Now you say you're nobly battling to improve your performance to satisfy her. What you need is a program of events that pleases you both. Buy some books, talk about what you each find satisfactory, experiment with techniques that incorporate the things you both find exciting. If the situation doesn't improve right away, try something else again. Don't rush it. But don't compete.

The Sydney White Pages contains the warning that, if they're confronted by a bushfire, people should "lie as low as possible under cover or in a car, covered with a fire resistant rug or clothing until the fire has passed". Surely an automobile's fuel tank is highly inflammable? – B.C., NSW.

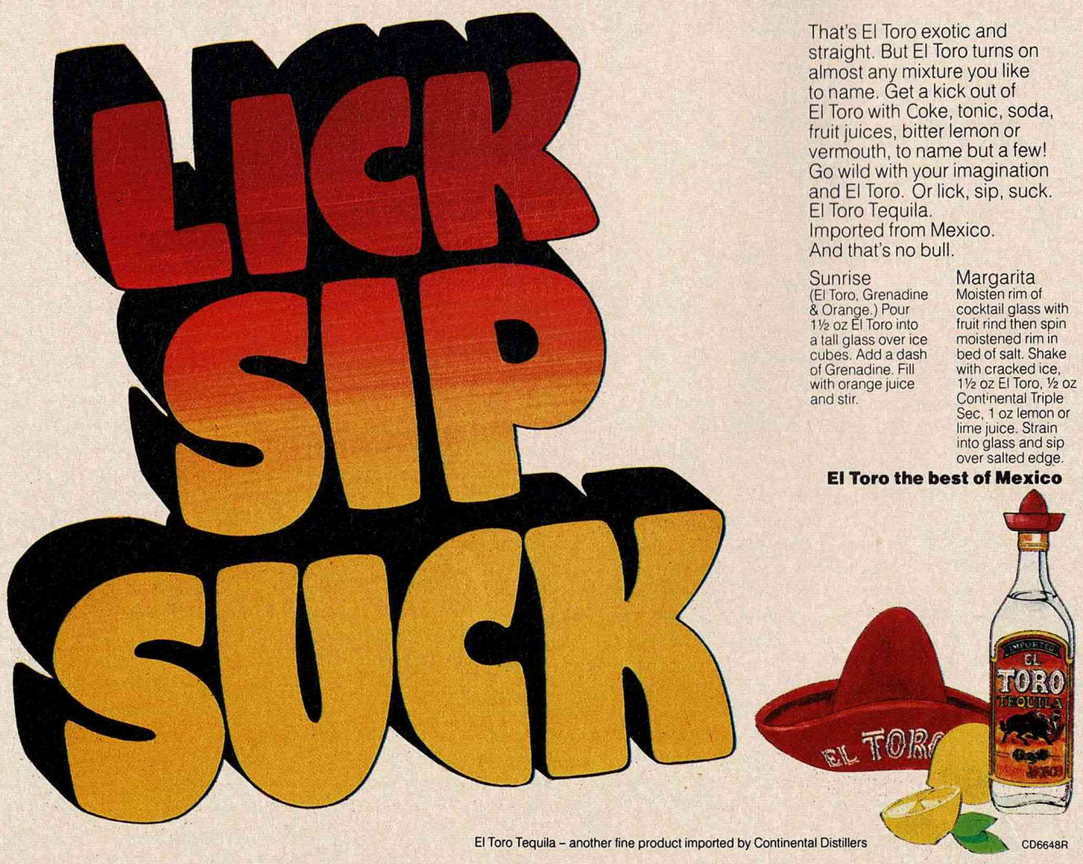
Not as inflammable as many people think. Seventeen lost their lives at Lara, Victoria, in 1969, when a grass fire cut across a four-lane highway. They abandoned their cars and tried to outrun the fire, while the six who remained inside their cars survived. According to a Bush Fire Council leaflet, research has shown that the standard petrol tank is quite difficult to explode. In a partially-filled tank, the space above the liquid always contains a mixture too rich in petrol vapor for an explosion to occur. And because the offending radiant heat passes the car in about 30 seconds in a grass fire, and three to four minutes in a high-intensity forest fire, you are far safer covered by a wool rug in the car than running outside. In the open, you are more likely to die of heat stroke than from burns to the body.

I have an aversion to using that old standby, the condom, as a contraceptive. I don't want, however, to foolishly disregard contraception. So what are the alternatives left if your lady is not taking the Pill or using a diaphragm? I vaguely remember the mention of a vaginal spermicidal foam, talked about in those antiquated sex films we used to watch at school. Apparently, this was supposed to be a sufficiently safe contraceptive when used on its own. Can you advise whether this is fact, fiction, or merely hallucination? If not, how about some clear advice on the alternatives available once the Pill, diaphragm and condom are excluded – and, for heaven's sake, please don't say abstinence. – T.H., Victoria.

The trouble with most schools' sex-education classes is that, in the excitement of it all, you take in only half the story. The fact is, your lady friend has a one-in-four chance of falling pregnant if you use a spermicide alone; when used consistently with either a condom or a diaphragm, it is much more effective. There is about a three percent chance of pregnancy even then, and even less if the spermicide is in place just before the word go.

When I left school, I wanted to be a commercial pilot. However, my Higher School Certificate grades were not good enough. A friend told me that I can learn to fly a small plane for private use without having any academic qualifications. Where can I go to learn to fly a plane, how much does it cost, and how long does it take to learn to fly? – R.B., NSW.

About 33,000 Australians already know how to fly, and this year more than 3000 people will take flying lessons. The Department of Transport publishes a book called Flying for Pleasure *($1.20) which gives a basic insight into what requirements you must fulfil to become a pilot. Throughout Australia, there are 160 organisations licensed by the Department of Transport to hold flyers' training programs. To qualify for a student licence, you must be 16 or older, able to write, speak and understand English, and have passed a medical examination by an approved doctor. No formal*



academic qualifications are needed. However, according to the DoT, most pilots have above-average initiative, commonsense, patience, a good education, perseverence and are readily amenable to discipline. Before you can qualify for a restricted private licence (the minimum passenger-carrying grade), you must complete at least 18 hours' flying under instruction and log a minimum of 15 hours solo. Costs vary. The Cessna Pilot Centre has a nationwide network of schools which offer flight training for $3400. But it pays to shop around.

Over the past two years, pimple-like bumps have appeared on my scrotum and up the shaft of my penis. At first I put them down to puberty, but they have grown much worse. I find pimple medication removes them, but this has to be applied frequently. What's wrong? – J.M., WA.

Sounds to our expert like a simple case of bacteria in the hair follicles. Don't panic – it's most unlikely to be a social disease. But you might see your doctor to be certain.

I have an uncircumcised penis. Recently, I read that, during an erection, the glans (head of the penis) protrudes completely from the foreskin. Unfortunately, during my erections, only the tip of my glans can be seen. After some discreet locker-room checking and discussion with a few uncircumcised mates, I seem to be the only one in town whose glans doesn't project. Can you tell me something about this? – P.S., Victoria.

Relax. The doctor we spoke to assures us that an unretracting foreskin is by no means unusual. It is a variation of the norm, but should be no cause for concern. The only thing to watch is that you cleanse it like a madman to avoid infections. Often, when the opening of the foreskin is too small, germs are trapped inside. If you also have trouble passing urine, which might leave you open to urinary tract infections, you can have the opening enlarged surgically, under anaesthetic. Having an unretracting foreskin does not adversely affect your sexual performance. It's worth noting, too, that doctors no longer perform routine circumcisions immediately after birth as it is now commonly believed the foreskin is intended to give protection from external irritation.

I am employed as a sales and marketing assistant for a large firm. My superiors, and a girlfriend, have told me that it would be to my advantage to grow a moustache to make me appear more sophisticated. Although I have thick whiskers on my chin, those on my upper lip are very fine. Do you have any suggestions? – J.F., NSW.

Forget the moustache. Your feeble attempts will be the brunt of other people's jokes. A good way to start is to purchase a book called Looking Good *by Charles Hix ($9.99, Angus & Robertson). It covers just about anything a man may want to know about his personal appearance. In the meantime, start by getting a good haircut from one of the better men's hairdressers. Your hair should be kept short, layered and styled. Also, always make certain your face is clean-shaven. A new wardrobe would also help you to look more sophisticated. This year's fashion emphasis is on comfort and co-ordination. Start by purchasing a natural-colored shirt with a small collar, and team this with a thin tie. Complement your shirt and tie with narrow pants in polished cotton, or wool for winter. For the final touch, add an unstructured, unlined jacket in light linen. You should impress the most fashion-conscious boss, even without a hirsute upper lip.*

I work as a receptionist in a small office that isn't air-conditioned. Last week, my employer took me aside and informed me that I had body odor. He said that a few of his clients had mentioned it to him, and if I couldn't do something about it, he would have to dispense with my services. No one else in the office has ever indicated that my presence was noisome, and my boyfriend has often told me that he finds my aroma sexually appealing. He also insists that I don't shave my armpits because he thinks under-arm hair is very erotic. Do you think he's the only person I know who feels this way and that I am offensive to the other people I come into contact with, and if so, what should I do? I want to hold on to both my boyfriend and my job. – P.H., Queensland.

While some people tend to perspire more than others, smelling bad in the process is definitely verboten. *Body odor is generally a localised problem, usually confined to the pubic and under-arm areas where bacteria combine with perspiration, and generate an odor, which, if not washed away, becomes noxious and is commonly called "BO". Most deodorants are just cosmetics, usually masking rather than eliminating the odor. Antiperspirants are helpful in alleviating unpleasant scents but can cause the nervous system to work overtime by producing more perspiration than normal. Because hair traps odors, you could control your body odor more satisfactorily if you did shave under your arms. Why not keep both your boss and your boyfriend happy? Shave, wash and deodorise your armpits every morning, then run home from work at night, building up a good sweat, into the waiting arms of your olfactory-oriented lover.*

I am a transvestite, and would like to meet others with the same tendencies. I have been in Australia only two years. Before coming here, I was a member of the Beaumont Society in England. I believe a similar society, called the Seahorse Club, exists in Sydney. Would you please let me know the address of the club? – J.H., NSW.

Certainly, sir. Seahorse can be contacted through PO Box 341, Royal Exchange, NSW 2000. The Yellow Pages lets us down again. All it had to offer was The Sword Fish and The Raw Prawn.

About two months ago, I purchased a rubber sheath with spikes on its tip. Although I originally bought it so that my girlfriend would have a really novel turn-on, now I find that every time we have sex, she insists I wear it. The first couple of times it was really great, but it seems to be causing a rash on my penis, and I'd like to give it the pitch. But how do I get my girlfriend to give up her new toy? – J.V., NSW.

We doubt it's the sheath causing your rash. Consult your GP and explain the problem to your girlfriend. We're certain she'll be sympathetic enough to give up the sex aid. If not, you *give it up – and the lady as well!*

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

C'MON ALL YE FAITHFUL

Much has been said, in recent years, about the spiritual leanings of Australians. Some wags state that Australians reserve their religious fervor for beer, football grand finals, the Melbourne Cup, and meat pies. The more cynical observers and the Festival of Light have named Money as our religion. I believe these observations to be way off target.

After living in this country for 10 years, I have been able to identify Australia's National Religion. It is true that Australians are not devout Christians. By the same token they are not devout beer drinkers or meat-pie eaters and there are even some who do not follow sports. No. Australians are the world's most devout Cretins.

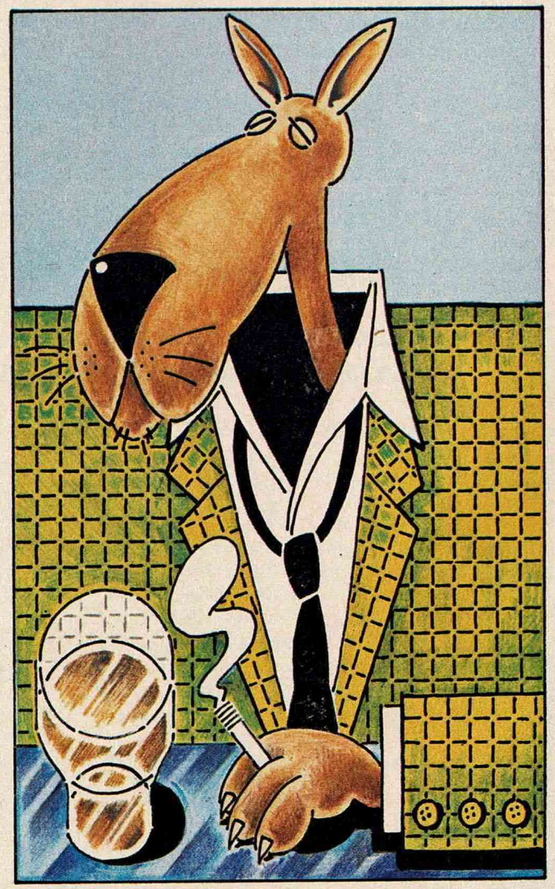
Every word, gesture and action, or inaction, of the average Australian is in accord with the spirit of Cretinism. In everyday speech, the Average Australian Cretin will use only the most basic of words and the simplest of grammatical structures which, of course, will be used incorrectly. The average Australian Cretin will punctuate his speech with as many repeated words or phrases as possible. The most common are "y'know" and "bloody". The more earthy Cretins will endow their speech with an almost liturgical splendor by alternating every second word with sundry variations of the magic word. The obvious reference to the life-principle, fertility, the whole mystery of creation, and its constant repetition, demonstrates conclusively the awe and reverence the average Australian Cretin has for life. The aim of all Australian Cretins is to condense their entire emotional, philosophical and intellectual being into the syllabic grunt.

Cretinism has quite a range of hallowed grounds and an equally wide range of holy writings. Whereas most religions have obvious and graphic names for their places of worship, from Westminster Abbey to St Mary's Cathedral, Cretinism, paradoxically, has almost cryptic names. Some of the more familiar of these are: TAB, SCG, MCG, Pub, Gabba and, of course – the Mecca of Cretins – the holy city of Canberra.

The quotidian religious practices of the average Australian Cretin begin the minute he touches his personal shrine, the tranny. From this shrine issues the voice of the Cretin's "imam", the Deejay, calling the Cretins to worship with the words of the Cretinist theosophers, the Admen. They speak in short, sharp, catchy phrases that are often set to repetitive music. A Cretin loathes too much diversity.

His holy Scriptures, the Tabloids, provide the spiritual uplift needed to rise above everyday cares. The three significant scriptures are: *The Sun, Truth* and *The Daily Mirror.* The significance of these three names is obvious: Enlightenment, Veracity and Reflection, three tenets fundamental to all religions.

Even those who have been tainted by the anti-Cretinists in the schools and universities soon embrace the faith through sheer fatigue at combating the highly effective Cretinist rhetoric. No greater insult can be suffered by a Cretinist than to be called an "academic", or worse, a "brain". Cretinists browbeat their opponents into submission through the massed invocation of liturgical chants such as: "Come on, Aussie, come on, come on."



Perhaps the only aspect of Cretinism which sets it apart from other faiths is its ability to come up with new articles of faith and new religious observances at the drop of a hat. The most recent example is the upsurge of the Jogalots.

The Jogalots are not to be confused with the Juggernaut of Eastern mythology, although the end product is pretty much the same. These Jogalots are Cretinism's answer to the medieval flagellants. They rejoice in self-inflicted discomfort to the point of agony, and yet insist that such activity actually prolongs active life.

The aim of most Cretins seems to be to divest themselves of their earthly bodies as quickly as possible. This is specially true of Auto-Cretins, whose aim in life seems to be to end it. But there is one area in which Cretinism lags behind the other religions. The Catholic faith has the Pope, the Church of England has the reigning monarch as supreme Pontiff, but a Supreme Cretin has yet to be designated. There are, however, many candidates for the title. My list began with about 300 names, but a number of these have been making definite efforts. Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Ernie Sigley, John Singleton, John Laws, Mike Gibson, Donny Sutherland, Dale Buggins, Bert Newton, Gough Whitlam, Malcolm Fraser – any MHR for that matter – and possibly Al Grassby. However, my money would be on Graham Kennedy or Molly Meldrum.

This has been only a cursory inspection of this new and vigorous faith which warrants a closer examination by anthropologists and theologians alike.

Ryszard Linkiewicz
Sydney

BUSH DANCES

If you're true to your word about reporting latest fads, why have you forgotten the

rapidly growing interest in folk music and songs of the pioneer days? Also, you have ignored the growing interest in folk and bush dancing.

This is growing throughout the English speaking world as a reaction to governments thrusting unwanted changes on to the people.

Go to any public bush dances in Sydney or Adelaide (I can speak only for these two places) and you will find around 300 people enjoying the jigs and reels of our predecessors.

In Sydney, there are usually four bush dances on any weekend. There is also a growing interest in the more advanced dances of the British Isles, such as Irish Ceili Dancing, and 17th century Playford Dancing.

Here in Broken Hill, we have a Bush Music Club that meets at the Black Lion on Friday nights to sing shearing songs and old mining songs and do a couple of dances. We pack 'em in.

We run a dance about every four weeks to which about 200 people come to do jigs and reels and listen to the old songs. The beauty of these dances is that they are fun for the whole family.

J.S.H.
Broken Hill

NAKED DEBATE

Walking up and down a nude beach selling pieces of watermelon can be a

shattering experience, and food for thought. Are people really enjoying themselves, or are they self-conscious?

We are still so bound by convention that maybe the latter is the case. But why should it be? Man in his natural state should experience freedom and equality. Shakespeare said: "Apparel doth proclaim the man" – and that's true. In the nude, we can accept each other; we have no yardstick to identification. Barriers are broken down and communication is easier.

Bathing is exhilarating when you dive into the sea and are stimulated and caressed by the surging water against your skin, making you glow with a feeling of well-being when you emerge. However, there is another side of the coin. Psychologists maintain that seeing too many nude women can inhibit a young man's sexual drive. Just like too much icecream, it loses its flavor after a while.

Also, there are people whose aim it is to perv, which is undesirable, to say the least. Comparisons are odious, and the competitiveness in humans could cause some quite a lot of pain.

Virginia Pimsol
St Ives, NSW

NSW police were merely enforcing the law when they arrested 21 nudists in a weekend swoop on Sydney's beaches this summer. But their zeal in trying to quash "indecent behavior" might only be an undress rehearsal of another confrontation shaping up between a minority rights group and the authorities.

Sydney nudists complain that the beaches which they have been allocated are now too crowded, have no surf and are difficult to gain access to. This applies especially to Lady Jane, serving the Eastern suburbs, which can be reached only via a very steep ladder perilous to young children.

Nudism is a family activity as this writer, and anyone who has visited the nudists' clubs such as Kiata and Woodlands, will agree. Even Darwin has more shoreline allocated to nudists, they say, than Sydney.

Nudity, say the buff buffs, is something that is bound to grow, and the best way for the authorities to avoid looking ridiculous is to let it happen in an orderly way. Since the bikini was imported from Europe, they say, the Government should take note of what has been happening along the Mediterranean these past few years.

In the South of France, nudists and topless bathers outnumber the swimmers who prefer to lie around in soggy costumes. At Liberty Beach at St Tropez, during the summer season, thousands lie on the sands, toe to head, elbow to elbow – all together in the altogether. At Cap d'Agde, what must be one of the world's biggest holiday complexes, with roads and services provided by the French Government, is devoted to *les naturalistes*. Even the bank's clientele make their deposits and withdrawals wearing no more than earrings. Yugoslavia's massive tourism industry has leaned heavily on nudism since Edward, Prince of Wales, left his robes on the sands while taking the waters in the late 1880s.

The Scandinavians have been doing it for years, the Germans enjoy the uniformity of it – and even the ghost of the Generalissimo cannot stop it in present-day Spain.

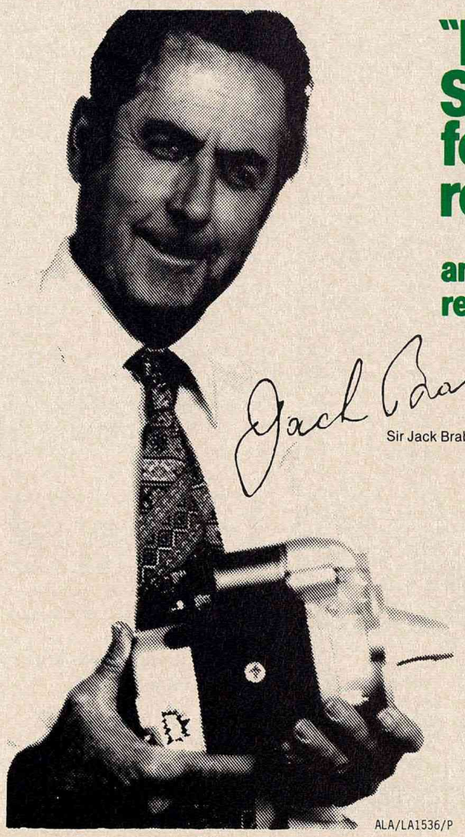
But in Sydney, with its superb sun and sands, even the girls who take the solar energy with their bikini tops off are made to feel guilty because of the perverts and sexual invalids who go in search of vicarious gratification.

Only recently, Father Kevin O'Reilly orchestrated a petition protesting at the tit show at Bondi's southern end. But Waverley Council ignored it, possibly because the life of O'Reilly had not included a visit to the beach, and 90 percent of the signatories came from as far away as New Zealand.

The sexism of opposition to topless bathing would doubtless be lost on the protesters, who probably do not recall that one of the Beatles, perhaps Ringo Starr, said, when they were asked in Sydney during the '60s, what they thought of topless bathing: "We like it – we've been doing it for years."

Whatever happens on topless beaches, the nudists say indecent behavior is not as rife on their beaches as elsewhere. A Lady Janer told me: "It is more provocative to see a scantily clad girl. We don't go nude for a sexual charge but because we think it is natural and free – and a whole lot more comfortable."

Philip Grenard
Vaucluse, New South Wales



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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SAFE REFUGE

MELBOURNE – For one Australian in three, the favorite escape from the pressures of life is not the great outdoors, but a locked lavatory with a pile of magazines, a CSIRO survey has revealed. Of the 60 percent who did not seek refuge in the lavatory in times of trouble, the men often busied themselves hammering and nailing in a workshop or walking the dog, while women sought a good lie down in the bedroom. The survey covered 225 men and women in 200 households in four Melbourne suburbs. They were all asked where they went to get away from it all.

DOG'S LIFE

SYDNEY – Arthur Horton was visiting his fiancée, Ainsley Ann Hereford, when her dog nipped his finger. He retaliated by choking and beating the animal, throwing it over a neighbor's fence – then incinerating it, Bankstown Court was told. Horton, 19, admitted the charge and was jailed for two months. The marriage has been called off.

TEENY POPPERS

MELBOURNE – The importance of the Pill was apparently taken to heart at a sex education class in a country school when 11- and 12-year-old girls popped the Pills in a family planning kit provided as a teachers' aid. The girls became ill that night. The teacher was reprimanded, and the matter was raised in Parliament by Liberal MLC Bruce Chamberlain. Victorian Education Minister Alan Hunt promised to set up a committee to plan courses in human relationships. Special training would be given to teachers, he said.

THEY DON'T NAG . . .

MARYLAND – A survey at America's University of Maryland Hospital has shown that heart attack patients stand a better chance of surviving their first year after a coronary if they have a pet. The survey of 92 patients found that there was a definite soothing effect from cats, birds, gerbils and even iguanas. One expert says patting or stroking an animal produced a reduction in heartbeat and stress. Wives, by contrast, did not perform well as aids to recovery, the survey found.

NO, NO, N'GOMBE

BRISBANE – An hour after African medicine man Francis N'gombe arrived in Queensland's capital, he was denied the healing powers of the local brew by a barmaid. "She served two white people I was with at the counter and, when I ordered a drink, she asked me if I had shoes on," the medicine man said bitterly. N'gombe, who hails from Zambia, was in Australia to discover new herbs. He believes the barmaid thought he was an Aborigine, and he considered her attitude typical of many Australians. Other purveyors of Fourex be warned: turning down medicine men can be dangerous.

FOOTLOOSE

SYDNEY – The Magnet Shoe Company has had to pay out $5000 damages to a woman who fell and broke her wrist four years ago while wearing a pair of chunky heel boots. A court was told that, when Mrs Margaret Jane McNeil took a "slightly longer than usual" step to cross a puddle, the heel collapsed.

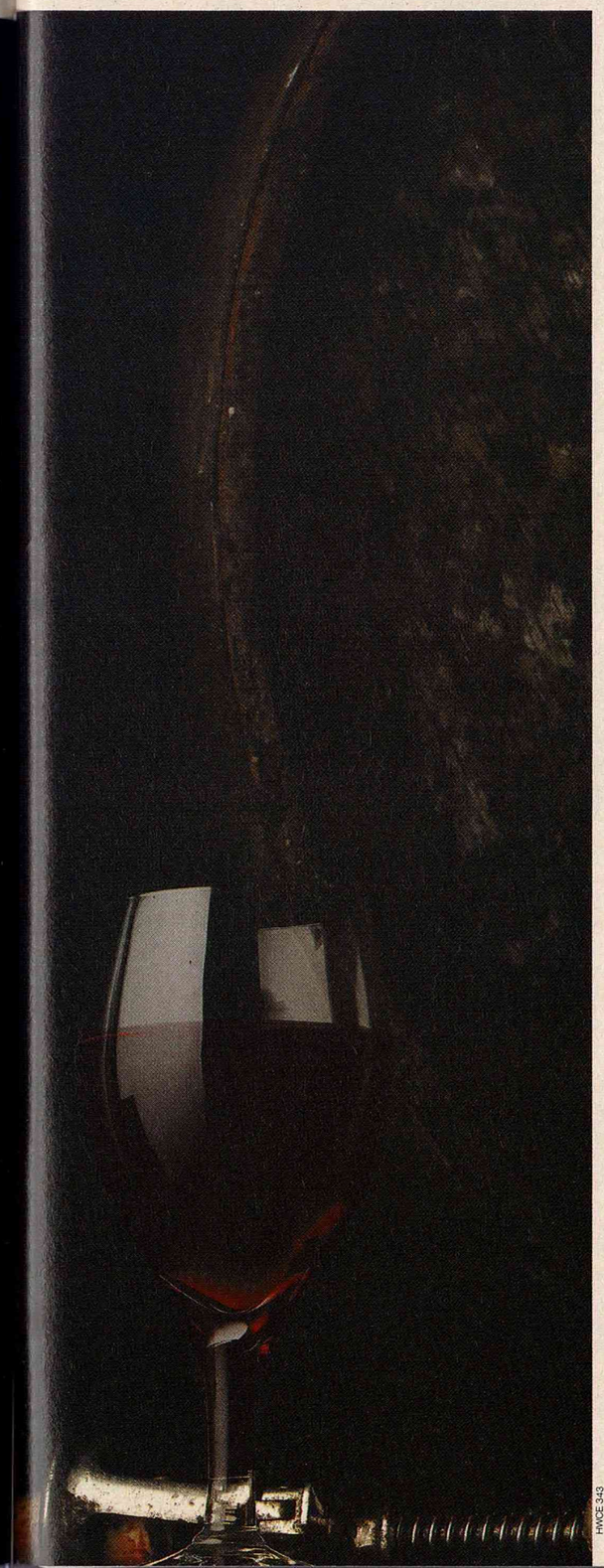
PLASMA PATTIES?

SYDNEY – Count Dracula may have been right all along: blood is now being promoted as the answer to our nutritional needs. A company of "problem solvers and innovators" called Technical Research Services Australia Pty Ltd is trying to dream up ways to sell millions of litres of cattle blood to consumers. But not in its raw state, managing director Bob Stevenson hastens to add. The company wants to add the blood to bread, cake mixes, sweets, rissoles and hamburgers. It points out that blood supplies all the nutritional needs of the body and, since it will be only an additive to their favorite foods, Australians won't have to grow fangs.

NO ROVER'S RETURN

DAMPIER – This Pilbara mining town has raised hundreds of dollars for a memorial to one of its most beloved characters, a mean and ill-mannered mutt by the name of Red Dog, which survived two shootings and numerous brawls only to fall victim to a strychnine bait. Red Dog hitched rides at will and had been spotted up to 1000 km from his home territory. Wherever he went, he was in the habit of helping himself to barbecued steaks. His table manners and toilet manners (especially in moving vehicles) left something to be desired, but around the Pilbara he'll be sorely missed. One mourner remarked: "If I run into the mongrel who poisoned Red Dog, I'll knock his teeth so far down his throat they'll have to send a ferret in to clean them out."

All wine should be this good.



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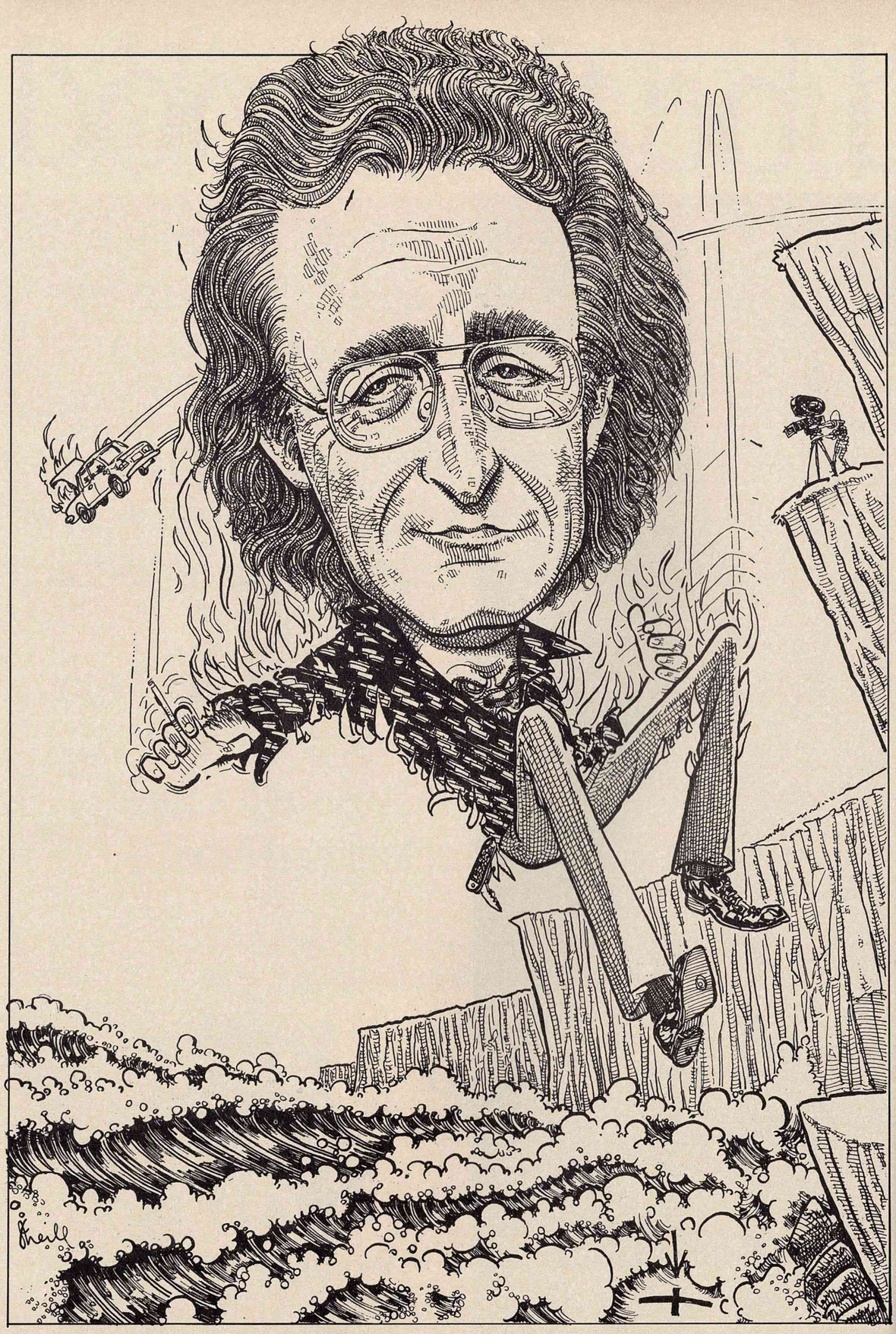


Illustration by Ward O'Neill

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

GRANT PAGE

australia's top stuntman reveals how he's survived a thousand close encounters

IT IS reasonable to assume that Grant Page is demented. After all, who in his right mind would choose to make a living out of "dying"? Setting himself on fire and jumping off the tops of multi-storey buildings. Crashing fast cars. Hang-gliding around skyscrapers. Inviting injury, even death.

Australia's top stuntman and stunt co-ordinator, 40-year-old Page nonetheless reckons he's saner than most. He may give the impression that he's less scared of dying than being bored to death. But, in fact, he doesn't even consider his occupation risky. If he did, he says, he'd have a gut full of ulcers. He hasn't.

Moreover, his lifestyle — not just his stunts — is geared to survival. From the anti-social attitudes he preaches — and practises — to the clothes he wears.

Round his waist, for instance, Page wears a belt, sometimes two, strung with pouches. The secondary belt is equipped for self-sufficiency in the country, and carries a fireman's axe, lashing cords, fish hooks and lines, plastic sheeting for evaporating water, and a magnifying glass to light fires. The main belt holds his passport, other important documents and money so he can leave for a foreign film location at a moment's notice. A compass is for orientation in strange cities. Two knives, a Swiss Army knife and a buck knife, and a measuring stick are tools of his trade. And there's a pouch for his contact lenses in case he breaks his nose, a fairly regular occurence, and can't wear glasses.

In consequence, Page can enjoy a rare and real sense of freedom, being dependent on nothing and, more ideally than really, no one. He does, however, have three very important dependents. Two are his young sons, Jeremy and Leroy, by his ex-wife Joy, a former air hostess, and the third a two-year-old son called Gulliver, by Ully Christie, a stuntwoman with whom he combines business and pleasure.

Page himself is an only son, born to an Adelaide businessman and his actress wife. The sole survivor of four boys, his derring-do was motivated by childhood insecurity, then fostered on school dares, tempered at the University of Adelaide and finally developed in the Royal New South Wales Commandos.

On quitting the service after a four-and-a-half-year stint, Page took a variety of jobs to support his part-time stunt work. But, not until some seven years ago, when he teamed up with Brian Trenchard Smith to make the television documentaries The Stuntmen, Danger Freaks *and* Death-cheaters, *and the films* The Man From Hong Kong *and* Stunt Rock, *could Page live off his stunt work.*

The highlight of his career has been the film Mad Max, *on which he co-ordinated and performed stunts which many reckon to be the most spectacular ever filmed. This work has attracted a great deal of overseas interest, particularly from North America, where he has since made three films,* City On Fire, Death Ship *and* The Island. *Unable to make a decent living on home ground from feature films, Page and his lady are heading Stateside. Before leaving Sydney, where he has been based for the past four years, Page talked to* PLAYBOY *staff reporter* ***Camilla Beach,*** *often expounding his unconventional attitudes.*

He maintains it is easier and less tiring, for instance, to climb the outsides of buildings than take the stairs. And, interrupting the interview to put theory into practice, he tried to prove as much by racing 60 Minutes *reporter George Negus, who took the stairs to the top of a six-storey apartment block in Sydney's Kings Cross while Page scaled up the side.*

"The result was a tie," reports Beach, "but, as Page emphasised before scaling the building, he would set himself a safe pace and wouldn't risk his neck to save face.

"Page is, clearly, a cautious man who doesn't court disaster. Danger, in his case, should only be in the eye of the beholder, apparent but unreal."

PLAYBOY: Does anything scare you?

PAGE: Cats. I'm terrified of big cats. See, there are two kinds of fear. One is a fear which is an advantage to you, an awareness and appreciation of the potential danger of a given situation. The other is a fear of the unknown, a gut fear people experience riding a horse for the first time. Or going on stage and talking. A fear that gives you butterflies in the stomach because you haven't a clue what's going to happen. I've experienced that real gut fear once, fighting a leopard in South Africa. I didn't have a clue what the bloody thing was going to do next. And that scared the bloody hell out of me.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

PAGE: It shewed the chit . . . showed the cheat . . . chewed the shit out of me. See, even now when I talk about it I get nervous! What I'm trying to say is, it ruined my suit, chewed the shoulder pads right out, left me with three metres of scars and just about took my arm off at one point. And the only reason it stopped was that it got bored.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to be wrestling with a leopard?

PAGE: Stupidity. I'd been making a TV series about danger freaks and mentioned to the director that we had no stunts with animals. At the time, I was heading home from Europe, and suggested going via South Africa and doing something there. We rang a film safari company and found out they had a five-metre-long crocodile. Now I don't object to crocodiles. They're predictable in that their reactions are virtually stimulus responses. Very Pavlovian. Do this to a crocodile and it will do this back, whereas cats like to play. They're into having fun.

Anyway, I spent more time than I'd intended in Europe and, by the time I reached South Africa, the crocodile had gone into winter hibernation. So I

asked what other animals they had. I didn't want to go back home with egg on my face and no film. All they had was a leopard they'd caught seven months previously. "We've trained him, and he's ready for a try-out," they said. Problem was, nobody had told the bloody leopard. He wasn't ready. And I was the try-out. I foolishly broke the one rule that has kept me alive in this game: never become involved with anything that emotionally frightens you. I was scared, and the leopard sensed it.

They took us 45 kilometres out of Johannesburg to a place which, I discovered later, was the same spot where they'd caught the leopard. It was his first time out of a cage and that put the bastard in fine mettle. They attracted him up a tree with a dead rabbit, made me run underneath, he leapt on my back – and away we went.

Just try to imagine an Indian arm wrestle with 70 kilograms of leopard snarling right over your jugular vein, its two top fangs piercing your skull, and your forearm forcing its mouth away from your throat. Not to mention that its breath stank. They don't clean their teeth too often, I might add. Terrifying! My hair would have been standing up at a 90 degree angle on the back of my neck. And my whole animal knew intuitively and instinctively that it was somewhere my logic should never have put it.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "my whole animal"?

PAGE: Obviously not the ordinary animal. By "animal" I mean the cross-referencing of mind and body, the refining and combining of mental awareness, physical fitness, good living and eating habits that, together, activate instinctive behavior. And we should all be developing that animal to its fullest potential. Talk about the brain not working at full power. What about the body? For most people, it works at about half the capacity of the brain. How do you think human beings got to be what we are? By being very efficient animals. However, nowadays our whole society is designed to restrict our animal developing.

Take the successful businessman who works maybe 12 hours a day and earns a lot of money. But he's short on time. The end result is that he sits on his arse to earn his money which he spends on labor-saving devices – to the stage where he starts to worry about heart problems. So he runs on the beach or works out in a gym for half an hour, three times a week, and feels very proud of himself. Proud? What about the other 15½ hours a day that the animal's awake? From first thing in the morning to last thing at night you've got to feel good, feel fit, feel like an animal. That old Western saying "walk tall, walk proud". So bloody true! Take a look at two guys walking down a street, one with a spring in his step and the other one slouching. One's a real human being and the other's what's left after our society has sold him everything it can. It doesn't matter a damn how much money you make if your animal's not working.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fitness fanatic?

PAGE: Absolutely not. I'm fanatical about people not being fanatical. We should be broadening our experiences, not limiting them like, say, the vegetarian who might ignore his animal and concentrate only on his food. But how fit is he? Can he swim? Or climb? Is he afraid of heights?

We should be extending our limitations all the time. And the reason people don't is apathy. Our society protects us so well that nobody has the motivation to develop their animal. They'd rather sit around and watch television. They're apathetic right up to the moment they're in a car smash. Or get lost in the Blue Mountains. Or their boat starts to sink. That's the moment they look at the beach three kilometres away and say: "I wish I'd learned to be a stronger swimmer." Maybe they're lucky and reach the shore. Or maybe they drown.

There're an awful lot of people who would be alive today and could stay alive tomorrow if they looked after their animal. I believe that half the people who die in accidents die for one reason only. Because, at the moment of truth, their animal isn't good enough. Take car accidents, for instance. One driver could be doing only 30 km/h, have a smash and get killed, whereas another might be doing 180 km/h and not even get scratched. A lot of it is luck. But the guy whose intuitive reactions are working well stands a much better chance of survival.

Have you ever talked to people who've had car crashes? Some of them don't remember a thing because they freaked, closed their eyes or went into shock. They're lucky to be alive. The others can remember exactly what happened, usually in slow motion. They remember instinctively taking evasive action, perhaps turning the wheel to change the point of impact or protecting their heads. They're the alert ones whose animal was working for them.

PLAYBOY: Has your animal ever saved your life in a road accident?

PAGE: Yes. Riding a motorcycle to the location of *Mad Max* for the first day's shoot, I hit a truck. It was six o'clock in the morning, the rising sun was directly behind me, and the truck driver didn't see me coming. That's why he suddenly swung right across the road and through the gates of a railway yard just 15 metres in front of me! The reason that I'm alive today, and Rosie Bailey, who was riding pillion, only broke a bone was because the animal worked and I reacted intuitively in those split seconds. The nose of the prime mover was already inside the gate, so I couldn't pass in front. To go round its tail I'd have been going straight into the on-coming traffic. Goodbye Charlie! And if we'd gone under the tray, we'd have been cut to pieces on the steelwork. So I dropped the bike on its side, pointing our wheels at the rear wheels of the prime mover to absorb the shock.

The bike bounced up on impact and then fell back on our left legs, which both broke. Funny thing, that. The only bone I've ever broken in my life. And riding a motor cycle out to a location to do a stunt . . .

PLAYBOY: How can we develop the animal in us?

PAGE: On one hand, by pushing your limitations, extending them. Like the athlete in training who puts in a certain amount of effort to cover a kilometre. Soon he'll cover one and a half kilometres with the same effort and in the same time. Remember the story of the medieval archer who had this dream that one day he would fire an arrow on to the moon? He spent his days making better bows and arrows, and his nights firing arrows at the moon. In his whole lifetime he never got one arrow on to the moon. Not one! But you wanna know something else? He still holds the world record for the highest arrow ever fired. The point is that he was never going to land an arrow on the moon but, because he pushed his limits to such a ridiculous degree, he fired that arrow a damn sight higher than anybody else.

On the other hand, developing the animal needs to be cross-referenced with your lifestyle. And that can start with something as simple as buying a pair of sandshoes. Why walk around in high-heeled boots that stop you running fast? In tight pants that don't allow freedom of movement? Why worry about getting dirty? Clothing should be functional. Then take food, again governed by social custom. Our social interplay is such that we say: "I'll meet you for lunch at one o'clock." How the hell do you know your body's going to want food at one o'clock?

PLAYBOY: Do you see a time coming when everyone will have to rely on his own resources?

PAGE: Perhaps. See, for the very first time, the potential is there for society to collapse. The guys walking round with sandwich boards saying "The End Is Nigh" were making their forecasts before the natural resources like oil were being used up faster than the environment was replacing them, and before we had reached today's degree of world-wide interdependence. But now, every day, each individual is reliant on a vast range of products made from those dwindling resources and linked to industries all over the world. Take just one example like telephones. To manufacture them, we're dependent on much, much more than raw materials like metal alloys, copper wire and plastic, a by-product of oil. You can't simply hand-carve telephones. You need machines to make them. The manufacture of those machines requires an available supply of metals for them to be made by another machine which is composed of parts made by other machines etc. Now, if just one component becomes no longer available, the manufacturing process grinds to a halt. It's just all too damn inter-dependent.

We've seen what happens when a docker pulls the work force out on strike. However, dockers can, and do, return to work. But what happens when just one logistical link becomes unavailable? The chain gets broken and a whole industry can be wiped out. And what happens if that industry is essential to our daily function? The complexity of our technology is like the dinosaurs that got too big for their environment. And it's up to every one of us to find alternatives. It's no use asking "What are *they* gonna do about it?" *We* are "they". And if we don't do something about it soon, society as we know it could collapse.

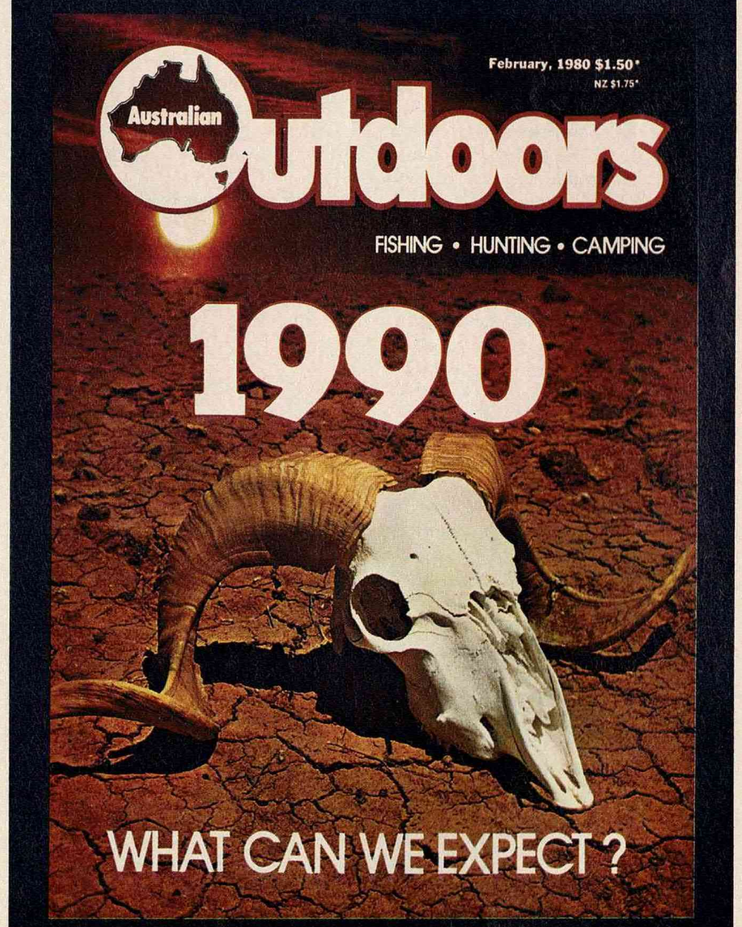
PLAYBOY: How far have you gone yourself towards perfecting the technique of survival?

PAGE: Nowhere near as far as I should. But then, if I gave it my complete concentration, I wouldn't have time to enjoy all the amazing facilities that our present society has produced. Do you realise that right now on the dole you can enjoy things that the kings and queens of Europe, with all their money, couldn't buy 100 years ago? They might have had to travel for a month just to listen to the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. We can just stick on a record.

PLAYBOY: You've nonetheless pushed your abilities to the limit. Why do you continually risk your life by doing dangerous stunts?

PAGE: I don't take risks. Every stunt I do has the potential to kill me, so I can't afford to take even calculated risks because, otherwise, the law of averages would soon catch up with me. Say I took even a one percent risk. I do more than 100 stunts every year, and I've been doing them for 18 years. Either I'd have to be very lucky still to be alive, or the risks don't exist. I'm not

"For the last 200 years we have systematically destroyed our land, our fellow creatures, ourselves and our heritage. Have we learned by the stupidity and the devastation we have wreaked? The next decade is vital to this planet's survival."



Scientists, politicians and other people who care have contributed to this very special issue of Australian Outdoors.

OUT NOW

super lucky, so I don't run risks. A guy driving a car runs 10 times the risks. He hasn't a clue what some other guy's gonna do. Me, I've got a completely calculated set of circumstances.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying then that your stunt work isn't really dangerous?

PAGE: Everybody looks at what I do from the point of view of their own experience and themselves doing the stunts, not from the point of view of my past experience. Let me explain with a parallel. Take an Eskimo, who's never seen anything more motorised than a kayak, and put him into a car on the Sydney Harbor Bridge at five o'clock on a Friday afternoon. Tell him that one pedal slows you down, the other speeds you up. "That's left" and "that's right". Physically, he's capable of handling the situation. But he's had no experience. He's never gone faster than a run, yet here he is in a tonne and a half of machinery doing 60 km/h in the middle of all that traffic. He'd be shit scared, whereas the experienced driver would twiddle the radio knobs, or think about his weekend plans. Most people look at my job from the point of view of the Eskimo, whereas I see my job from the point of view of the experienced driver. I've done stunts for so long and have built up so much experience that, like the driver, I'm not emotionally involved, and I have confidence in my ability. Again, take the guy driving at 80 km/h along a highway and passing an on-coming truck. He has the potential to kill himself just by diverting the car one metre and hitting the truck. But he won't, because he knows it could kill him. I'm the same with stunts. I'm certain that, if I remain as attentive as the driver, I won't make mistakes. I'm really an overpaid taxi driver. So I can't understand why people look at me and say "You're running risks" or "You're crazy" or "Gee you're brave". Bullshit! If I had to be brave, then I shouldn't be doing stunts.

PLAYBOY: Does everybody have the potential to become a stuntman?

PAGE: Most people living in Australia right now would be physically and emotionally capable of doing any stunt I've ever done. The difference is in one word: experience. I don't do anything on film that doesn't happen in real life. At some time in their life, everybody is involved in a stunt. Either a car smash, a train crash, a sinking boat, something like that. Some were lucky, others are dead – the ones you read about in the morning papers. The average person, providing there's nothing physically wrong, could duplicate those stunts.

PLAYBOY: How do you diminish the risks in your job?

PAGE: My biggest advantage is having had a year's university physics, which taught me a knowledge of frictions, breaking strains, inertia, momentum etcetera, which form the basics of making stunts predictable. I spend a lot of time working out the details. I set up a scene, know where everyone will be and what they will be doing, where everything is and how it's going to act. I make damn sure no danger exists.

PLAYBOY: Surely there's some margin for error?

PAGE: If you're good at your job, you have that covered. I will say, however, that we do get a lot closer to the point of no return than the average person. Our job is to make a stunt look as risky as possible, to get as close to that edge as possible without stepping over.

PLAYBOY: What is the closest you've ever come to that point of no return?

PAGE: About 20 years ago, in my crazy youth, when a group of commandos saved me from almost certain death. We'd attached a rope across The Gap in Sydney one day, a sliding rope running from the north headland to the tongue of rock out in the middle. And next day we went back there to set up an ad. The sea was so high that people standing at the top of The Gap, 30 metres up, were getting hit by spray. And all the beaches were closed. We'd sent a sandbag down the rope and it got stuck, so I decided to go down and get it off. In nothing but a pair of bathers, I stuck a knife in my belt, crawled along the rope and cut off the sandbag. Cutting it off was like firing an arrow, with the 100kg sandbag acting as the fingers drawing back the gut. I was the arrow. As the sandbag dropped, I shot 15 metres in the air, and fell straight into the surf.

"I was absolutely exhausted and convinced I was going to die, and had almost given up, when a rope landed on my head."

The waves were smashing against the rocks, so I decided to swim out and around the headland and come ashore at one of the harbor beaches. I kept diving and swimming through the waves, waiting for a trough, coming up, gulping air and then diving down again. When I thought I'd gone far enough to turn into the harbor, I stuck my head above water and looked around. I hadn't moved a bloody foot and I was absolutely exhausted and convinced I was going to die. I took a couple more breaths, went under a couple more times and had almost given up, when a rope landed on my head. I didn't have enough strength left to hold it, so I wrapped it round my body, stuck the end between my teeth, got dragged out of the surf and carried up the rope. (His voice begins to falter). I get quite emotional when I relate that story because those five commandos put their own lives at risk to save mine.

PLAYBOY: How did they manage to rescue you?

PAGE: Apparently, there was hardly a word said. Sizing up my situation, those five guys just tied themselves together, about nine metres apart, and climbed down the face of the cliff. One acted as anchor man and the other four started moving out across the tongue of rock. The waves were crashing two metres over the rock so, with each wave, they sheltered in crevices, spreading their arms and locking in until it passed. Eventually, the last guy reached the tongue of rock and started throwing the rope as I came up. But I had no idea it was there until it hit me on the head. That was a most amazing experience because I'd thought there was no way out. I was losing ground, and very soon was going to be smashed to pieces on the rocks. If those guys hadn't felt they had the ability to match the circumstances, I wouldn't be around today. In those situations, most people would just stand back and say: "Oh my God! How terrible! He's drowning!" Nobody except those five guys would have thought of coming to my rescue, and I'd have been dead.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you died on film?

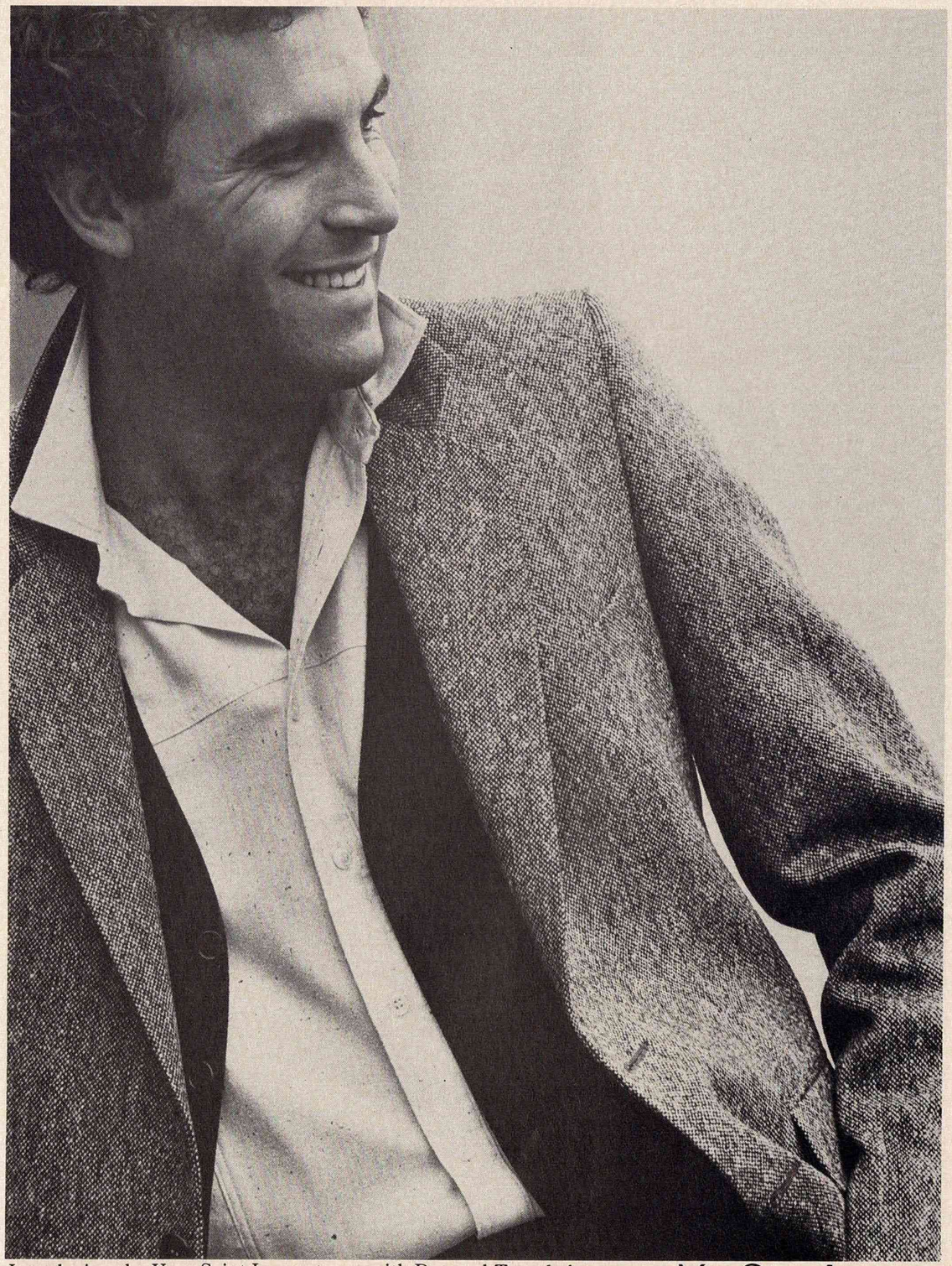
PAGE: I haven't the faintest idea – but I die more often than I live!

PLAYBOY: Do you get injured a lot?

PAGE: My most serious injury needed 118 stitches in my head. Plus I ruptured my spleen and dislocated a clavicle. All because a rope broke, a mistake of my own doing. If you're going to slide down a 90-metre cliff on a length of rope, you should check for weak points. I didn't. The rope broke and I fell about 12 metres, bounced off the rocks and landed again – on my head. I was unconscious for five days.

I was about 23 at the time and thought I was pretty invincible. Mind you, that accident has probably kept me alive since, because it taught me the lesson that you can't ever get that confident. Other than that, I've had no serious injuries. Just a lot of knocks, bumps and bruises. "Dying" knocks us around more than any other stunts, because credibility counts. It has to appear convincing. You want the audience to say: "God that guy died horribly!" and not: "Gee, what a good stunt that was!" Therefore you have to

Tomorrow's French lesson.



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really sell a death. And you can't do that with a gymnastic roll that saves you from injury. So dying has to be a pretty uncontrolled physical action which means that you will always get scratched or bruised or sprain something. If you don't, you aren't trying hard enough. I've no idea how many times I've broken my nose. Maybe a dozen? But I don't consider them to be real injuries. They're bruises. And I'm looking forward to the next one. My nose is a little lop-sided at the moment.

PLAYBOY: How do you prepare for a stunt like, say, a fire stunt?

PAGE: I cover myself with a protective gel made of sap of a ti tree, and wear clothes made only of natural fibres, because synthetic fibres are more inflammable, they melt and penetrate the gel and burn the skin. A wardrobe assistant draws in Texta-color exactly where my assistant should later put on the napalm. Before doing a fire stunt, I choreograph my movements with the director in order to control the flames and prevent them going near my face and hands, which are unprotected, for more than a few seconds. People think the hardest part of a fire stunt is to stay alive and not get burned. In fact, the hardest part is to keep the fire alight. I'm dead serious! The last eight fire stunts I've done, I've had an extra person standing by to signal me when the flames are beginning to die out. Otherwise it can look like an anti-climax. While promoting a film in Indianapolis one time, for instance, I performed a fire stunt at a big double-header baseball game being watched by about 70,000 people. I got set alight and was supposed to run round a bit. Well, I decided to run the bases instead and, by the time I reached home base, I'd run out of fire. There were just a few little wisps of flame round my ankles.

PLAYBOY: Do you follow any particular routines before attempting stunts?

PAGE: Before doing something as physically demanding as a stunt, you get a heavy head of adrenalin which slows down your digestive process. So, if you eat beforehand, the food stays in your stomach and makes you feel heavy. That's one reason why I don't eat before a stunt. The other's medical. If I should take an injury, particularly an internal one, and my intestines are full of food, then the damage is going to be messy and hard to clean up. But I don't ever go into a stunt with the thought that this might happen.

PLAYBOY: And what about sex? Like athletes, do you abstain beforehand?

PAGE: Good God no! I might have gone three days without a screw before a stunt, but it *certainly* wouldn't be on purpose. If you're standing on the edge of a 60-metre cliff, about to fall into an air bag, and a gorgeous looking blonde walks past, you don't want to be distracted. So it's nice to have all of that out of the way, so to speak. I don't believe in screwing, by the way. I only believe in making love – a totally different thing. But that's probably because I'm 40 and incurably romantic.

PLAYBOY: So what's your attitude to sportsmen like Olympic athletes being banned from having sex on the eve of their events?

PAGE: I disagree totally with the concept of programming human beings into becoming social phenomena and specialising in one given field at the expense of everything else, including sex. I've been into that trip myself. At the age of 13 or 14 I trained as a quarter mile hurdler for two hours a night, raced on Saturdays and ran half of Sunday. All I had was this incredible drive for athletics, at a terrible cost to my teenage development. It was – and is – very damaging. I mean, who really wants to subjugate their whole life just to be able to record that they ran 1500 metres at such a speed in such a time?

"I found I could get attention to cover my insecurities by climbing trees and screaming out: 'Look, I'm at the top of the tree'."

PLAYBOY: Have you been a daredevil from an early age?

PAGE: That's where any stuntman should start. When I talk to people interested in stunt work, the first thing I do is ask them about their childhood background. What I'm searching for is whether they have a basis of insecurity, because I really believe that people who have the drive to do my job have an abnormal drive, sparked by a background of insecurity.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that insecurity motivated your derring-do?

PAGE: Yes, and basically the reasons were two-fold. First, I think, I was the third of four boys. All the others died at birth or were still-born. So I was the sole survivor. Second, I was born about 10 days before the outbreak of World War Two. My father went off to war and was away for nearly six years, so I didn't get to know him at an early age. In fact, a month before he came home, my mother tried to explain to me that he'd be coming back and would be sleeping with her and all the rest. I puzzled over this for a while, and then went out the front proclaiming to every soul who walked past that "my mummy's married now". Anyway, my father, Les, was an extraordinary and dedicated sportsman who was into football, gymnastics, lacrosse, swimming, cricket. You name it, he did it. And my mother, Mavis, was very stage-orientated. She was an actress and had a radio show in Adelaide when she was younger. I suppose I inherited traits from both of them.

Being very physical, and having developed a sort of Oedipus complex early, I found I could get attention to cover my insecurities by such exploits as climbing up trees and screaming out: "Look, I'm at the top of the tree." After a while, I got very good at not falling out of trees. But I still wanted the attention. At school I was known as the person who would always take a dare, and at university I was the inevitable prankster, always hanging flags off the tops of buildings, or putting telephone boxes on the fountain in the middle of the River Torrens in Adelaide.

PLAYBOY: Surely that gave you a giant ego problem?

PAGE: Surely did! When you can do things other people can't – or won't or won't be bothered – you get a lot of attention and become a real pain in the arse. Remember the school show-off? Everyone knew him. No one really liked him. So, while you're getting the attention, you're still wanting to be liked. And at this point, if you're lucky, you recognise the problem and come to terms with your ego. You don't take dares any more. Instead, you do only the things you know you have the ability to do. And only at that stage are you ready to become a stuntman because, in stunt work, you can't let your ego influence your judgment. Well, not if you want to stay alive.

For instance, the first job I did in America was stunt co-ordinating the film *City On Fire* with Ava Gardner, Shelley Winters, Henry Fonda, just a whole slather of big names. I'd been brought over from Australia, so there was a feeling about of "who the hell is this bloke who has been lobbed over to teach us how to shoot stunts?" Consequently, I was pretty on edge and, when the first fire stunt came up – a mass scene involving 200 extras and the main cast – the winds were all wrong. They wouldn't have made the stunt dangerous. Just a non-event, showing only wisps of fire. Nobody quite believed me, because the wind was only about 20 km/h, a light breeze, and they said filming it on another day would cost too much. But I stuck to my guns, and insisted we couldn't get the shot we wanted. The next night, when we filmed the shot with a change of wind, they saw why I'd insisted. But meantime, during those 24 hours, my

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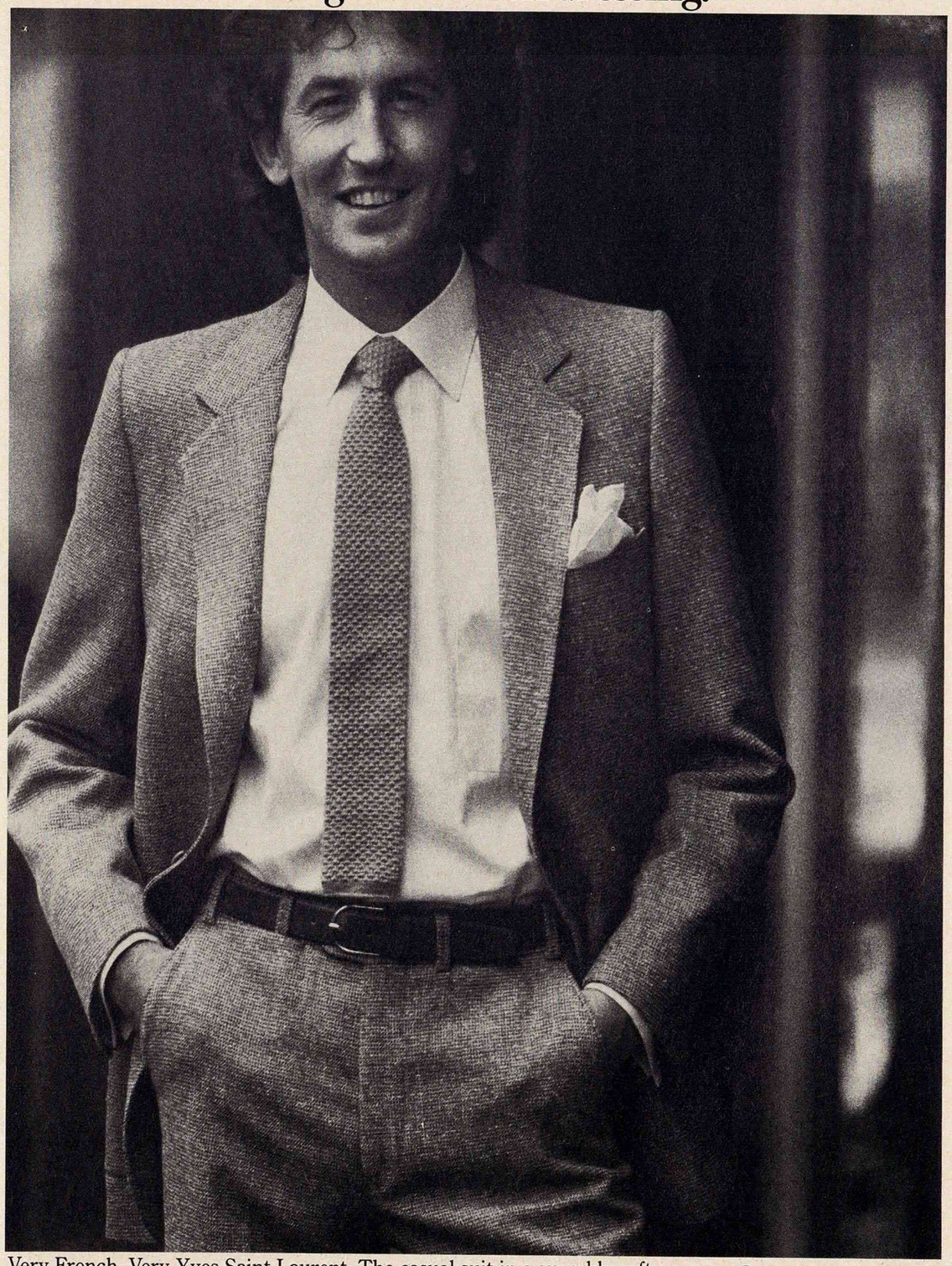

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ego was really knocked to hell. I could feel the vibes from everybody saying: "We've been taken ... wonder who we'll get as the next stunt co-ordinator ... after we've sacked this guy." It was a hard decision to make. The ego was saying: "Yes, do it, show 'em." Saying "no" was much harder. In this case, there was no danger involved. But in another situation, you might also have to say "no" if it's too dangerous. And that's hard as well. But it's something a stuntman has to come to terms with, otherwise he will kill himself. Or somebody else will kill him. Or he'll kill someone else.

PLAYBOY: To revert to your teens, what did you read at Adelaide University?

PAGE: A whole lot of dirty magazines! No, basically I was doing Physical Education combined with a BA, and I became a physical education instructor. But I soon quit because, although I love teaching kids, I couldn't see myself at 65 years of age saying: "Come on boys, over the hurdles."

About this time, I moved to Sydney and met a couple of guys, Spud Murphy and Barry Evers, who helped found the commando skydivers. They were into this crazy sport of leaping off The Gap on ropes, and I wanted to have a go. They reckoned the best way to learn was by joining the Royal New South Wales Commandos. So I signed on, stayed in for more than four years, took over the rope sliding club and got a good training in stunt work. Techniques were driven in so far they became instinctive reactions.

PLAYBOY: Did you see any action when you were with the commandos?

PAGE: No. I quit just as the Vietnam war was coming to the boil. Afterwards I realised that, whereas being in the Army gave you an amazing peacetime training, to use that training to go out and kill people, particularly for socially created reasons, was odious. I don't believe in fighting. And I won't fight. I've had only one fight in my life, and I don't want to talk about it. I'll simply say it involved a woman who was being attacked by three guys.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go after you left the commandos?

PAGE: I did lots of odd jobs, like selling drugs. No, not what you're thinking. A drug company rep. Selling little pills. Funny thing, my attitude to drugs also changed as soon as I quit selling them. I can't believe that I once promoted pill-popping. I haven't swallowed a pill for about 20 years, which is odd, coming from an ex-drug rep. I don't even go to doctors.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you treat your stunt injuries?

PAGE: I believe the body is best at repairing itself. But if that doesn't work, I go to a naturopath. Why? Well, some years ago I had a problem with my right ankle. From too many sprains. Every few steps I'd get a bite of pain, and crystals were forming inside the joint.

I went to a top osteopath who took X-rays and, after a couple of weeks' deliberation and checks, he told me he had a good way of curing the pain. He'd shave the bottom of my leg bone and the top of my ankle bone and fuse the two bones together. "You'll have to be in plaster for about six months," he said, "and then you'll need another six months' physiotherapy to get your leg working again, and then you'll have a bit of a funny gait because your ankle won't bend any more. But you won't have any pain." I might add that I'd explained to him that I was a stuntman, so it was important to keep the ankle functional. So I said "thanks very much" and went to see a naturopath. She looked at my X-rays, then diagnosed that my ligaments had stretched, making the ankle ride on

"I was employed as a brain surgeon. My job was to beat the hell out of the sharks' skulls with a rusty shifting spanner."

the wrong side, and suggested lots of exercises. To dissolve the crystal, she told me to eat pineapple, which contains certain enzymes. And three months later, I was running for the first time in two years. It cost me $21 for three visits.

PLAYBOY: What other jobs did you do around this time?

PAGE: What else? I worked as a salesman for years because I could combine it with stunt work. And I sold just about everything. At one stage, when I was selling insurances, I'd walk in, quite obviously a salesman, and somebody would say: "What are you selling?" And I'd say: "You're just the person I'm looking for – what do you want to buy?"

PLAYBOY: How did you make the transition to being a stuntman?

PAGE: Basically through running this roping club of guys who leapt off The Gap and North Head in Sydney. The newspapers got on to it and then *Life* magazine did a story on us, a four-page color spread that was like a world-wide ad. From that, I got offered a couple of ads myself, worked on air displays and water pageants as a parachutist with the commando sky divers, and things began to snowball. But I've got to admit that, for the first 15 years, they snowballed very, very slowly. It cost me a lot more money than I earned just to keep my equipment.

After that, I opened up a place in Adelaide called The Blue Pumpernickel for a friend of mine. It was a 460-square metre pool hall with some amusement machines, a coffee bar and a little restaurant. I lived there like a mole for 18 hours a day, seven days a week, for two years or so. Hardly saw the light of day. I was about as unfit as I'd ever been in my life. I became a sloth. So, realising what was happening to me, I went to work on a shark boat. I was employed as a brain surgeon on the boat. (Laughs.) My job was to beat the hell out of the sharks' skulls with a rusty shifting spanner so they wouldn't thrash around and tear up the nets.

Then I moved on to a prawn trawler called the Vodnic, trawling off the coast of South Australia for a couple of years. It was a good little boat; two of us worked it. The skipper worked the winches and I was on the wheel. It was one of the most enjoyable times of my life, getting food straight from the sea for people to eat. There was a sense of reality about it. The fact that the prawns were then shipped to Japan and America and sold for an enormous price was really coincidental. You felt there was real worth in what you were doing. It was the only time I was party to superstitions. The prawn fleet refused to sail on Friday the 13th.

PLAYBOY: So when did you begin doing full-time stunt work?

PAGE: About seven years ago I did a documentary called *The Stuntmen* for Brian Trenchard Smith. We developed a very close working relationship.

PLAYBOY: How many films have you made altogether?

PAGE: I just don't know. I've lost my list of credits, but I think there were 43, including various series. Problem is, I can remember only 28. Ones like *Mad Max, City On Fire, Death Ship* and *The Island* are a few.

PLAYBOY: What range of stunts did you do on those films?

PAGE: Car and fire stunts, high falls, rope work, underwater stuff. And a lot of drowning. Everything except horses. I know enough to do horse stunts, but not enough to co-ordinate them. In Australia, we have a fantastic horse stuntman and trainer, Heath Harris, and I don't know anywhere near as much about horses as he does.

PLAYBOY: Do you do very much doubling for women?

PAGE: I doubled for Shelley Winters in *City On Fire* . . .

PLAYBOY: But surely you don't have the same vital statistics.

PAGE: It was a long, l-o-n-g shot. At

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night. But you often find yourself doubling for people with different physical attributes. Take George Kennedy, in *Death Ship*. He's a big man and weighs 134kg to my 85kg. I had to do a three-storey fall for him through the engine room of a big old ship. An explosion drives him through the rail, he hits the top of the engines, bounces down on to a catwalk and then on to the engine room floor through a hole a bit over a metre square. It had to be exact. The director wanted it in one shot, so we couldn't build rigs with padding to soften the impact. I went to the local ice hockey shop and experimented with pads until I'd built myself up to 130kg. It made the stunt much easier. If you'd hit me with a sledge hammer I wouldn't have felt a thing. You can always beef yourself up, but the person who's really hard to double for is a slight woman.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also once double for Ros Speirs, hang-gliding between skyscrapers in Hong Kong?

PAGE: Yes. She was playing a journalist in *The Man From Hong Kong,* and I was doubling for her on a kite. She's a little better built than I am and, Chinese wardrobe being what it was, they just grabbed an antique bra and stuffed it full of polystyrene foam. I had to glide between these two buildings and bank straight at the camera. It was pretty turbulent. So I came swooping through at 50 km/h, trying to dodge the Chinese laundry hanging out on poles, with the wing tips one and a half metres from each building and fighting hard to keep control – when my bra straps snapped. These two rigid lumps fell down around my waist like two .45s strung low at the hip. And, by the time I reached the camera, they were down around my groin. I'm amazed that Ros didn't try to sue me for defamation!

PLAYBOY: Do stuntmen jealously guard the tricks of their trade?

PAGE: In the States, yes, because they're competing for a lot of money. Here in Australia it's more of an ego competition.

PLAYBOY: So there isn't very much *camaraderie* among stuntmen?

PAGE: Unfortunately not, because of the degree of ego involved and the fact that there are more people wanting to be stuntmen than there are jobs available. I find it very, very disappointing that a hell of a lot of them are into back-biting and underpricing, whereas working together would lift everyone's standards. There are, however, some notable exceptions in this country. Guys like Max and Dale Aspin, Heath Harris, Phil Brock and George Novak are marvellous stuntmen and terrific blokes to work with. They are the ones who first come to mind; I hope I haven't done anyone an injustice by not mentioning them.

PLAYBOY: Have you developed an instinct for judging whether a stuntman you're working with for the first time is reliable?

PAGE: Not yet, but I wish I had. My deductions are based on an understanding of his background and also from listening to find out how much of an insight he has into himself. If I'm to work with somebody new, I have to be certain that he's honest. More than anyone else, a stuntman can't afford to bullshit. If he says that he can do something, he has to be able to do it. It's a matter of life and death.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever lost faith at a moment of truth?

PAGE: Some years ago, I went to Hong Kong to fight Bruce Lee in *Kung Fu Killers!* But Bruce died while I was on the plane, and he was replaced by Carter Wong, a completely different character. Whereas Bruce was a film-orientated fighter, Carter had been trained to fight from birth. He had calluses on his hands that I've never seen on anyone's feet. They stood up about a centimetre, and his knuckles were like leather. He used to treat them with brown rice wine to make them go brown. Unlike Bruce, this guy was a mean piece of killing machinery first, an actor second.

"Carter must have had an incredible idea of how we Western stuntmen could bounce, because he threw me straight over the cliff."

Anyway, the director had us up on this cliff doing a choreographed fight scene and, as soon as the fight was ending, Carter was supposed to hit me, I'd double up, he'd pick me up, run to a wall at the cliff edge and make to throw me off this 480-metre cliff. Then we'd cut to a reverse shot, using a similar wall but with only a two-metre drop on the other side. Carter didn't speak much English, and the director didn't speak much Cantonese, and basically there was a confusion of instructions. Carter somehow got the wrong idea, because he gave me a strange look and a quaint Oriental smile. When we did the scene, whack, he hit me in the guts, picked me up and ran to the cliff edge. About a metre from the wall, I suddenly twigged that Carter didn't understand that he was supposed to stop. He must have had an incredible idea of how we Western stuntmen could bounce, because he threw me straight over the cliff. He just chucked me off! Realising his intention, I grabbed at the wall which changed my projection. Instead of being thrown out, I dropped straight down and, as luck would have it, hit a ledge about nine metres below. I grabbed on with everything I had, fingers, toes, even my teeth!

PLAYBOY: Were you badly hurt?

PAGE: Funnily enough, not at all. Well, when I say I wasn't hurt, my hands were grazed and two of my fingernails were ripped half out because I was grabbing at rocks as I dropped. But, when it comes to losing fingernails or even a hand rather than dying, you don't care about the nails or the hand.

PLAYBOY: Which stunts do you most enjoy doing?

PAGE: Car stunts, because you can turn a vehicle into an impenetrable barrier against whatever you're going to do. Providing you've got the time and the money, it comes down to man and mechanics.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to pull off car stunts?

PAGE: Well, altogether I have had 23 social rolls.

PLAYBOY: Presumably not with members of the opposite sex . . .

PAGE: If that were the case, I'd be almost celibate. (Laughs.) Just 23 in 40 years – imagine! No, 23 rolls in which I haven't been paid to roll my car. I think I rolled the first when I was about 14. Knocked off my old man's Chev; sitting on two cushions to try and see over the steering wheel.

PLAYBOY: Did you need two cushions to sit on afterwards?

PAGE: Sure did. I got to know the mantelpiece very well. That's where I ate my meals for a while. I also rolled my mother's car a number of times.

PLAYBOY: By accident or design?

PAGE: By accident. Each car she had I managed to roll over at some stage or other. And I used to get pretty close to the edge in those days. But now, because I've taken so many rolls, I can get close to that edge without losing the car. I'm damned lucky really to have survived those early mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Surely you didn't roll your parents' cars 23 times?

PAGE: No. Back in my crazy youth, I spent a year and a half racing stock cars and a year in open wheelers: formula juniors. Cigars with four wheels. You had to try and pucker up your bum to stop it scraping on the ground. The most uncomfortable cars you could drive. But it was valuable experience.

PLAYBOY: You were the stunt co-ordinator on *Mad Max*. Did you do many of the stunts yourself?

PAGE: A fair few, but I was under the limitation of breaking my leg that first day's shooting. The other main drivers were Phil Brock and George Novak, both of them very good drivers and very reliable. Take Phil, for instance, who drove the blue Bongo van that spins after I hit it doing 120km/h. He had to drive out of the factory at a constant speed, bounce over the gutter and skim past the nose of my car. At 120km/h coming round a bend, I had nowhere to go if he blew his timing. Yet we did five or six takes of that scene. And that ain't easy, believe you me.

PLAYBOY: How much did you make as stunt co-ordinator on *Mad Max?*

PAGE: A $2000 debt, that's what I made.

PLAYBOY: How come?

PAGE: Well, partly through my own bad negotiations. I agreed to a figure of $10,000 to provide all the stunts and equipment, paying myself a lot less than I was going to pay the other stuntmen. That included all the props and ramps, the accommodation and transport. And I thought that was terrific. It was the first time I'd earned five figures in this country. I had no idea that it would cost me $12,000 altogether, partly because I broke my leg and had to employ additional stuntmen at higher rates than I would have paid myself. When we went two weeks over schedule, I was offered another $1000 a week – which would have brought me out square – or the chance to have my Mercedes fixed. I'd have liked a percentage of the profits. Oh God, if only I'd got that! But I got my Mercedes fixed instead. I'd blown the motor and really wanted it fixed, because she's a beautiful old tank, a '65 model, and I love her.

PLAYBOY: Do you stand to earn a lot more money doing stunts in the US than you could ever hope to make here in Australia?

PAGE: Not only can we make 10 times more money in the States, but there's 10 times more work available. So the earning capacity is at least 100-fold. There's a group of about 200 registered stuntment in Los Angeles whose average earnings last year were $35,000. I'd estimate that just one American's earnings were more than the combined earnings of Australian stuntmen in this country last year. Also, Australian stuntmen don't have the back-ups available in America – riggers and safety officers. Stunt work is very safe in America because they can afford to spend money to make stunts safe. Here, we don't have that advantage. We work on a shoestring and have to trust our animal. Maybe that makes our stunts a little more convincing. The Australian method is certainly better training for the animal.

PLAYBOY: Do you negotiate payment for each individual stunt, or are you paid per film?

PAGE: It varies. Co-ordinating an entire movie, you work on a contract basis. Just working on a film, you contract by time and stunt. In the States, you're on the actor's minimum daily rate of $215 plus a loading for every stunt you do.

PLAYBOY: Why don't the stars perform their own stunts?

PAGE: Basically, it's a question of economics. If an actor or a star gets so much as a cut face or a sprained ankle, it might mean delaying shooting for three or four days. And that could cost the insurance company, say, $100,000. It's too costly, although most actors would like to do at least some of their own stunts up to a certain point. After that, they need more expertise to make the stunt look good.

PLAYBOY: Does the lack of recognition bother you?

PAGE: Being in the middle of an interview, it may appear a bit incongruous, but I do believe that the publicity given to stuntmen is very damaging to our profession, and that stuntmen shouldn't even be given credits on films. It busts the credibility of a movie if audiences come out saying: "Strewth, that was a good stunt – wonder who did it," rather than: "What a horrible death." They shouldn't be able to recognise anybody except the

character, same as they shouldn't with actors. But who the hell went along to *Superman* and saw Jor-El? A lot of people went along and saw Marlon Brando – not Jor-El. Unless the bums on seats – the people who pay for their tickets – can believe the character and what happens to him on screen, you've lost half the advantage of a film. So, far from being upset about lack of recognition, I feel it's too much the other way around.

PLAYBOY: You surely got a great deal of satisfaction from winning the special award for stunt work at the 1979 Australian Film Awards.

PAGE: Yes, I got a lot of gratification from that recognition, because you realise that people do appreciate what you've done. But I wouldn't be too interested in getting any more. I'm not a person who wants awards.

PLAYBOY: You'd prefer rewards?

PAGE: Right. Basically, up until about six months ago, when I got three months' work on three American films, I couldn't even afford to put down the deposit on a house.

PLAYBOY: With your special talents, have you ever been tempted to make money from crime?

PAGE: I've been asked if I'd like to become a cat burglar. (Laughs). At one stage a couple of people asked me to go up the outside of a building, climb in a particular window and get them something. But I didn't find out any details. It was one of those situations where, once you say you're in, you hear the complete story. But I wasn't interested – even for a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: How much could you possibly make for just one stunt?

PAGE: I've got one in mind that I'd do for half a million dollars.

PLAYBOY: It would have to be pretty mind-boggling for that kind of money.

PAGE: Flying a kite off the top of Mount Everest. I've studied the topography and meteorological reports on the area. It could be done and I have worked out how. It would involve using two helicopter crews for three months, but whether anybody would be interested, well, that's another story.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel any urge to make the headlines like, say, Evel Knievel does?

PAGE: No. Very few stuntmen would. I'm a stuntman, not a showman. A stuntman is a technician who works, mostly on theory, at his own pace, and is more concerned with camera angles, speeds and lenses than playing to the crowd or, in our case, the film crew. A showman is an entertainer who depends on his personal charisma to get the crowd on side. I'd hate to be that kind of showman. I know I just haven't got that kind of ego. My insecurity is covered by an ability to be technical, but I would find it very difficult to establish a direct charismatic relationship with an audience.

PLAYBOY: Do any insurance companies appreciate your claim that you don't take risks in your job?

PAGE: It took me about four years to get insurance and, when eventually I got it, it seemed a bit ridiculous to be paid to hurt myself. At the rates they wanted me to pay, it was even more ludicrous. Bugger that for a joke! So I gave up the policy. Now my insurance is my ability. I feel that, if I'm carrying insurance, I'm setting myself up for injury, taking away the importance of not being injured.

PLAYBOY: Do people have difficulty relating to your lifestyle?

PAGE: Everybody seems to think stunt work is glamorous, that we're always getting lauded. In fact, it's the opposite. More than any other profession, we would spend more time doing boring calculations, preparing to work and then waiting to work. See, we can't afford to make mistakes with our homework. But people only know of those moments when we do work. If you counted the time between when a director says "action" and when he says "cut", I probably appear on screen for between 100 and 200 seconds a year. That's not much! Then you have to put up with being categorised as an egotistical show-off. On first meetings, there's this massive pre-established barrier for us to overcome. So, in trying to have real relationships with people, you spend a lot of time getting to be unknown, getting back to square one, before people will even try to find out who the hell you really are.

"People probably think that stuntmen have macho relationships with women, but mine are based on my own insecurity."

PLAYBOY: What about the women in your life. Have they been supportive of your work?

PAGE: Totally. However, apart from my mother, they met me when I was already doing stunts. It can't be easy for a woman to be with somebody who takes up stunt work. They couldn't be arbitrary in their outlook, whereas my ex-wife picked up my attitude, which is that it's just a job.

PLAYBOY: Was your job a reason for the break-up of that marriage?

PAGE: I place part of the blame on the industry that kept me away a lot, and part on my own insecurities. People probably think that stuntmen have macho relationships with women, but mine are based on my own insecurity which has a reverse effect. I didn't do the right thing by either my wife or my present lady, Ully, two of the most beautiful people I've ever come across in my life. It wasn't that I didn't love them, or appreciate them. But that all-encompassing insecurity of wanting to be liked makes you reach out to a lot of people, although the only person you're really closely involved with, in your heart, is the person you're with. And that can be very damaging, because it drives that person away, recreating the insecurity all over again.

Basically, the same drive that got me to be a stuntman motivates my wanting to reach out to people, be liked by everyone. Ever been in the situation where you're with a group of people, getting along well with everyone except one bastard whom you sense doesn't like you? And you focus your whole attention on that person, trying to make him like you? Well, that's the problem I have.

PLAYBOY: Was Ully Christie a stuntwoman before you met her, or have you taught her the ropes?

PAGE: You can't teach anybody stunt work. But, through her association with me over a long period of time, getting to understand what I do and how I do it, she has developed into a very good female back-up. She's done a couple of good high falls, including a three-storey fall in *City On Fire*. And when I do fire stunts, she paints on the napalm . . . then sings Happy Birthday and tries to blow me out!

PLAYBOY: What about your three kids? Would you want them to become stuntmen too?

PAGE: I sincerely hope I haven't given them the insecure background that would motivate them into becoming stuntmen. But it wouldn't worry me if they did. I don't expect anyone to worry about what I do, so how could I worry about their doing the same thing, if I felt that they had the ability to do it?

PLAYBOY: You've said that your home life was disrupted by your work. Do you now take your family with you?

PAGE: That's the only way. My attempt now is to have a good working relationship with Ully, to avoid any geographical split.

PLAYBOY: You've talked of moving to the United States. Is this out of necessity or desire?

PAGE: The last thing in the world I want to do is leave Australia but, at 40 years of age, I've discovered that it's a lottery to make enough money here to even be comfortable. Feature films can't support professional stuntmen at the moment in this country.

PLAYBOY: So what are your plans?

PAGE: I'm toying with the idea of buying a boat in Miami, which I'll sail through the Panama Canal to San Diego, California and eventually sail back here. Los Angeles is a spunky town, and where it's all happening in the film industry. But it's not a good place to be living. For a start, I don't want to go down in an earthquake. Then the smog is terrible. And it's hard to find good, unprocessed food there.

PLAYBOY: What about work?

PAGE: One of two things will happen in California. I'll sit on the boat, won't do a stitch of work, beat my brains up against every gate, and eventually give up and come home with my tail between my legs. Or I'll start getting work, establish my contacts and still be able to come home and work out of Sydney, where I really want to live. Either way, I'll be back in a year.

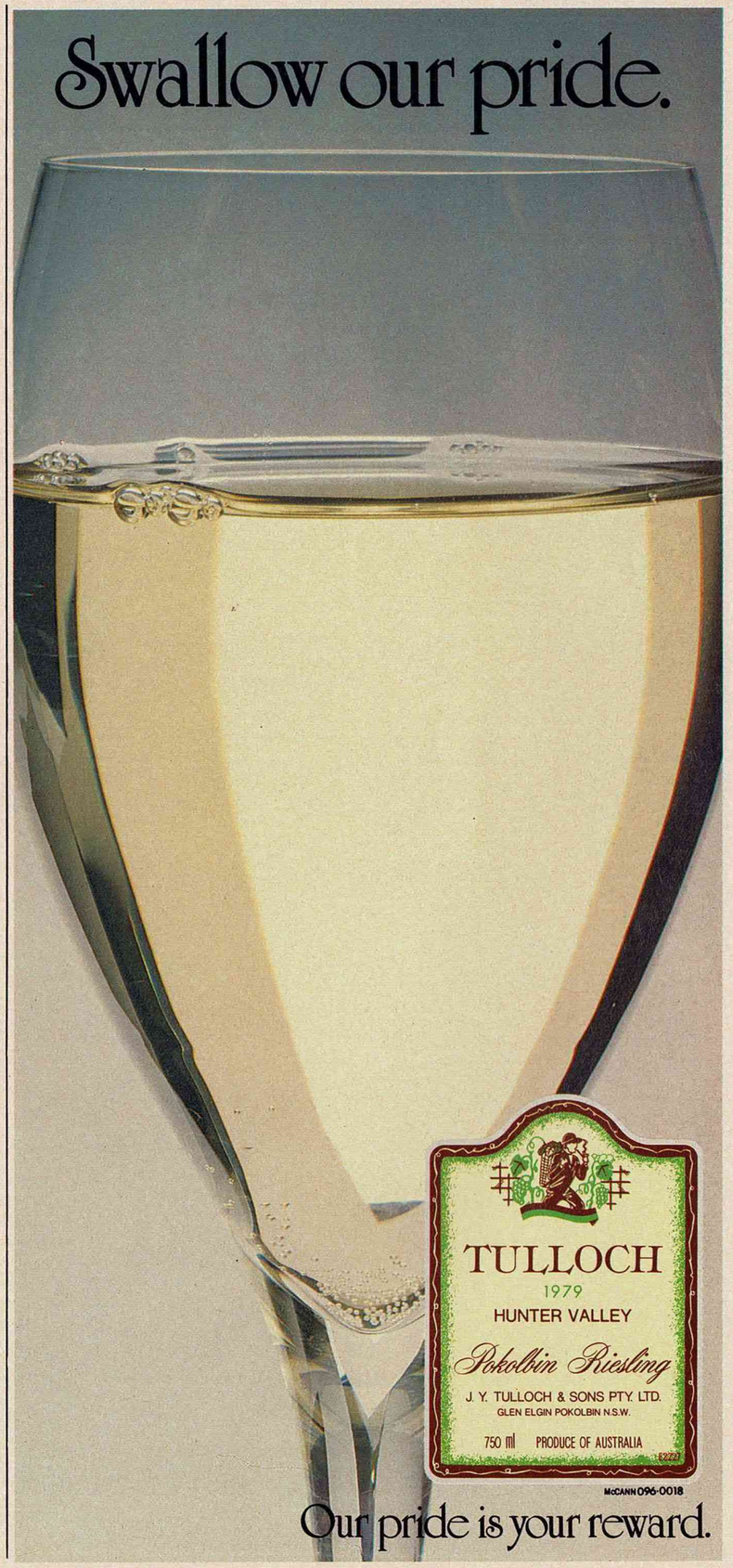
PLAYBOY: How many more years do you give yourself in stunt work?

PAGE: Another 10 years as a stuntman. However, as far as co-ordinating is concerned, there's almost no limit, though I think I'm probably limiting myself with stuntwork more than I need. Working in Miami on *The Island* last year, there was one scene involving pirates climbing from their little boats on cargo nets up the side of a coastguard cutter and attacking the crew. There were about six of us pirates, and beside me was an older-looking guy, Paul Stader, with a sword in his teeth. Anyway, on "action" I went racing up this rope ladder bloody fast. My hair had been set on fire, so I wasn't mucking around. It was the equivalent of a three-storey climb, and this old guy was getting up faster – without the impetus of having his hair alight – and killing a couple of guys in a sword fight. I was talking to a bloke afterwards, and mentioned that Paul was pretty fast and pretty good with a sword. And the bloke said: "So he ought to be, mate. He did all of the sword fighting in *Scaramouche*." I found out later that he did all of Errol Flynn's doubling. He was 78 years old and as fit as a scrubber bull, owned his own gyms until recently, still trained boxers, still raced yachts.

So there's really no limitation. Society just makes people believe that they are old enough to stop being active. "Be your age" – my God, how destructive that is! People feel this incredible pressure to slow down and give up decades before they need to.

PLAYBOY: When your time comes, how would you like to die?

PAGE: Shot by a jealous husband. At 93!



MENACE OF THE QUOPS

we are losing our freedom to a growing army of government officials with almost unlimited powers to search and arrest

article **By GARY STURGESS**

IN MARCH, 1978, Joseph Malia, of Leppington, NSW, was jailed for refusing to allow Egg Board inspectors to go through the gate of his land. He was not an egg producer. The inspectors wanted to pass through his property so that they could make a raid on a neighboring poultry farm.

Joseph Malia had committed no crime. Other than refusing the inspectors entry to his farm, he had broken no law. He had merely said "enough" to the growing power of the bureaucratic State. For this he was jailed.

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In recent years, civil libertarians have protested the growing power of the police. Their concerns are justified – Australia has never had more police with more powers than at present. The combined strength of Australia's police forces is now greater than that of the Australian Army (a fact which gives new meaning to Pogo's line: "We have seen the enemy, and he is us.").

But, disturbing as these trends are, there is every reason to believe that Australia's impending police state will be staffed not by uniformed police but by bureaucrats. Moreover, where there is caution about granting of additional powers to the police, there is enthusiasm (even among civil libertarians) for granting these same powers to government inspectors.

Within every public service in Australia there

Illustration by Alan Ewart

exists a group of "quasi-policemen" with powers of entry, search, seizure, arrest and detention. They include customs officials, tax inspectors, Trade Practices Commission officers, social security agents, Egg Board inspectors, flora and fauna rangers, RSPCA inspectors, fisheries patrol officers and Aboriginal relics inspectors. They are not organised into forces as such. The majority of them do not wear uniforms. Very few carry guns. In place of guns, these bureaucratic policemen carry identity cards which say (in effect) that they may obtain guns if they need them. Usually, the card is persuasion enough.

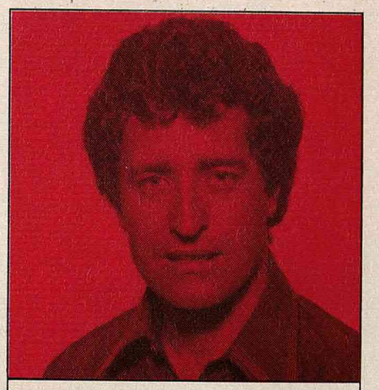
As yet, no detailed study has been made of these quasi-policemen (or quops). Brief research undertaken last year in Queensland indicates that, under Queensland Acts of Parliament, there are more than 3200 individual bureaucrats with police powers. This is only several hundred short of the police force itself. There are 122 different types of inspectors with powers of entry to private property, appointed under 99 different Queensland statutes. In addition to those who already possess these powers, there are tens of thousands of other officials who can quickly be granted them by government ministers or senior public servants. There are also 37 Federal statutes empowering probably another 40 different types of inspectors within the State.

Most government inspectors have power to enter private property. Some statutes require the official to obtain a warrant; most do not. In Queensland, local government inspectors and officers acting under the Collections Act, the Land Tax Act and the Poultry Industry Act (to cite a few), need no warrant to enter private dwellings day or night. Eight Queensland statutes specifically empower inspectors to use "such force as is reasonably necessary" to carry out their duties. Refusal to provide correct name and address to one of Queensland's Aboriginal relics inspectors can result in immediate arrest. Seven other types of inspectors have powers of arrest as well. Add to this the power to stop and search vehicles (11 types of inspectors have this power), and powers of search (90) and seizure (46), and we have a growing army of bureaucrats suited to the role of Big Brother.

In north Queensland, flora and fauna rangers carry automatic shotguns and Armalite rifles. According to Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen, these weapons are for use against poachers and smugglers, not crocodiles.

One of the more unpopular quasi-policemen is the tax inspector. A visit by the taxman is a reminder that government is not an oversized charity. With the Federal Government's present obsession with catching the last tax evader, it is probable that the taxation inspector will become an increasingly sinister figure during the next few years. For instance, the Federal Government is recruiting 400 special tax investigators who will conduct compulsory audits of Australian businesses. From now on, businessmen can expect a thorough investigation about once every five years.

There is some legal controversy as to whether tax investigators have a right of entry and search, although that has not deterred them from acting as if they do. During training, tax inspectors are informed of the uncertainty of the law, but are instructed to act as if they have a right of entry anyway. A former tax investigator has stated to the author that, in these circumstances, most individuals simply give in. The one case of which he was aware in which a taxpayer refused entry was resolved by a phone call from a senior official in the Taxation Office. Life can be difficult for a taxpayer who does not co-operate. It is not surprising, then, that the Australian Taxpayers' Association advises that all you do when the taxman calls at your door is open the books and offer him a cup of tea.



Gary Sturgess, the author of this article, is a lawyer involved in a number of civil liberties organisations in Queensland. About four years ago he began monitoring the growth of quasi-police. "It just suddenly occurred to me what was happening," he says. Passing himself off as a student doing a survey, he approached government departments to find out what officials they had with the powers of arrest, entry, search, seizure and detention. He warns there is now a danger of any police state being run by government officals rather than the police "because they already have greater powers than the police and because most of us are blind to the danger."

The powers of the taxman have been the subject of a recent case in the Court of Appeals in Britain (R v Commissioners of Internal Revenue; ex parte Rossminister Ltd). Using a similar statutory provision to the one relied on in Australia, 70 taxation officials carried out a dawn raid on several offices and private houses. The officials took away 12 van-loads of documents, business and personal. In the Court of Appeal, Lord Denning found that the warrants did not indicate what offences were suspected. They were thus "general warrants", a practice which British law has, for hundreds of years, considered an unacceptable threat to individual liberty. The outcome of the appeal now pending before the Privy Council will have significant impact on the powers of Australian tax investigators.

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In contrast to the cautious attitude of the courts, Australian legislatures have been liberal in granting powers to government inspectors. Indeed, so wide are the powers which some inspectors possess that it almost seems impossible that they could be exceeded. Where abuse occurs on a systematic basis, the attitude of the legislatures seems to be that the abuse should be legitimised. The reasoning behind this practice is that, if officials regularly assume a certain power, it must be necessary for efficient operation. The Narcotics Bureau provided an example of this. Bernard Delaney, in his recent book *Narc!*, acknowledged that, for some years, narcotics agents had been tapping phones without lawful authority. No prosecutions have or will be made. Instead, the Federal Parliament in September passed an amendment to the Customs Act granting this power to Customs officers (including narcotics agents until the bureau was abolished in November).

It is probable that abuses of powers are as common among inspectors as they are among police. Specific examples, however, are difficult to obtain. Part of the reason for this is that most of us are so used to being walked on by the Government that another pair of feet doesn't make much difference. But there are also those who are afraid to speak out. Unlike the police, government inspectors have fairly narrow jurisdictions. Their responsibilities are usually restricted to one particular industry, or to specific functions. They are often geographically limited as well. This means that the inspector who visited last month will often be the one who is expected again next month. As a result, many of those who have had their homes and property invaded by an inspector are not prepared to be quoted.

The few examples which have come to light in recent years indicate that some kind of an official investigation needs to be held:

In September, 1977, Customs officers raided an aviary at Gosford in New South Wales. They suspected that birds in the aviary, which belonged to Mr Rudolf Muhuick, were infected with Newcastle disease. Pest exterminators pumped cyanide gas into the cages, shot birds from the trees, and killed the family's pet budgerigar and three pet emus — $97,000 worth of birds. The dead birds were tested, but no trace of disease was found.

Egg Board inspectors in NSW in 1978 raided a poultry farm armed with cattle prodders. According to the Egg Board, these weapons were for protection against guard dogs, but this case illustrates the attitude of government inspectors. They believe they have a right to go anywhere and are prepared to use whatever force is necessary to do so. The farmer was not a criminal, but had perhaps breached some accounting or marketing procedure.

In the early 1970s, the Long family operated a dairy farm near Grafton in NSW. They sold their milk directly to regular customers of long standing. It was milk of exceptionally high quality and, when the Grafton Dairy Company put in a pasteurisation plant, the Longs did not want to pool their milk with a product which they considered inferior. Offers to put in their own pasteurisation plant were refused, so the Longs continued to sell unpasteurised milk to their old customers. The Dairy Industry Authority sent officers to keep a 24-hour watch on the farm, seeking evidence of illegal sales. After several unsuccessful legal actions, Mr and Mrs Long were eventually convicted and fined. They refused to pay and went to jail. Upon release, they continued to sell milk to their old customers, and the DIA continued to watch them. The crisis was solved when Mr Long died, partly as a result of the stress of this episode. Mrs Hazel Long now keeps goats.

It is hard to understand why civil libertarians have not been more outspoken about the bureaucratic police. To some degree, their blindness appears to be due to the police states that they have chosen as models: Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Stalinist Russia. Orwell's *1984* with its *"gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons"* has been their archetype of totalitarianism. But, while our civil libertarians have been fascinated by the uniforms and by the visible exhibitions of power, the more subtle plain-clothed government inspector has walked in. The home that used to be a castle has become the tramping ground of public officials.

It is intriguing to find, among those most vocal in their condemnation of Joh Bjelke-Petersen's "police state", individuals who have pressed for greater powers for the quasi-police. For instance, during 1978, while the Australian Labor Party was attacking the Queensland Premier over the street march issue, a new category of "authorised officer" with powers of entry was turned off the parliamentary production line. This new inspector, appointed under the Noise Abatement Act of 1978, has powers of entry and search without warrant. Not only is it an offence to hinder a noise abatement officer in the exercise of his duties, but penalties are provided for persons who "fail to facilitate by all reasonable means" the exercise of his powers. The comment that the then Leader of the Queensland Opposition, Tom Burns, had to make was that the powers granted were not wide enough.

A sharp contrast to Orwell's vision of the coming police state is that of Wilfred Greatorex, creator of the BBC TV series *1990* (shown last year on the ABC). Greatorex's scenario is of a "totalitarian bureaucracy":

It was all infinitely shabbier than they had prophesied. No armed police, no torture chambers, no magnificent worldwide control of power. 1984 had come and gone without the emergence of Big Brother. And yet the prophets had been right — an army of Little Brothers had materialised . . .

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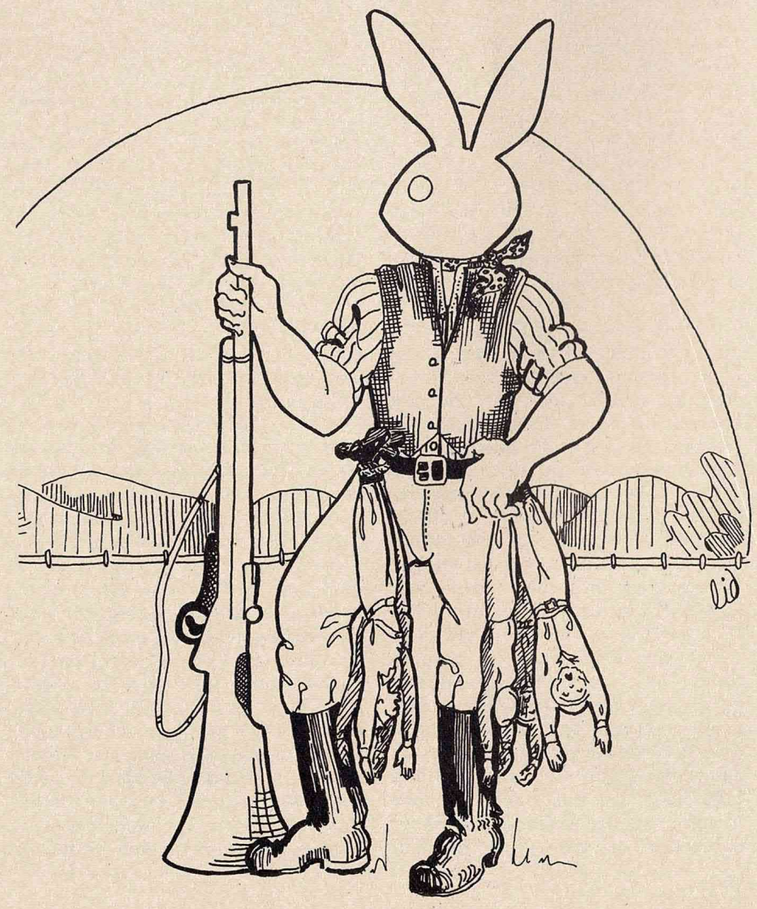
Because of an old and deeply grounded public suspicion of police, British and Australian legislatures have exercised great caution in granting them any additional powers (an attitude which, sadly, is disappearing). Unfortunately, this same scepticism is not addressed to government inspectors. The role of policemen is fundamentally a creation of the people. While governments have involved the police in some policy issues over the years, the police constable remains, to this day, essentially a defender of people's rights.

The role of constable arose in the villages and towns of old England and, originally, he was an elected, unpaid official. When Robert Peel organised the police forces in England in 1829,



the legislature granted no additional powers to these "new police". The English were afraid of the possible development of a police state such as existed in France. The first Police Act merely organised the constables into a "force", and the situation remains basically unchanged in the Australian State Police Acts today. Policemen today rely largely on common law for their powers, just as they did 150 years ago. The constable has essentially the same powers of arrest, entry, search and seizure as any citizen. His powers are bound by a tradition of caution.

Not so with the government inspector! For the inspector is a political creature. The Act of Parliament which brings him into existence defines his functions, grants his powers and limits his liability. Far from being a protector, the quasi-policeman exists to enforce the policies of a particular government: narcotics agents enforce moral policy; Egg Board inspectors enforce economic policy. While political rhetoric may portray these officials as defenders of public morality or of economic stability, from the individual's point of view they are invaders.

Since the quasi-policeman has no *raison d'être* or power apart from that which Parliament gives him, politicians alone must bear the responsibility for deciding whether Australia becomes a totalitarian bureaucracy.

One of the most disturbing aspects of this trend is the apparent eagerness with which Australians have applied themselves to becoming bureaucratic policemen. For example, the RSPCA, a private organisation, has inspectors in most States with powers of entry, search and arrest. The Victorian branch, which does not have these powers, recently applied to the State Government to be granted them.

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The reverse side of this coin is the apparent ability of those who occupy these positions to see their occupations as "just another job". Dr Judianne Densen-Gerber, an American psychiatrist and adviser to President Carter, visited Australia in 1977 and was detained for three days by Australian health authorities because of official bungling. She spoke out vehemently against the bureaucracy on her release: "Bureaucracy has the endless Nazi cop-out – that I am only doing my job. It is a whole system that refuses to allow any assumption of responsibility." This mentality is reinforced by statutory provisions which exempt inspectors from responsibility for acts done in the exercise of their powers. In Queensland, for example, RSPCA inspectors are not liable for acts performed in "good faith and without negligence" in the course of their duties. The whole burden of proving negligence and/or an absence of good faith lies on the complainant – an almost impossible task. Such provisions codify the Nuremburg defence of superior orders, reinforcing the feeling of inspectors that theirs is just an ordinary job. They can sleep at night after sending Joseph Malia to jail or after walking over some individual who was too overwhelmed to resist them.

To such people, Thoreau's words in the middle of last century are apt (Thoreau, by the way, went to jail for refusing to pay taxes for a war with which he disagreed):

If the tax-gatherers, or any other public officers, ask me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office."

Perhaps more sinister than the changes in the attitudes of the government inspectors are the changes in our own thinking. No longer is it acceptable for a man to insist that his home is his castle. On the contrary, the new thinking maintains that anyone who will not let a government official walk over every centimetre of his home must have something to hide. Upright citizens will welcome increases in the powers of officials, we are told.

"If we demand that government do more and more for us, then we must expect more quasi-police with greater powers."

The French aristocrat, de Tocqueville, warned 150 years ago of the development of just such a society. De Tocqueville's words can be described as being prophetic:

I think . . . that the species of oppression by which democratic nations are menaced is unlike anything which ever before existed in the world . . . I seek in vain for an expression which will accurately convey the whole of the idea I have formed of it; the old words despotism and tyranny are inappropriate; the thing itself is new, and since I cannot name, I must try to define it.

Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications, and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent, if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks on the contrary to keep them in perpetual childhood. It provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures and it manages all their principal concerns. Thus it every day renders the exercise of the free agency of man less useful and less frequent. It covers the surface of society with a network of small, complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate, to rise above the crowd. The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent, and guided. Such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannise, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to being nothing but a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which government is the shepherd.

Of the role of the government inspector, de Tocqueville made no mention but, little more than 50 years later, English author Robert Louis Stevenson predicted the inspector's central role in the totalitarian bureaucracy. He warned in 1887:

. . . this golden age of which we are speaking will be the golden age of officials. In all our concerns it will be their beloved duty to meddle. Our legislation grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors who now begin, with notebook in hand, to darken the face of England.

Quasi-police are the sordid side of government, they are an embarrassment, they are a reminder that laws which do not reflect the will of the vast majority of people must be implemented by force. George Washington wrote: "Government is not reason, it is not eloquence – it is force!" The imprisonment of Joseph Malia and Hazel Long reminds us that this is so.

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When you pick up one end of a stick, you also pick up the other. If we continue to demand that government do more and more for us, then we must expect more quasi-police with greater powers. We cannot have one without the other.

The detail of modern statutory regulation, and the spawn of inspectors it has cast, gives new meaning to the phrase "total government". Never was government better prepared to efficiently administer total control. Never were we more psychologically prepared to accept it. The stage is set for totalitarian bureaucracy.

For Joseph Malia and Hazel Long, it is already here.

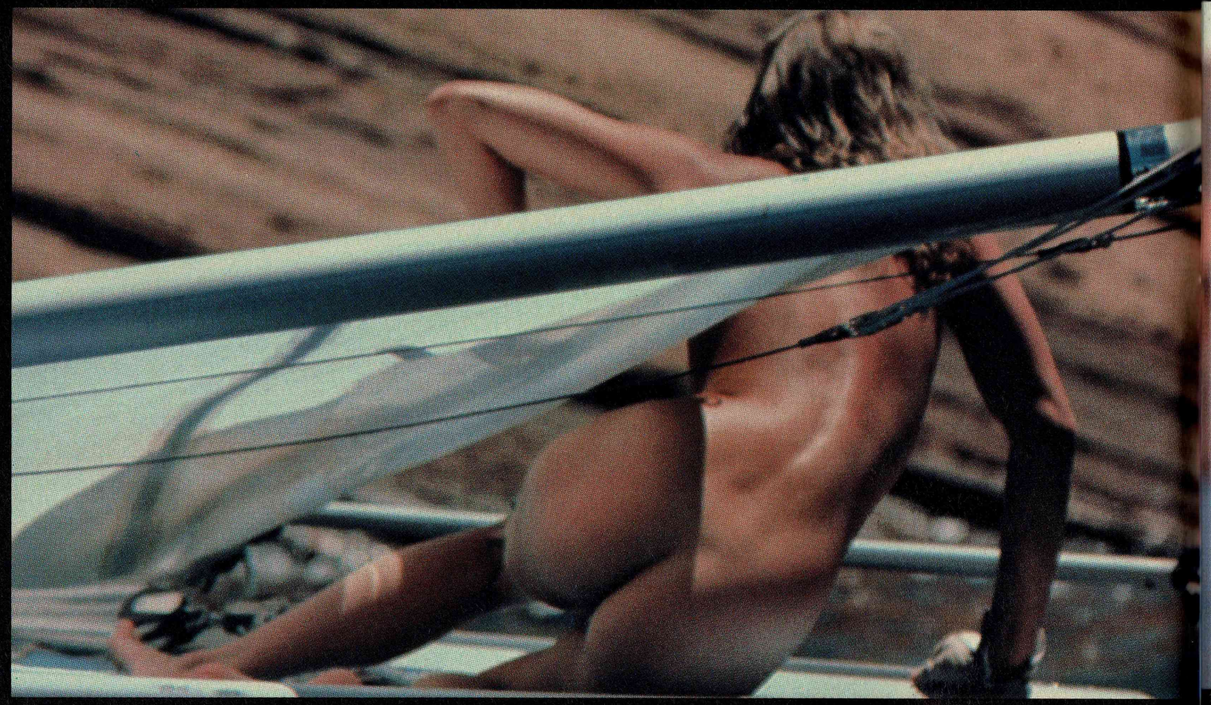
OH, BO!

a new sex goddess in the great movie tradition of hollywood, delectable bo derek has the world at her feet after her first big role opposite comedian dudley moore in a film called 10

Photographs by John Derek

SINCE SHE exploded into the public eye as the focal point of *10,* you'd think some wised-up Chinese elders had declared this 1980 movie season the Year of Bo Derek. Both reviewers and fan magazines agree she is magnificent and elusive, breath-taking and more — comparable to Garbo, Harlow, Monroe, Bardot and all the great screen divinities since Gloria Swanson and Theda Bara. Well, one or two things we know about her for sure. Her Hollywood triumph is something special, because Bo is special Even in California, where they eat golden girls for breakfast, she's not at all like the average starlet next door; and in the southern Californian city of Long Beach, not every girl grows up wearing hand-me-down dresses from the wardrobe of Ann-Margret.

What's Ann-Margret got to do with Bo Derek? In profile, from certain angles, there's a striking resemblance. But that's not important. Pure coincidence, or possibly osmosis. Though



there may be a secret blood sisterhood of girls who get incredibly lucky, while other girls get married and raise a family in suburbia.

Christened Mary Cathleen Collins, Bo's first big break was to be born indecently beautiful; the second was being in the right place at the right time. The place was Ann-Margret's dressing room in Las Vegas about six years ago, a perfectly logical place for Mary Cathleen to turn up, since her mother was, and is, Ann-Margret's secretary-companion. "Originally," Bo explains, "my parents became close friends of Ann-Margret because my father did a motorcycle stunt in *Bye Bye Birdie*. Ann-Margret liked motorcycles, so my father taught her to ride. It seems I've always known her." So goes the route from Long Beach surf set to the showbiz scene in Las Vegas. There, a big-time agent first saw the blinding light that the world would eventually come to know as Bo Derek.

What happened in between – don't forget, we're telling a Cinderella story, with Ann-Margret playing the fairy godmother – was a plot twist introducing a retired but potent Prince Charming from movieland, a dark, handsome fellow, actor John Derek.

Film producing, or photographing fantastic women, became Derek's preferred occupations. He'd already worked wonders with his second wife, Ursula Andress, and was happily married to Linda Evans, his third (both were the subjects of memorable US PLAYBOY pictorials photographed by John Derek).

JOHN DEREK wasn't shopping for other women, *per se*, but he was certainly on the lookout for a fresh young thing to star in a movie he planned to shoot in Greece, *And Once Upon a Time*. Enter the agent with his agent's line: Have I got a girl for you. "He swore he'd found the most beautiful girl in the world," Derek says. "But when we met, I didn't go ape. I thought Bo was pretty, but I needed a brunette and there was this teenager . . . blonde, blonde, blonde. I mean, there was no craving, no lechery in me, because I was still deeply in love with Linda and totally satisfied. Except, I suppose, there *were* twinges. Bo was the forbidden fruit that I have always found to

be interesting." The rest is history, or biology – the beginning of the end of Derek's idyl with Linda, followed by a romance with soap opera overtones. Bo's hair was dyed black and John liked what he saw. Because she was under-age, they had to hang out in Europe for a while. "I couldn't come back to America with Bo; that would have constituted statutory rape and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. When Bo told her mother she wasn't going home with her, the shit hit the fan."

Once they were married, John steered Bo's career in earnest. They turned down the top female role in *King Kong,* but finally Derek agreed to let Bo appear in *Orca* with Richard Harris. ("I was the girl in the water . . . I had my leg bitten off by a killer whale," Bo says.)

John Derek is 53, with a mane of silver-white hair and undiminished good looks. He has the commanding manner of a man who knows exactly what he thinks on most subjects. One of his favorite subjects happens to be Bo (they named her together, somewhere between Greece and *Orca),* 30

years his junior. The walls of their flat are dominated by blown-up photos of Bo frolicking in the surf, in the sand or in the sack.

If Derek resembles a Pygmalion fussing over the fine points of the fair lady he helped create, Bo plays her role with a total lack of pretense and scarcely a flash of vanity. She can even be breezy about Derek's previous women. "Ursula was my ideal when I was a kid, because of *She* and all those films. Then Linda became my idol after I met her, she's so spectacular . . . "

Derek is apt to startle a reporter by remarking that he has always got along fine with all his women, "as soon as they recognise that I am a god" – hardly a notion that's likely to endear him to the exponents of women's lib.

WHEN BO and Derek get down to specifics, it's Bo who remembers: "You were with Ursula for 10 years, then with Linda for 10 more." Derek

frowns half mockingly. "Was it 10? I thought I only went seven or nine." Bo corrects him, "10 – at least according to your T-shirt." The T-shirt is a memento made up for John's last birthday at a surprise party given for him by Linda – with Bo and Ursula attending. John's surprise was a T-shirt emblazoned with photographs he had taken of all three of his wives.

THERE'S also a question mark on the shirt accompanying the shots of Ursula, Linda and Bo that speculates as to who'll be Derek's next beau. That's a joke, Bo and Derek agree. Anyway, they still have half a decade to go before the law of averages looms. Everything they say sounds perfectly sensible, terrific, but we're only a stone's throw from Beverly Hills, an area renowned for short-lived marriages.

"I like very beautiful things . . . be it an animal, a tree or a woman," says Derek by way of encapsulating his personal philosophy. "When I was married to Ursula, she was everything to me, not just my wife, but my life. That's how I am. Comparing Bo with Linda and Ursula, if I must, I'd say they are both more like mortals, while Bo on the screen is unreal, pure fantasy. It's a chemistry she gets both in movies and in still photos . . . there's some magic coming out of her."

Talking about the Bo Derek boom immediately following the national release of *10* in the US, even John found the after-shock "staggering", and he's a battle-scarred veteran of Tinseltown hype. "Thank God I came out of the womb in Hollywood Hospital. If Bo had a regular husband, he couldn't have coped with this."

Bo herself seems to be coping pretty well. "It's really funny," she says. "I can't quite relate it to *me*. But my earnings have jumped overnight from $35,000 to $500,000. We'd no sooner agreed to *that* than someone called my agent to say they'll double the figure and pay me $1 million to star in a new picture."

Her next film, starting early this year, will be *A Change of Season* (formerly *Loving Couples),* with Bo as a college dream girl who bedazzles a

professor played by Anthony Hopkins, whose wife will be played by Shirley MacLaine. Later, she'll begin *High Road to China* opposite Roger Moore. "It's a period piece, set in 1928," says Bo, "and I'll be a wealthy, mysterious American girl in search of her father, looking in places such as Istanbul."

"I saw the script, of course," Derek interjects, "and the opening scene has the most spectacular introduction for an actress I've ever read."

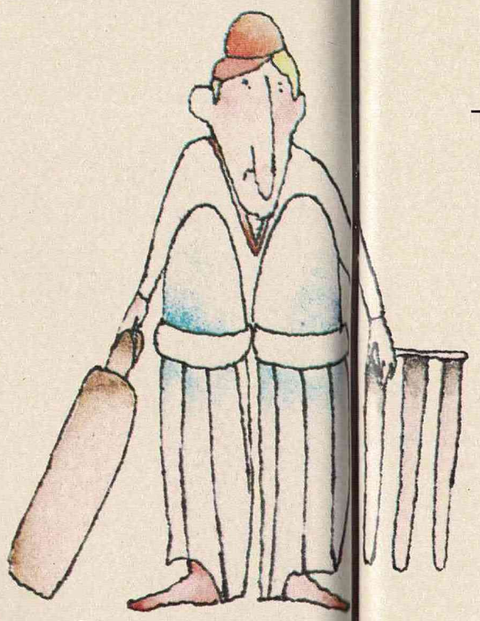
Mr and Mrs Derek's further plans for the future include *Ism-Schism,* a script of his own that John intends to bring to the screen with Bo starring. They also want to build a log-cabin houseboat, complete with wood-burning fireplace, and moor it at Lake Powell in Utah – their favorite haven.

BO WANTS to make movies of her own. Behind the camera, not in front of it. "My acting career won't be that long," Bo insists. "The way I feel now, I would like to get away from acting as soon as I make lots of money. I'd like to be the boss. I'd like to produce and direct, and see how much I've got on my own."

Few people realize that Bo functioned *ipso facto* as the independent producer of Derek's *Love You,* a hard-core film completed a year or so ago. Derek facetiously calls it "our hanky-panky movie", though *Love You* is so exquisitely photographed, carefully crafted and lyrical that neither the major distributors nor the smut merchants can fit it into any of the pigeonholes of pornography. "Bo really worked on that project," John declares. "She did *all* of it, cooked every meal, accounted for every penny we spent, bawled people out and screamed and cried and made me go on with it when I got to the point where I said: "To hell with it, I don't want any part of this crap'." Bo smiles with wifely deference and says: "John has taught me everything."

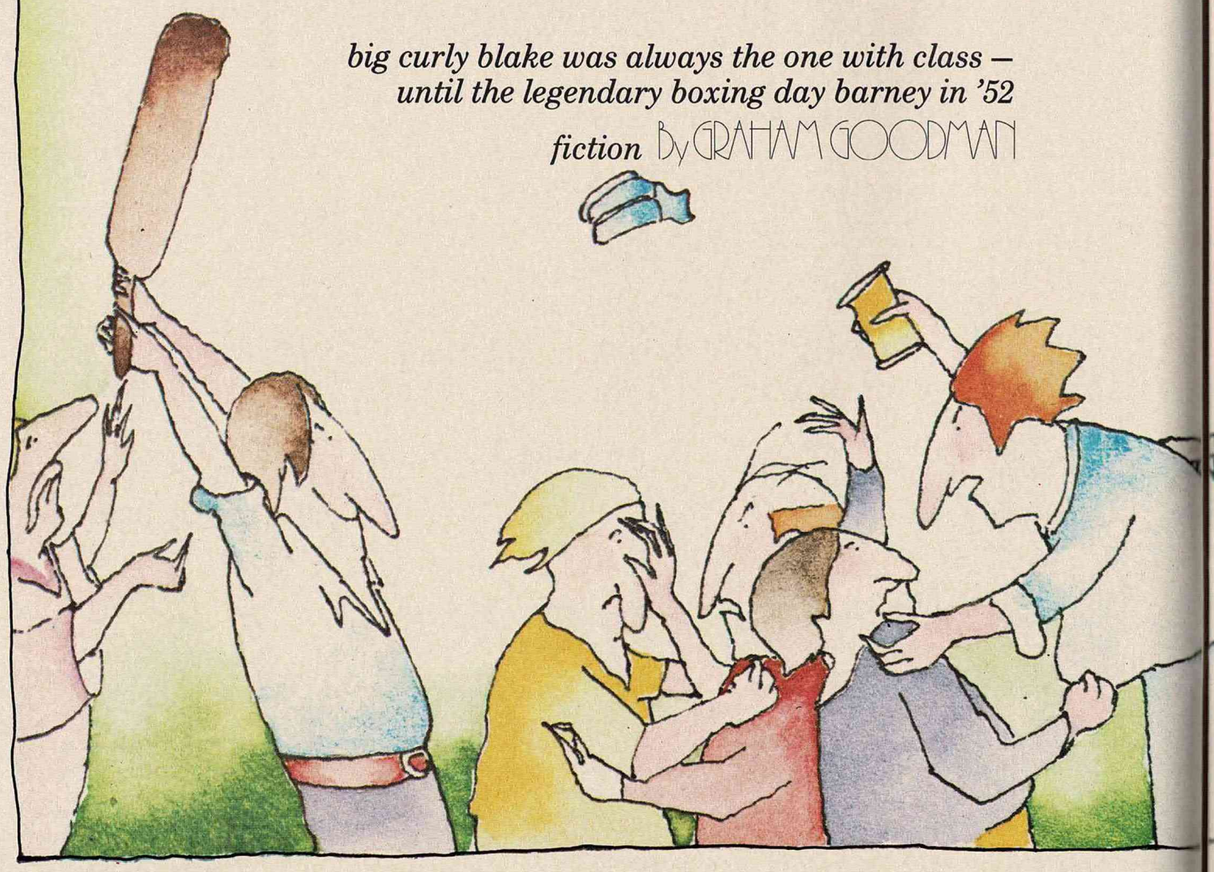
Says Derek: "Bo doesn't really know yet how beautiful she really is. Suddenly, I see this child becoming an incredible woman."

THE KID FROM COONABINDI



big curly blake was always the one with class — until the legendary boxing day barney in '52

fiction By GRAHAM GOODMAN



THEY STILL talk about that match out our way. The games always had plenty of needle in them, but the one in 1952 was when the spit hit the fan. Actually, it was mostly Curly's fault, although the kid didn't help any. Curly the smoothy. For once his class let him down and he blew it like a 10-cent light bulb. But, I digress.

The whole business started years ago. Somebody in the pub at Jalliby — no one can remember who — got a bit carried away with the thrashing Warwick Armstrong's mob was handing out to the Poms and reckoned this cricket was easy. Whoever the big mouth was, he was certain Jalliby could get together 11 blokes who could wallop the wadding out of Coonabindi. And that was the beginning of the trouble.

Every year on Boxing Day, hangovers and all, 22 seedy specimens would gather to sort out who was going to be crowing and who was going to be crying for the next 12 months. The first few games were pretty easy-going, but then things started to get a bit more serious. There were a few mutterings about the standard of the umpiring, for one thing. Each mob used to supply one umpire, and a few unkind remarks were passed about some of the decisions. I mean, about favoring your own side; that sort of thing. So they decided that whoever was running the church in each place would do the umpiring. After all, you'd expect men of God to be on the up-and-up, wouldn't you, and there wouldn't be any problems about dodgy decisions. The only trouble was some of the padres over the years didn't know a lot about cricket.

Then there was the trophy. It must have been about 1935 when Bobby Johnston, who was running the pub at Coonabindi at the time, decided he was going to donate a trophy. So he got hold of a ginormous pewter tankard which was presented with much ceremony to the winning skipper, and then drunk out of with no ceremony at all by the winning team. Each year, the trophy would sit above the bar of the winning pub, and it became quite a tourist attraction. People used to come from as far as 20 or 30 miles away. Of course, over the years it got a bit battered, what with being fallen on and scrapped over, but it was still The Cup.

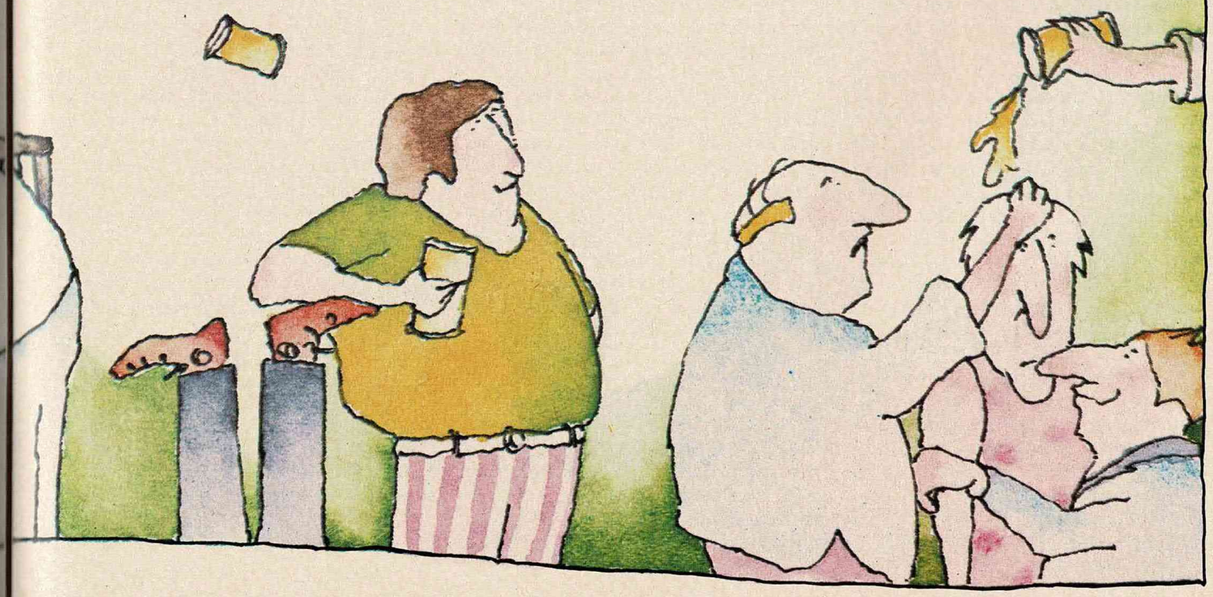
So, between some, shall we say, questionable umpiring and the growing importance of winning The Cup, it's not surprising that there was more and more slanging going on every year during the matches, and less and less of it with a smile on the dial, too. But it never actually got down to a dinkum boots-and-all blue until 1952.

There was no warning. I mean, Boxing Day '52 was just like any other Boxing Day. It was stinking hot and everybody was crook with the grog, stumbling around with eyes like oval road maps. The game that year was at Jalliby, who also happened to be the holders of The Cup.

The two captains tossed, and Cliff Williams, the Jalliby skipper, called tails. Heads it was and Big John Watson, the captain of Coonabindi, said he would bat. This was the normal decision because, as long as their main batsmen didn't overdo the grog, the team batting first had a chance to rack up a decent sort of a score before the heat and booze really started to take effect. Cliff wandered off to tell his lot they were bowling first.

This news was important to Curly Blake who, for the past few years, had been Jalliby's opening

Illustration by Victoria Roberts



bowler: what's known in the business as the spearhead of the attack.

Curly was a big bloke; a funny sort of a bloke. Sometimes he carried on a bit like a townie. In fact, he reckoned he'd been to Sydney a couple of times, but no one really believed him; they thought he was just bunging on an act. But Curly did have a sort of, well, style about him. And he knew it. He used to brag all the time that everything he did, he did with class. Like when he flaked out, he always managed to do it after he got home. He never passed out in the pub. Things like that can be irritating, but everyone put up with Curly because he was a bloody good bowler, all strength and nastiness.

Big John opened the Coonabindi batting with Wally Henderson. To be fair, Big John had a bit of class, too. I mean, a lot of the blokes wore pants that were white or something like white, but Big John was the only one on either side who actually had a pair of cricket boots.

Anyway, Big John stepped up to the crease, Curly came roaring in like a bull with a boil on its backside, and the battle was under way. The first ball landed half way down the pitch and went soaring and bouncing away down to the boundary for four byes. Curly came steaming in again, got the second one up on a good length, and it kicked and hit Big John in a very tender area just south of the stomach, smashing, we were told later, right through Big John's old plastic protector.

Big John didn't move for a second or two, then he started to hop around slowly on one leg, making funny little whining noises in his throat and clutching his groin. His face was as white as a sheet as he hobbled off the field very carefully, and the scorers noted that he had retired hurt.

And that, although we didn't realise it, was when Coonabindi hit us with their secret weapon.

He looked about 12 years old, a skinny little kid who should have been at home playing marbles instead of getting mixed up in a man's game. His pads and bat all looked far too big for him, and everyone thought Coonabindi had flipped their lids sending a kid like that in first wicket down when Curly had smelt blood. Some of the women couldn't even watch, and most of the spectators were a bit nervous, but the kid didn't get into any trouble for the rest of the over.

Dick Stoddart opened the bowling from the other end. Dick had a peculiar sort of action: a kind of tiptoe-stagger up to the bowling crease, a bit like a drunk walking on eggshells. But he could move the ball about and batsmen didn't usually take any liberties with him. Wally Henderson eventually got him away for a single and even the kid got lucky. He executed a cut, although he didn't really slash at it like the men did; he sort of nudged it very late, and he was tinny enough to just time it right, because they ran three before the slips caught up with it and got it back.

Then it was Curly's turn again. The three had left the kid to face the pride of Jalliby, and Curly couldn't wait to get hold of the ball and an easy wicket. He came roaring up to the crease, legs pounding, arms swinging, teeth glinting, and let go a cannonball.

The skinny kid didn't seem to do much at all. He just sort of rocked forward and moved the bat a few inches and next thing the ball was rolling over the boundary at cover. Curly gave the kid an old-fashioned look and stomped back to his bowling mark, huffing and puffing. Then he raced in again. This time the ball was shorter, but even on the kid it only got up to about chest high. The youngster took one step towards the off side,

swung his bat in an arc, and smashed the ball past square leg for four more.

Curly stood at the end of his follow through, a stunned look on his face as though he had just been slapped in the stomach with a spade. He returned to the start of his run-up, took several deep breaths, and started to move in, his mouth set in a snarl. The ball was well up and the kid just leaned forward a little and lifted it straight back over Curly's head to the fence.

That was the finish of Curly. The harder and faster he bowled, the harder and faster the kid hit him. For the first time anyone could remember, Curly lost all his class. I mean, he dropped his bundle completely. In fact, the whole Jalliby team just seemed to fall apart at the seams. At the end of Coonabindi's 30 overs, the score at five for 231 and the skinny kid 143 not out, the Jalliby players all looked as though they had been hit over the head with a bit of four-by-two.

Jalliby's innings was a shambles. They just didn't seem to have any heart. The Coonabindi bowlers went through them like a dose of salts, and when Curly went in, the last man, the score was 9 for 74. The big fellow had got a bit of his poise back by this time, and he reckoned he was going to go down fighting and show the crowd a bit of classy batting. (Curly couldn't bat for peanuts, but no one had the heart or the nerve to tell him he was like a wino swatting flies.)

When he saw Curly coming, Big John, still a bit pale around the gills, really poured on the acid. He brought the skinny kid on to bowl. Curly licked his lips and leered up the wicket at the kid, who just grinned back shyly and almost casually wheeled up a perfect leg break.

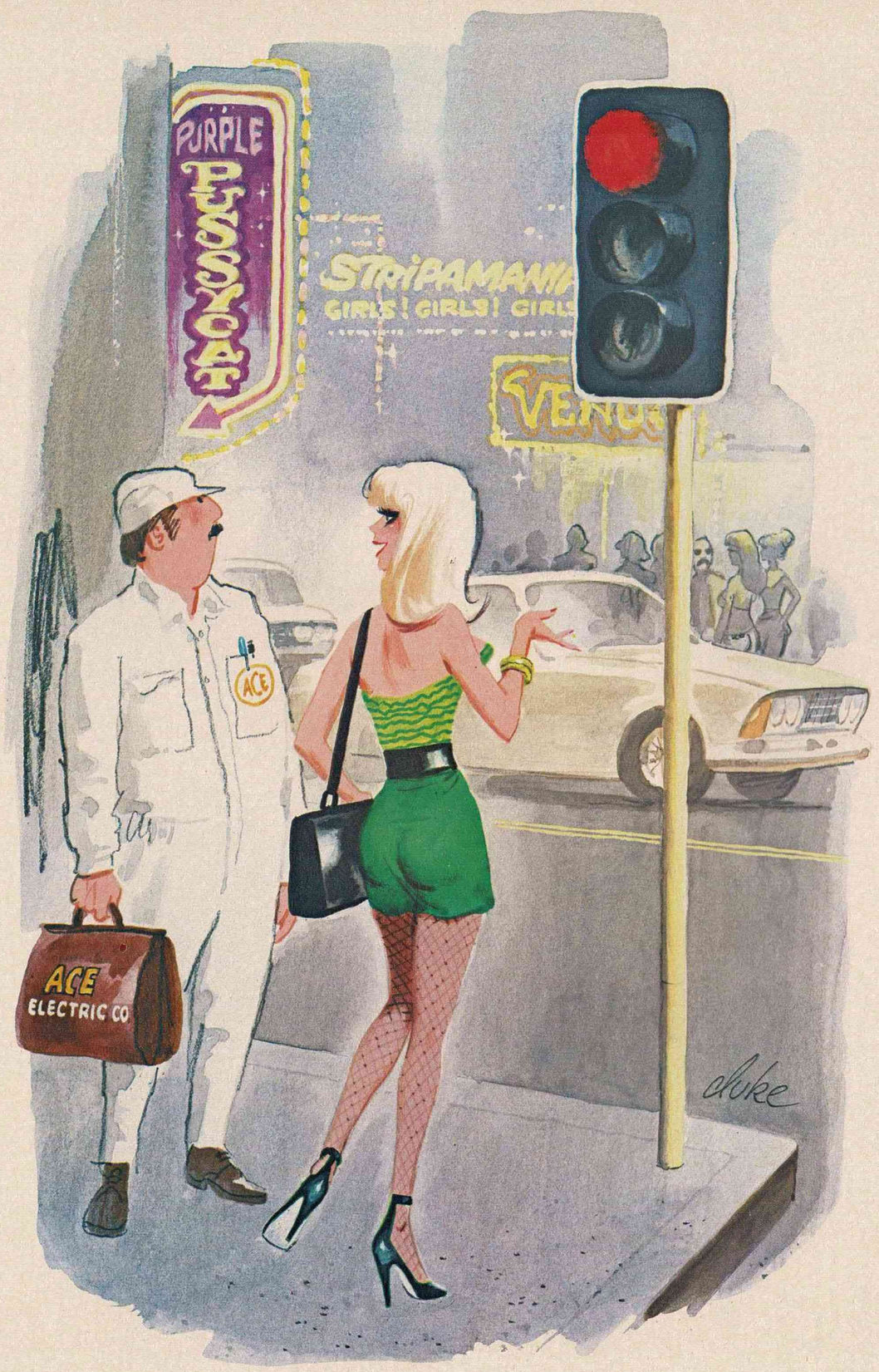
After the game I did a bit of a survey, and the general feeling was that the ball took at least 10 minutes to get from the kid's hand to the other end of the pitch. Curly swung his bat in a complete circle at least 15 times while he was waiting for it. In the end, Curly missed it by about seven axe handles and turned around to see his off stump leaning back.

It was the last straw. His bowling pounded all over the paddock, made to look small in front of all his mates, humiliated in front of the young women of Jalliby. And then to be bowled first ball by a kid who shouldn't even be in the bloody game. Curly dropped his bat and stormed up the wicket toward the kid, waving his arms and hurling abuse.

Big John stepped in front of the youngster and told Curly to shut his face before he got himself driven into the pitch like a stump. Curly made a few pointed comments about Big John's immediate ancestors and, uh, well, bodily functions, and then Big John let him have it right on the nose.

Next minute, it was on for young and old. The Jalliby team had never been on the wrong end of such a thrashing, and the blokes were feeling more than a little bit touchy about the day's goings-on. And the Coonabindi crowd, chortling already, weren't backward in coming forward to meet them. It was a nasty sight, 21 grown men all hacking and punching and kicking and gouging and swearing, and it was a while before tempers cooled off a bit and we got them all prised apart. In fact, it took several months before things got back to anything like normal.

So it was quite a while before we found out that the kid was their schoolteacher's son, and Coonabindi had been keeping him under wraps for months before the game. His father had been posted to Coonabindi for only two years, so the kid got there too late for the '51 game and was gone before the '53 match. But we never forgot him. In fact we followed his career to test level with interest.



"How much would it cost to keep it red?"

G R A F F I T I

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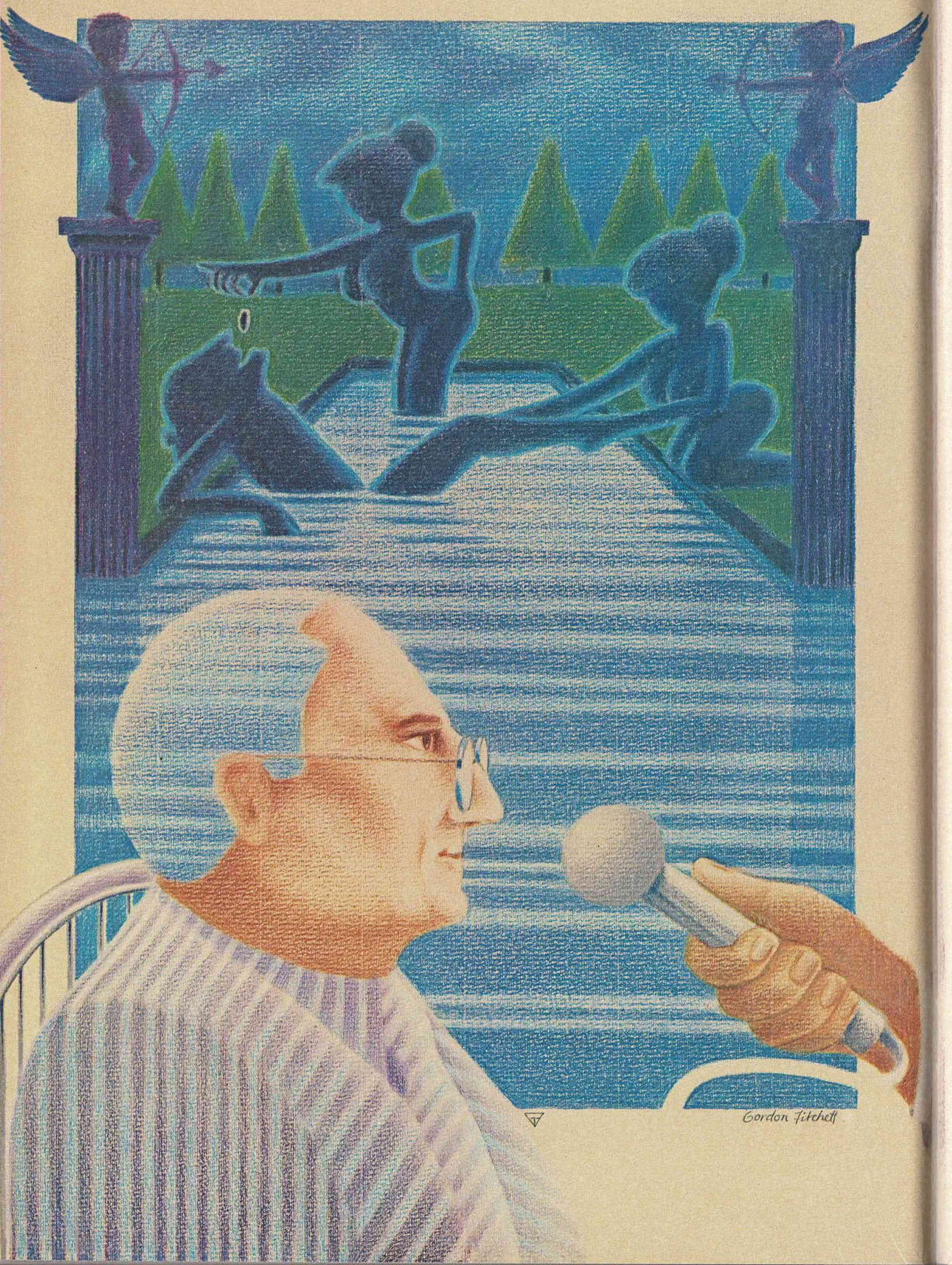


The BUNGLING BUTTOCK BRANGLER of Parramatta

when the world's greatest seducer came back to earth, he called upon a reluctant, wretched clerk to carry out his labor of lust . . .

humor **By RON SAW**

"YOU'RE KEEN on ratbags," said the news editor. "There's a bloke out in Parramatta claiming to be the reincarnation of Casanova. Could make a piece for you. Apart from anything else, he's a trussmaker's clerk. I'd no idea that there were still trussmakers."

"Well, I'm not sure about reincarnations any more," I said. "Not after we held still for the one who claimed that he was Torquemada."

He laughed heartily. "His only problem was that he wanted *us* to thrash *him*. God almighty, will you ever forget him wandering round the newsroom with his wet towels and whips? No, Casanova could be a bit more on the ball. He's tried to screw the wives of two aldermen, and he's attempting to blackmail their husbands."

"Good God. Why?"

"Says he's in the market for political secrets. You never know. He could be just *half* witted."

•

John James Newhouse sat on the edge of his sofa of maroon uncut moquette, wearing precisely the expression of a stunned mullet. His wife, who had offered tea and had been driven off, stood nervously wringing a tea-towel in the doorway of what I assumed, from its stench of overcooked cabbage, to be the kitchen.

Newhouse was a small man with a remarkable head: dark, shining hair that you'd expect to find on a great lover rather than on a trussmaker's clerk, and a high, receding forehead that made a straight line with a splendid aquiline nose. All of this was incongruous as it surmounted a suit of drab grey polyester not quite hiding a blue cardigan. And to incongruity there was added abject wretchedness. Newhouse was consumed by a dreadful remorse.

"It's good of you to come all this way," he said, "but, if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about what has happened. To tell you the truth, I don't know HOW it's happened, *if* it has happened . . . "

"It's happened all right," said the creature at the kitchen door. "Don't think people aren't talking about it. In the bath with that Mrs Bolter and that Mrs Thrash. In the bath nood, all of 'em. Eating prawns."

"It wasn't prawns," said Newhouse. "It was oysters. That's what they're saying, anyway. Oh, dear . . . "

"The husband I've cooked and kept for all these years," continued the termagant. "Well, me lawyer's been tole, and as far as I'm concerned, Jack Newhouse can clear out whenever he likes. Nood in the bath with those women. And oysters. And even bragging about it."

"AHA!" said Newhouse suddenly.

"What?" I said.

A remarkable change had come over him. He had sprung to his feet with a theatrical gesture. There was fire in his eye now, and he wheeled round, clutching his

Illustration by Gordon Fitchett

short shabby jacket as he might have clutched a cloak.

"AHA!" he cried again. " 'Sblood, why would I not brag? I have those trulls in my power. And their daughters. And their menfolk. Giovanni Giacomo Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, strikes again! AHA!"

I looked at Newhouse – or, as seemed more likely, Casanova. "Suppose," I said, "you tell me what it's all about." He loosed off a few more shouts, and rolled his eyes and made more wild gestures. Then he told his awful story.

"One of my great problems," said Casanova in the body of Newhouse, "is that I've always rather enjoyed swiving mother and daughter as one; and swiving 'em in the bathtub; and, from time to time, sharing my breakfast oysters with 'em. 'Sblood, what joy. Well, first I made meself known to the wife of Alderman Bolter: fine lusty woman, breasts like puddings. Then halfway through the buttock-brangling, when she was wild and willing, I made so bold as to suggest she bring her youngling in with her; and 'struth, she shouted lusty at the idea.

"Well, in comes the sweet child, crisp and crackling as a baby duck, and in a flash we make the beast with two backs, and then again with Mistress Bolter and yet again with Fuzzparts. And then, for a rest, we suck our oysters, and what blessed sport it all is. Praise upon the distaff Bolters – but spare me the misery of La Thrash and her young nymph."

"What went wrong?"

"Same old story as ever, sir. It's an occupational hazard to the oyster-fancier; there I kneel, about to bend each of 'em o'er the side of the bath – courteously prepared to swive the signora first – when suddenly the signorina sets up a hallooing and a hollowing because she's placed her dainty parts upon an oyster shell. Screeches like a corncrake, i'faith, and if there's a thing to stop the brangle-buttock game quicker than quick, it's a craking and oyster-shells."

"And what d'you mean, same old story? You mean that this has happened to you often?"

"Over 50 years of brangling in the bath with oyster-shells, my bum is scarred like a chessboard. No trouble this time, though. Much too busy making safe money. Got Alderman Bolter to photograph me with the Thrash women, then got Thrash to repeat the honor with the Bolters . . . " The voice grew less assured, the bold look vanished from the eyes. Newhouse was back again. " . . . and, oh, how could I have done such a thing? Filthy pictures! All I can remember is posing for those pictures with . . . and all those damned oyster-shells in the bath."

"That's what I don't get," said the awful Mrs Newhouse. "Usually he won't go near oysters; and usually he won't go near a bathtub . . . though I suppose it'd be pretty hard to eat oysters under the shower . . . "

"HOHO!" bawled Casanova, patting his belly beneath the grim blue cardigan. "Oysters! If women were my cuisine, oysters were their sauce. Used to deal with 50 a day, sir. No better fuel for the fires of the loins . . . "

"We've developed," I interrupted, "the belief that oysters aren't really aphrodisiac at all."

"Afro-what?"

"We don't believe that oysters keep you rogering."

"Stuff and nonsense. Stands to reason, don't it? A gentleman swives, a gentleman devours oysters. The same contrariwise. But there's always some by-our-lady jackanapes changing his mind about something, or covering up simple truths. Me editors like to ruined my autobiography by trying to stop me telling the truth about swiving – or about much else.

"For instance, they said of my early days that I was expelled from the seminary of St Cyprian for scandalous conduct. Women's talk! I'truth I was apprehended mounting a young *castrato*. Pretty creature as I recall. Was only a lad meself, mind, but I threw him down in a glade i' the woods. Caught him practising his song and in a trice made the beast with two backs."

"You mean you fancied boys . . .?"

"I'faith of course! Say me why nay. Certain you must recall the wisdom of the Chinee, as brought back to Europe by Marco Polo: a woman for breeding, a boy for pleasure, but a melon for ecstasy. Well . . . I could not really have at a melon. But stay – there's more the scriveners have never told about my career. Few men know, i'faith, about my music. In Venice my fiddling was the talk of every salon."

"I can believe that."

" 'Sfaith. But what you might not know is that I actually won the favors of the young Marchesa di Poppa by fiddling beneath her window. The music had the effect of an instant afro . . . an instant prod-parts, a splutter-loin. Then I needed only mount a ladder to her sill and she would present the bearded . . . "

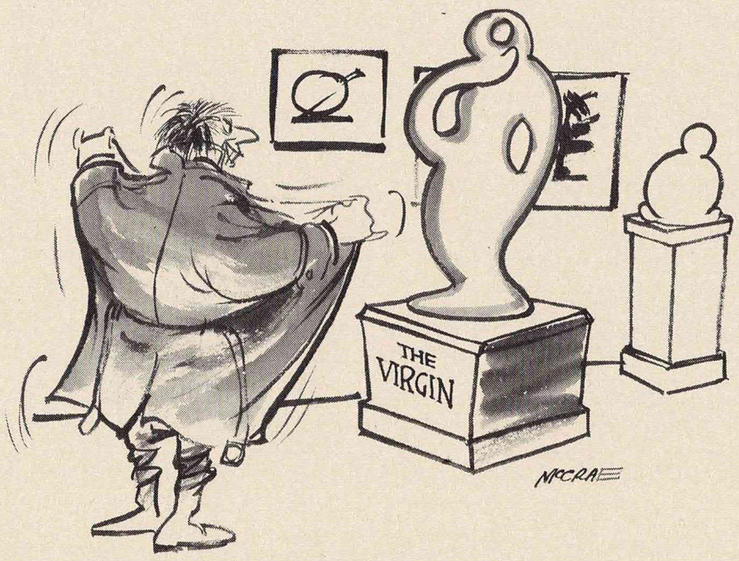
"I've an idea the late Geoffrey Chaucer got there first with that one. The Miller's Tale, I think."

"Chaucer? The Englishman? Yes, well, perhaps the story does owe a trifle to him. 'Sfaith, no matter. I was a master fiddler. And a magician."

"I seem to remember that it got you tossed into jail."

" 'Sblood it did. I'd just met young de Sade in Paris. The young Comte de Sade. He was never a marquis, you know. Well, he'd been making fair with sodomy, torture and bestiality and was just getting started on hypnosis. He showed me a trick or two, and before long I had hypnotised the young Comtesse de Sein. It was a matter of no trouble at all: a few passes with a small mirror, then a keen gaze into the silly creature's eyes, and she was on the carpet with her heels in the air.

"But I could find no pleasure in swiving a woman unlikely to remember the event; and had I used my wits I'd have harkened to my boredom. Instead, only months later in Venice I was presented, discreetly, to the Empress Catherine of Russia. A great German mare, as I recall. She was touring Europe making wild play at



the brangle-buttock game. De Sade told me that she had already beasted with a small donkey. She was a woman of astonishing appetite and capacity. And then de Sade arranged for me to meet first the empress's physician – a fellow named Rogerson – then her official procurer, a splendid-looking woman named Mme Protas.

"Well, I gave Protas a right merry swiving, more for my pleasure than for my interest in her mistress. But she escorted me to the royal apartments and left me until I was called to the boudoir; and there on a mound of cushions lay the empress. And, on sheer impulse, I hypnotised her.

"My trouble was that, after I'd brought her to her senses, she found herself well-used and exhausted but with no memory of the activity, and in her fury she arranged to have me questioned by the holy Spanish fathers, who stretched me for a few weeks, then sentenced me to five years in the Piombi, prisons of a great lack of comfort under the roof of the palace of the Doge.

"My jailer's wife, a powerful woman named Hortense Faucher, agreed to set me free over the rooftops if I would swive her daily for 100 days. I agreed at once, but I agreed with too much haste.

"There is no way of telling, now, how many times, or in how many ways, she extracted her due. But I do recall that, well into my sentence, one morning as Mme Faucher had me bent backwards over my bedhead, I decided that posterity would be keen to know what details I could provide; so I began counting, cutting notches in the door of my cell. I had notched 1000 times and more when the door fell from its hinges; but it was only a small door.

"However, I made my escape and, after resting up for several months, I made my way to Paris. And now! Hoho! History will tell you that I then made a financial reputation for myself by introducing the lottery. What it tells you not is that I made a fortune – by conducting lots not for gold but for prizes always greater but paradoxically more readily available."

"Let's have that again."

"At first it was simply a matter of salon amusement. My customers – my friends – would pick for a marked oyster shell to win a prize strumpet.

"Then I realised that I could offer a selection of prizes, the order of their value dictated by the fame of the courtesan concerned. Soon I was so successful that I was even considering lotteries offering not only the Marquise de Pompadour but Marie Antoinette herself. Unfortunately, politics intervened.

"My success in finance, 'sfaith, was destined to be shorter than one might imagine. At that time, the diseases of society were virtually a plague in the French court, and so the keener purchasers of my lottery tickets began demanding the right of inspection of the goods to be cast for. I held them off for a while with the shrewd use of a selection of the finest merkins, but it was obvious that my business days were numbered.

"I moved to the Netherlands where one night, while dining, I met the burgomaster of Seingalt. He was a merry soul, extremely fond of Genever, a gin which, at that time, was becoming known popularly, though I think crudely, as 'leg-opener'. On the second night of our friendship, the burgomaster was enjoying the company of a certain Hanne Zwickert, her heels pointed at the ceiling of the burgomaster's connubial bedroom, in the absence of his good wife – though, due to an overindulgence of Genever, the good Zwickert was asleep, despite the burgomaster's panting and plunging.

"And, 'sblood, at this critical time, sounds from below indicated that the burgomaster's lady had returned unexpectedly. The poor fellow, terrified, sprang from the bed, adjusting his dress. But Hanne Zwickert could do no such thing. She lay as before, and she was of a build sturdy enough to make moving her beyond possibility.

" 'I am lost!' the unhappy man cried out desperately.

" 'Never,' I told him. 'Run to the close-chamber and leave fortune to me.' He ran; and, pausing only to give myself the protection of the sign of the cross, I mounted Hanne Zwickert and availed myself of the hospitality of her generous loins. So, when the burgomaster's lady entered her bedroom, I was brangling with a will – and, say it as I perhaps should not, Hanne Zwickert had even awoken and had begun to move enthusiastically.

" 'What-ho, sir?' shouted the indignant housewife. 'Is not the guest's bedroom good enough for a guest? Be good enough to take your trull from my sight.'

"Next morning the burgomaster named me Chevalier de Seingalt.

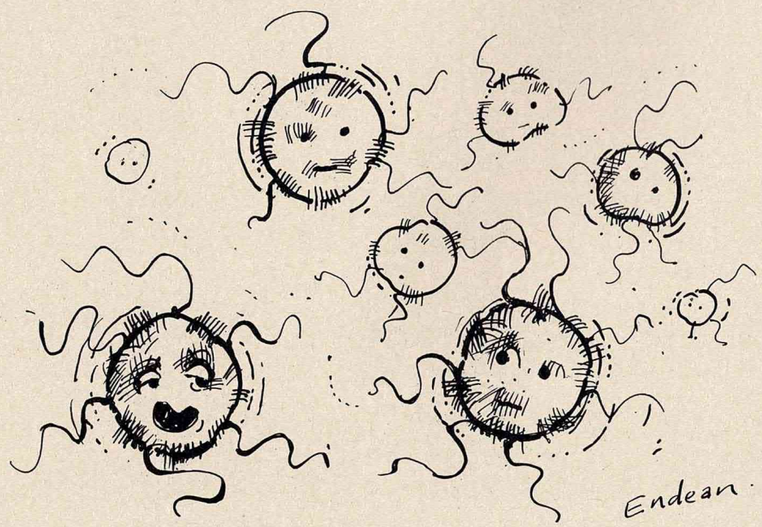
"It is freely written of me that I moved on to Riga, St Petersburg and Warsaw and that, in a great scandal, I was forced to fight a duel. The truth was, i' faith, that I had renewed my acquaintanceship with the Empress Catherine. And in Warsaw I introduced her to oysters in the bath.

" 'Sblood, she enjoyed it too fully, and, whereas I had been inclined to share my bath with two ladies, she preferred two gentlemen. The details of what followed are too distressing . . . Let me but ask you to imagine the indignation of a royal guardsman who has mistaken an oyster shell for a familiarity . . . Oh, dear, I still can't begin to think what Alderman Bolter will say – or what Alderman Thrash will say, come to that."

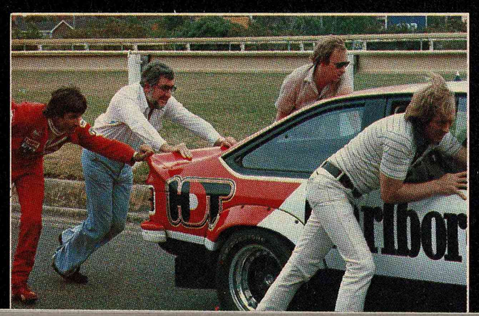
John James Newhouse was back; and as long as I tried that night, I could get no more out of him, or out of Casanova. I drove back to town and told my news editor to forget the story. "He's stark, staring crazy," I said.

But some months later I was pricing scallops at the Sydney fishmarkets when I saw Newhouse. Outwardly he hadn't changed. He was still the ridiculous little trussmaker's clerk in the same cheap suit.

But he was ordering five dozen oysters, unshelled.



"I'd never really had an orgasm until I split with that cute non-specific virus last night."



PETER BROCK and his red and white Marlboro Holden Dealer Team Torana A9X love Sandown Park race track. The black-eyed kid from Melbourne's Diamond Valley has a virtual monopoly on the place: six times he has won the Hang Ten 400 there, the race which serves as a curtain-raiser for the classic Bathurst 1000.

But theirs is a love which had to end. This year, Brock will race a new car. So, as a swan song, Brock agreed to show PLAYBOY readers how to drive Sandown in just 72 seconds – a driver's eye view of a great circuit.

To assemble this remarkable sequence of pictures, we put Rico Mettbach into the passenger's seat of Brock's machine, with a camera in one hand and only a crash helmet and a slippery hand-grip on the car's roll cage for security.

When Peter Brock drives Sandown, it is, for him, astral travel. He removes himself from the physical and psychological problems of pointing, stopping and accelerating the car. He simply dials the circuit into his personal computer, measuring everything in centimetres, and is able to place the broad sticky tyres of his car on the very outer limits of the circuit, without overstepping the mark.

For Brock, precision is all. As he reaches the end of the main straight at 250km/h, and the braking markers loom – 500m, 400m, 300m – the Brock foot snaps from full throttle to full brake at exactly the same point on each lap, mashing the nose of the chunky Torana into the

BROCK'S EYE VIEW

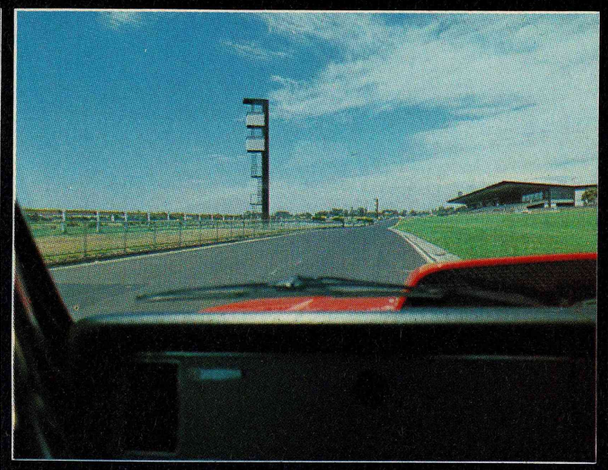
a champion race driver shows the fast way round sandown

sport **BY BILL TUCKEY**

bitumen. Then, as precisely as he brakes, he returns to full throttle, exploding the big V8 into full yell through the corner.

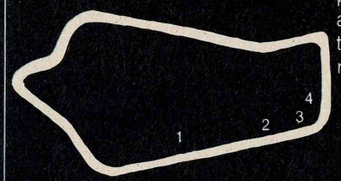
To ride beside Brock, as he comes out of Dandenong Road corner, the raging beast on full noise, the body shell sliding viciously to the left, is to know why he is best. While you are still working out how to pour the speeding car through the corner, he is through it, and through the next two as well, heading for home.

Photography by Rico Mettbach



1

Under the Dunlop Bridge, the engine revs up to 7500rpm in third. I grab fourth and check gauges and mirrors, because this is one of the few places at Sandown where anyone can pass. The car tops 250km/h and I have to back off the throttle a bit because I've reached the engine's limit.



2

Jump on the brakes *hard* at 350 metres. Grab third gear and then turn on full throttle at the apex of the corner, just beneath the R of the Repco sign. It is a tough corner because I can't see the shape of it. Right here is where anyone trying to go underneath me will have the nose of his car at the lower left-hand corner of the picture. So I cope with instant attitude change in the car.

3

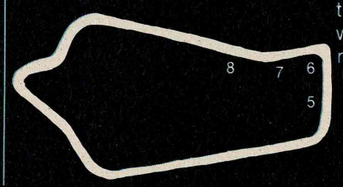
We're under the bridge, there's nothing left under my right foot. If you're trying terribly hard, you will put the inside front tyre over the white strip, at the same time knowing that, at the other end of the corner, you will have to pull off steering lock because the rear of the car will be sliding on to the grass verge. Many people get it wrong here and go straight on or spin out.

4

Right here, during a long-distance race, you have a second to look to the left to find your man with the pit signals. It is also the point where the car's yelling its head off in third, and you have to decide whether to leave it or go for top so you can accelerate down the hill and pay the price of going back two gears, not one.

5

Pit signals are okay. Straight ahead is the tightest corner on the circuit. On the other side of the trees is a 10-metre drop into a dam. Lex Davison crashed over that fence in a big Ford Galaxie once; he put his foot on to the brake, and it didn't work! That always crosses my mind at this point.

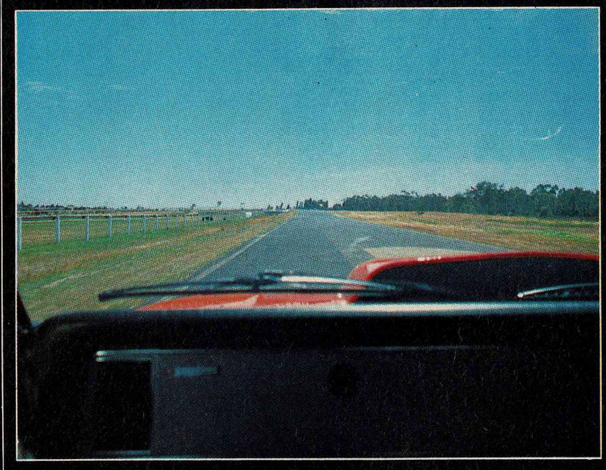


6

Down from top to second. The brake discs are glowing red behind the wheels and we're back to full throttle. The left front corner of the car must *almost* brush the steel fence on the inside, then I tweak on a touch of right lock to make sure the car gets out of the corner with my door right on the fence. This is the second most important corner at Sandown. You are all or nothing right here.

7

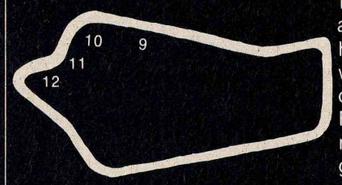
Even through my helmet, I can hear the sound of the engine bouncing off the steel fence. I use it as a measure of how the car is running. If the sound is crisp and white and angry, I'm into the melody. The back straight is ahead, and I know I've taken a nasty corner as well as anyone. If it's all right, if the echo is as sweet as a bell, I say: "Match that, you mongrels."



8

About half way up this picture, on the left, is a straw bale that marks a concrete culvert where the great Australian driver Lex Davison was killed in 1965. I don't think any driver sees it because, right at this point, we have to cope with a patched, rough surface that chucks the car all over the road. I am flat out, watching the mirror for the enemy, the car leaping everywhere.

9

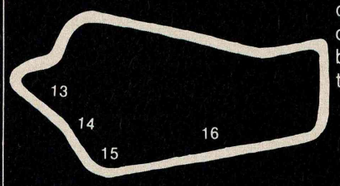


On only a few circuits, there are what we call "big balls corners". This is one of them. I come over this rise with the throttle wide open. Under the bridge, mash the brakes, grab third and mash the brakes again. To pass anyone here is to ask the huge question. Right here is where, in 1978, the spoiler on Garrie Cooper's big Elfin Formula 5000 came off and rolled the damn thing into a great heap of wreckage.

10

On our right on race day is one of the most critical crowds in Australia. I guess they like it because a driver gets very busy here. You face a very quick right-hander, then a left and a tight left down to a critical corner. You can not do anything here but go *wham* on the brakes and *blam* on the throttle and flick right, and then flick left — and keep it all very finely balanced.

13



Third gear, and your target is Dunlop Bridge, the gateway to the main straight. Between you and the bridge is a gentle right and a nasty left. So you look at the gauges, then grab top and pour on the power before you deal with the concrete-lined causeway just before the bridge. You have to be sure that you have it all right.

14

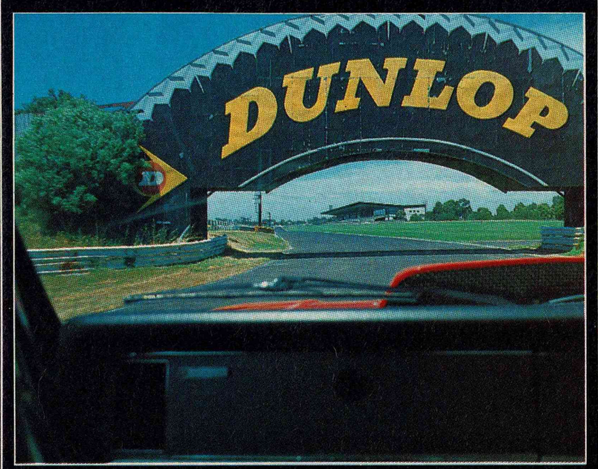
Some drivers get frightened here. You're flat chat in top, about to mash down on the brakes and cope with the bellowing rush under the bridge. Things have gone wrong here for people like Pete Geoghegan, David McKay, Kevin Bartlett and Alan Hamilton. You have set the car up for this bit from Dandenong Road. The script demands you get under the bridge with every tap turned on in third.

11

Between this point and the apex of the Dandenong Road corner is perhaps 80 metres of road, but it is a most critical piece of road. What you do here determines how fast you will be able to go on the main straight. You virtually aim the car at the eighth tree ahead, drive straight at it, and turn the corner at the last moment. This is where the opposition can attack, because you must stay wide.

12

We're homeward bound. When you have set up Dandenong Road like this, and you have full power, and you have talked at the car, you know it is all stitched together. From here to the main straight, no one can touch you. But you *must* have the car balanced, sweet. It must be singing in second at 7500rpm. If it's right, really right, the song is saying: "Go baby, go."



15

If you do it absolutely right, you get the feeling that you must touch the edge of the steel fence under the bridge with your right rear wheel. The bridge is evil in some ways. Once under, you can see the grandstand and the awfully narrow straight. You look in your mirrors and start to jockey the car around to steal bits of road that other people want — all at a speed around 250km/h.

16

On a real day, the man is standing there holding the chequered flag; the crowd in the stand is going crazy. There's no prettier sight than the flag. I have been racing professionally for 10 years, and half way down this straight I never fail to ask myself whether that flag means money or glory. The answer is always the same. When I see that flag, I say: "Match that, you bastards!"

Get away from it all-

Stay at home!

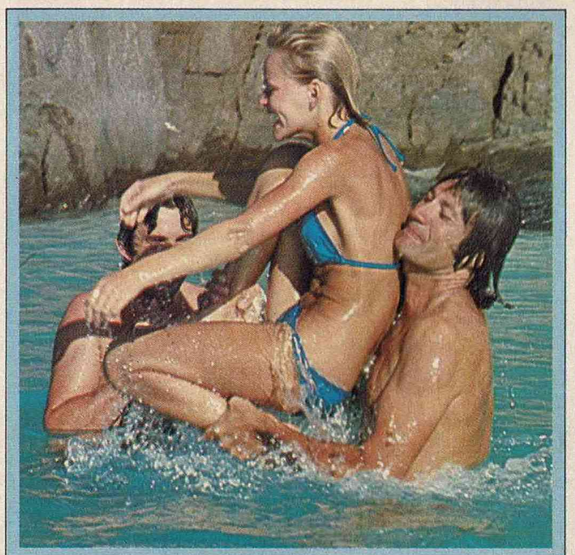
whether your holiday plans are for adventure and exploration or exotic dalliance, australia's got it all

"No man," wrote the great English poet John Donne, "is an island." In the light of 20th century living, he might well have added: "But every man needs to escape from the rat race once in a while." Until recently, this meant following a well-trodden path to the remote South Seas, or oblivion in a South-east Asian bar. Now, relief is a little closer to hand.

Long regarded by many as being the exclusive domain of kangaroos, Australia is fast achieving the recognition it deserves as a country in which to enjoy a holiday rather than as a place from which to escape.

Nor is it necessary for the would-be Quixote to rustle up a billy-can and head into the bush. The wayside inn that served only mutton and a tankard of beer has thankfully passed into folklore. Indeed, it's possible to scout around the marketplace and come up with a holiday destination to suit both your pocket and the need for a flirtatious adventure on the side. Who said the knight errant has to opt for a sweaty saddle blanket and horse in order to make music with the princess of his choice?

There's a certain anonymity about booking into a strange hotel. And for all the ridicule heaped on it by southerners, Queensland offers some of the finest love-nests this side of the Taj Mahal. Politics aside, you have to fly only a short distance north of Brisbane to find a region that is renowned for its natural beauty, and unique boudoirs.



Queensland's Whitsunday Passage offers you the chance to explore in a Mottle 33 (right) or splash in the briney.

The Orchid Beach Island Village provides accommodation to satisfy the most discerning dilettante. If your lady likes getting lost in the dunes, she'll find plenty of those on Fraser Island. For all the environmental hoopla, staying at the Orchid Beach gives you the chance to explore a variety of activities and entertainment besides going out and getting lost in the woods. Though they're remarkable enough. Long sandy beaches and a synthesis of rare flora and fauna make Fraser Island one of those places you'd abandon most things for – except your Nikon. And, at $35 on a share twin basis per day (all meals included), you may be tempted into checking with your office whether they want you to return at all.

North of Cooktown, you'll find Lizard Island worth exploring. The Lizard Island Lodge offers colonial-style accommodation right at the heart of the Great Barrier Reef. Encircled by its own coral reef, the island is a mecca for snorkellers and big-game fishermen. Day charters and half-day cruises are available on the Lizard Lady to the outer reef and nearby islands. So named because of the excessive lizard population, the island is a place to take along your pith helmet and bottle of Pimm's – that is, if you're still into reading Somerset Maugham. The beach outside the lodge is a perfect place to introduce your girl Friday to skinny dipping if she happens to dislike donning a damp bikini from the night before. Off-season full board rates are around $55 per day.

Possibly the most attractive holiday option in the area, however, is barboat chartering through the Whitsunday Passage. Whitsunday Yachting World caters to the sailing enthusiast who likes to cruise in style. The Mottle 33 fibreglass boats the firm uses are superbly equipped, and have been built with comfort in mind. Complete with refrigerator and freezer, a head-shower and even a vanity unit, the Mottle 33 puts sailing in the first-class hotel category.

For a few dollars a day extra, they'll fill the freezer for you, as well as lay on a complete menu for the duration of your holiday. Dinner for two could end up reading like an à la carte menu at your favorite restaurant. There's little that beats a tropical sunset after the rum punch has had a chance to soften your brain.

The Whitsunday Passage is a maze of islands. Most are uninhabited so, if you want to take your mermaid along the

travel **By James Gowan**

beach with her tail hanging loose, then one of the Mottle 33 boats will take you to where you can get it all off. The only restriction is that you must know how to sail reasonably well. The weather is fairly constant, so there's no fear of being caught out in a blow (that's cabin talk for getting the wind up after a promenade on deck with your beau).

TAA offers special packages which include return air fare, local transfers, and a boat for one week. These range from $536 (ex Sydney) in high season, down to $469 in low for each person in a party of four. Telephone John Landau on 02-438 2525 for information.

For those who prefer to keep their feet firmly on the ground, the Reef House just outside Cairns is the place. Perhaps the most exclusive resort on the Queensland coast, it has facilities for only a very small clientele, which means the service is excellent.

Situated in a luxuriant tropical garden, and a stone's throw from the beach, the Reef House overlooks Double Island — a short boat trip away. There's a swimming pool where smorgasbord luncheons may be served each day. Dinner is more formal, served around a large mahogany table by candlelight. The food is haute cuisine, and the wine cellar a tippler's delight. All the garden suites are air-conditioned and elegantly appointed. Day trips can be arranged to the Great Barrier Reef or to the Atherton Tablelands rising behind the resort. For those who like their interludes to remain memorable long after the event, the Reef House offers a unique service. The price, on a full board basis, is $65 a day, twin share.

Top End tours to the far north of Queensland are available through BPA, the local airline. Handling a maximum of four people, the flights depart Cairns and take in Lizard Island, Weipa and Thursday Island before returning south via Aurukun and Edward River on the west coast of the peninsula. For $390 inclusive, you'll see a part of Australia that only the Dreamtime heroes know about.

•

NSW is littered with good hotels and isolated resorts. Starting in Sydney, you can't go far wrong by hiring a Halvorsen cruiser and sailing around Pittwater or the Hawkesbury River. You don't have to be much of a sailor either; just pretend you know your right hand from your left. If you set a course each day for restaurants like Nautique's (in Coal and Candle Creek) or the Stunned Mullet (at Church Point), you'll be able to combine the best of both worlds. During the week, Broken Bay is an ideal place to engage in romance; the boaties will have all returned to their moorings after a weekend on the waves. And in summer, those warm evenings do make for passionate soirees. Rates are from $175 for five days, to around $220 for a full week. In high season the prices rise.

Or you could rent a cruising houseboat. Holidays-A-Float has a number of luxury houseboats available all year round. Inside, they're as modern as a downtown flatette. Powered by diesel engines, they're cheap to run, and the facilities for cooking on board are first-rate. The houseboats are moored at Brooklyn, near the Hawkesbury River bridge.

For the Lothario who occasionally experiences a twinge of guilt over his physical condition, there's always Berida Manor. A luxury resort where "pleasure goes hand in hand" (if that isn't a come-on), Berida Manor provides a suitable setting for the shell-shocked debutante or scotch-swilling executive to rediscover what being healthy is all about.

The suites at Berida Manor are designed for comfort, with en suite bathrooms. There's a heated swimming pool and Finnish sauna for those who have strength enough left to raise more than just a smile. A fully equipped gymnasium that provides various exercise programs, all supervised by qualified instructors, is on hand in the event that you feel like working up a sweat before lunch. Individual menus can be prepared for anyone who wishes to go on a crash diet. If you find the regime too invigorating, you can always wag school, head off down the road to Bowral and write yourself off in some restaurant. Barring accidents, your body should begin to feel beautiful within a week or so, but if it doesn't, I suppose you'll have some cause for complaint. The twin rate is $115 per day for a week, including meals, accommodation, use of facilities, a medical checkup and — if you still have any energy — a turn on the tennis court.

Alternatively, river-running on the Nimboida River is one way to weed out the languorous rose in your lady. Huck Finn Expeditions operates a series of five-day voyages in inflatable dinghies down this little-known river in northern NSW. You don't need to worry about capsizing. The vulgar boatmen operating these tours are professionals familiar with the capricious moods of the river. Two-man tents are provided, along with air-mattresses for those fireside chats. The food is wholesome and filling. Depending on the time of the year, the cost varies between $228 and $247 per person.

Huck Finn Expeditions also runs a six-day Murray River Expedition from Yarrawonga. You travel in eight-metre canoes. All equipment and food is carried on board. Well known for the variety of its birdlife, the Murray offers an ideal opportunity to combine slow-boating with bird-watching — of the feathered kind, that is. The price of this odyssey is quite reasonable — no more than $185 per person, in all.

For a two-day sojourn on the North Coast, it's worth trying Lake Lodge at Lake Macquarie. Leaving from Sydney Airport by Aero Pelican, you're met on arrival at Belmont and transferred to the Lodge. The package also includes a winetasting tour of the Hunter Valley vineyards, which is followed by a late lunch back at the motel.

After breakfast the next day, there's a cruise on the lake aboard the Lodge's 10-metre catamaran to Pulbah Island where a picnic lunch is served. If you're still in shape after dinner at Chez Ives the previous night, you can try Squid's Ink restaurant, which specialises in delicious seafood. The cost is $120 per person, including air fares, accommodation, all meals and excursions.

One of the most rewarding areas to spend a few days car tripping is central NSW. The vineyards around Mudgee provide a suitable bacchanalian setting for anyone with a passion for the grape at its source. There are numerous old gold towns nearby, unburdened with the usual Hill End crowd. Places like Pipeclay and Stuart Town still retain faint echoes of what Australia was all about back in the days when Henry Lawson eulogised the region in his short stories and poems.

There are some fine old hotels in Mudgee and Gulgong worth at least one night's stay.

Nearer Sydney, there's a delightful guesthouse at Blackheath. Glenella is one of those places that combines friendliness and elegance in an atmosphere not unlike certain drawing rooms in vintage movies. For $30, bed and breakfast, you'll be treated just like a visiting rajah. And the restaurant is considered to be one of the best in NSW. Nouvelle cuisine, it seems, is tickling everyone's tastebuds these days, even in the Blue Mountains. The one drawback is that you must book well in advance (phone 047-878 352) as Michael and Monique Manners open their guesthouse only from Thursday to Sunday nights. But if you are prepared to orchestrate your love-life, an advance reservation at Glenella will certainly add a charming intermezzo to that romance.

•

Wandering further afield, a voyage along the Murray River in a rented houseboat out of Renmark or Berri (in South Australia) is one way of avoiding the crowd. The Murray River is Australia's largest waterway, and the nearest thing to the Mississippi River we have. It's an area of Australia little known to Easterners, yet the placid waters of this meandering river and the quaint old river towns on its banks are rich in history. Anyone with a penchant for sailing on a slow boat to China will find it an attractive alternative. A three-day sojourn down the river costs up to $204 for a six-berth houseboat, depending upon your point of departure. The facilities on board are better than most of us enjoy at home. River Holdings are the people your local travel agent should contact.

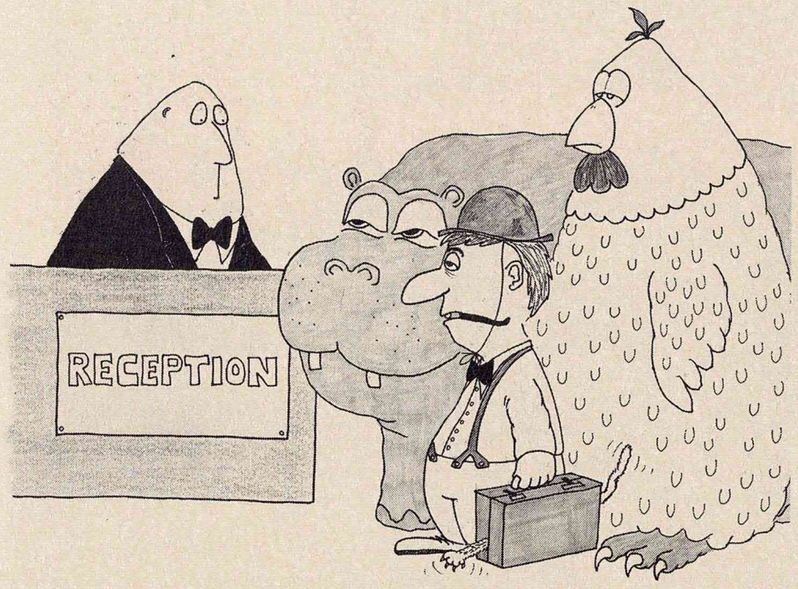
But if you really want to get away from it all, renting an island at the mouth of Spencer's Gulf in South Australia is what it's all about. There are only two homesteads on Wedge Island which are available for rent. The only access is by light plane from Adelaide Airport. But the island is a fauna sanctuary, so you'll have to share the beach area with colonies of penguins and seals. And if you enjoy fishing, there's a motorised dinghy to take you along the coast. The cost for two is quite high — $525 in low season — but it becomes more reasonable when there are four or more people ready to maroon themselves along with you.

If you prefer a sporting holiday, book into the Savannah Motel at the new Wirrina Holiday Resort, 90km south of Adelaide. Beautifully appointed, the motel forms part of a large recreation complex that boasts an 18-hole golf course, beach facilities, tennis courts, a grass ski-run and swimming pool. The coastline in this region is breathtaking: high rolling hills drop down sharply to the water's edge. It's not unlike the Normandy coastline in France.

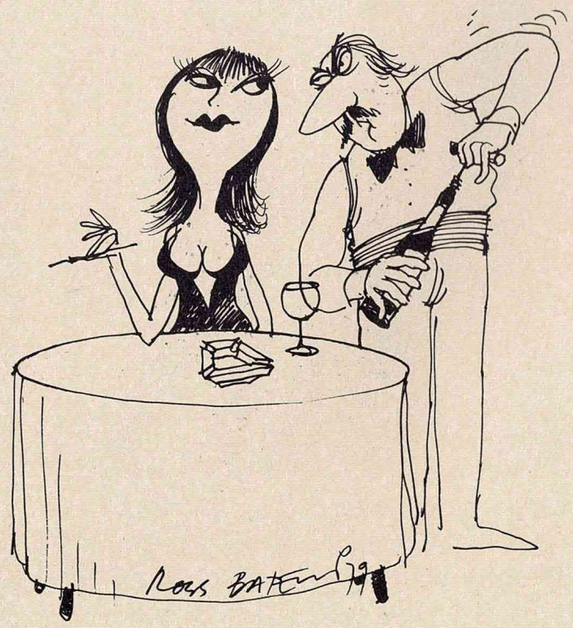
If your lady is into long walks and standing on cliff edges with the wind in her hair, you'll be on the right track taking her on one of the very reasonably priced packages offered by the motel. A three-night Weekender costs $30 each. If you want to stay longer, there's a six-night Golfer for $100. The price includes a hearty breakfast.

In the Barossa Valley, the Weintal Hotel or the Barossa Motel provide an unusual holiday ambiance. Situated near Tanunda, birthplace of many a hangover, the Weintal — like the Barossa, near Lyndoch — is ideally located for all those who believe that vino still packs a little veritas. My advice is to take along a block of cheese, otherwise you may never find your way back along that long winding road. Barossa wines, imbibed at their source, have been credited with transforming demure young ladies into virtual paramours before the sun has had time to slide behind the vines.

An hotel is an hotel is an hotel. But, if you feel like just quitting town and driving with no particular destination in mind, you'll often find that the most unlikely place can become the ideal situation for a perfect turn-on. I've stayed in hotels in Tumut and Beechworth, in Jindabyne and Bourke, where what was to have been an ordinary love-in blossomed into an affair worth remembering. It's all in the mind, after all. If your lady shares your taste for dalliance, and doesn't object to exploring the delights of a four-poster, then the sight of a quilted eiderdown should be more than enough to bring out the Josephine in her. Napoleon could not have asked for more!



"I'd like a room with a double bed and a bath."



"Your place or wine, miss?"

THE GIRL WHO KISSED PRINCE CHARLES

model jane's stolen early-morning kiss with prince charming launched 1000 front pages and a bright new life for the west australian beauty

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS SCOTT

"I am basically a woman who wants to have children, but not, as is fashionable today, by a succession of different fathers. I want to fall in love and marry first."

THE FACE beneath the carelessly brushed mop of honey blonde hair could have been moulded by a master sculptor. It is bewitchingly beautiful — the kind of face to turn a royal head, which is exactly what it did a year ago when Jane Priest waylaid, embraced and kissed Prince Charles on Perth's North Cottesloe beach.

That stolen early-morning kiss launched the Priest face and luscious lips on the front pages of 1000 newspapers across the world. Offers from the glossiest magazines in Britain, Europe and the United States poured in. "I knew the publicity from the Charlie kiss would do me some good, but I hadn't anticipated the scope of the reaction," says the leggy Perth beauty, who has recently moved to Sydney and is planning an assault on the fashion houses of Europe.

"They wanted scandal, but I wasn't going to start fibbing. I wasn't interested." Nor was she initially interested in showing the world the body that goes with the stunning face. Now, however, it is Australian PLAYBOY's

"Right now I don't have the perfect man in my sights. But I'll know when that man enters my life. Friendship and trust, I feel, are the basis for the strongest relationships."

"Women's liberation has its good points. However, I like to be treated as a lady by my man. I believe maturity, marriage and children are the greatest aspects in the life of a woman."

proud privilege to present a photographic tribute to the lovely commoner who kissed the future king.

Jane is something special among the endless stream of gorgeous women who rise as surely and as seasonally in the West as the famous wild flowers in our largest State. As she does in most things, Jane has her own opinions on the reasons for Western Australia's apparently disproportionately high share of female beauty.

"There is a lot of money in Western Australia. The wealthy Perth people are very wealthy. And, where there is money, there also tend to be beautiful people. The two don't necessarily go together, but riches often attract beauty. I think it is certainly true that rich men marry beautiful women who produce beautiful children. Not that the good looks are confined to the women – there are also some very handsome men in the West. That is one of the reasons I've spent so much of my life in Perth."

Jane married one of the handsome young men. She was young, he was young and the marriage was, in her words, a total disaster. "That is all I can say about that marriage. I don't regret having had a son, whom I love very much. To me, that is what sex is all about. Getting

"Modelling is just filling in a gap in my life. I know other things will take up a damned sight more of my life than being a leading model is ever likely to."

"I have just discovered the total freedom of mind that goes hand in hand with nudity. It's amazing how taking off all your clothes can liberate you."

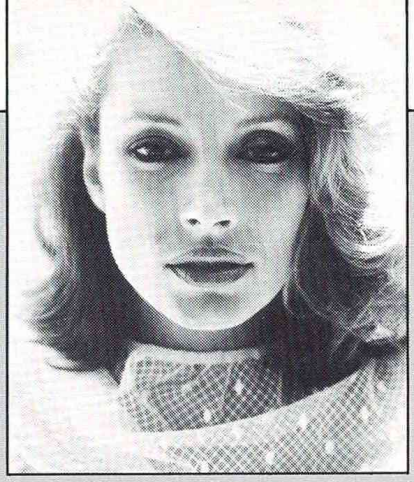
married and having children. Every child has the right to a father and a mother. That is one of the reasons why I want to remarry." Not that Jane has been living in a cloister since the end of her marriage. There have been men in her life, but she has bailed out whenever a relationship has begun to get serious. The partings have been amicable and adult. "It's not as if I left a trail of broken hearts!" she says.

To Jane, modelling is a career, not a way of life. "I am narcissistic enough to enjoy looking at glossy photographs of myself in a fantasy world of beauty and expensive clothes and jewellery," she says. "I've had the good fortune to be born with the looks that fashion photographers find appealing. But I'm realistic enough to appreciate that the span of my career is running out. If I can get the chance to make lashings of money during the next few years, then it will make the rest of my life that much easier."

In between times, it is our pleasure to bring PLAYBOY readers the natural charms that brought a Royal flush to the cheek of His Royal Highness, Prince Charles.

"I find the eyes the most exciting part of a man's face, especially laughing eyes. It's not a matter of good looks. I find that happy people are invariably beautiful people as well."

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Jane Brient



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jane Priest

BUST: 36 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9 WEIGHT: 122lb SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: 25-5-53 BIRTHPLACE: Perth, West Aust.

TURN-ONS: Mack Trucks, fast cars

TURN-OFFS: Selfishness, Violence

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Ray Cooper, J.J. Cale

SECRET DREAM: To be paged in the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Sting, The Deer Hunter, Midnight Express

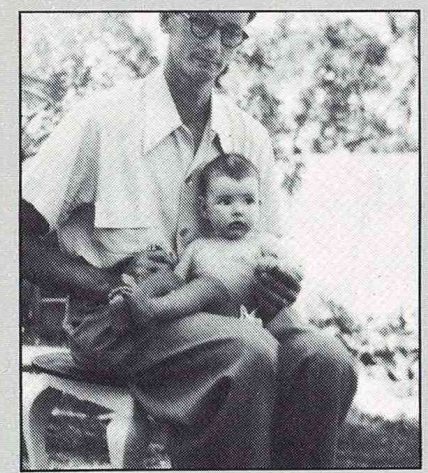
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Lauren Bacall, Dustin Hoffman, The Bolshoi Ballet

RELAXING: Watching the sea and taking long walks.

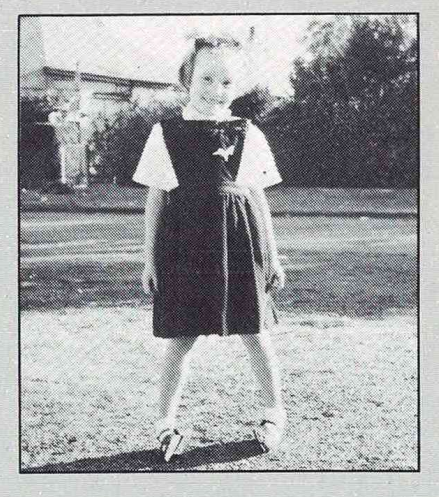
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Hobbit, Rich Man Poor Man

FAVORITE FOOD: Avocado & lettuce Salads

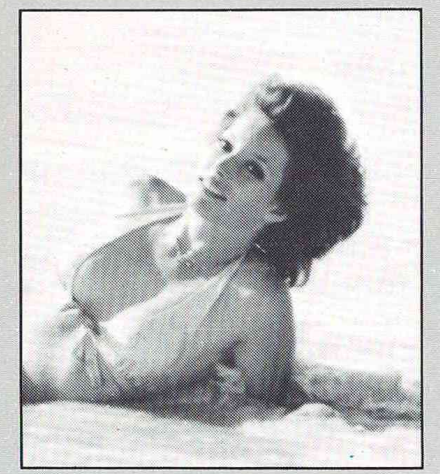
GOALS: To combine a totally satisfying relationship with an interesting career



uninhibited



6 years but shy



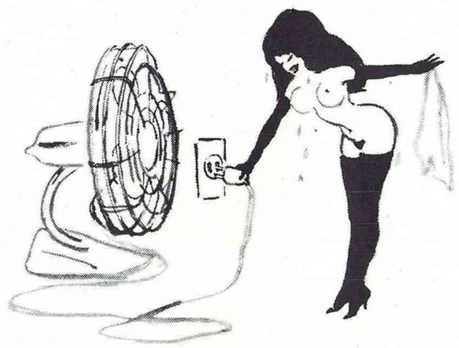
16 and loving both water & camera

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The poultry farmer was proudly showing his hybrids to visitors. "This one," he said, "is a cross between a chicken and a turkey, and I've called it a churkey. Here we have a cross between a chicken and a goose. I call it a choose.

"And this last is my masterpiece – a cross between a pheasant and a duck. I call it George."

A gentleman went into a perfumery to buy a present for his girlfriend. After the assistant had shown him the available range, he decided upon a perfume called Maybe. Learning that the price for a very small bottle was $50, the gent exclaimed, "Hell, for $50 I don't want Maybe – I want Definitely!"



Then there was the single-minded miss who got fed up with her bashful boyfriend's fumbling advances and decided to put him in her place.

Matters had somehow progressed to the point where the young man and his date were naked in the motel bed, when the girl had a change of heart. "Are you going to tell me now, Mary Ann," asked the rejected youth bitterly, "that I'm not Mr Right?"

"That's a silly old romantic notion," laughed Mary Ann. "I'm actually waiting for Mr Big!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chastity belt* as a device employed by knights in action to prevent nights in action.

Who needs men?" sneered the independent young woman to her psychiatrist. "Whenever I want to get off, I masturbate."

"But aren't there times when, for one reason or another, you are unable to climax through masturbation?" asked the shrink. "What do you do then?"

"That's simple," replied the girl, "I fake it."

A guy told his gal in Port Fairy:
"Of sex you have always been chary.
The quest for a lay
In this town does not pay.
So I'm leaving. I'm off to Mount Mary."

Millie was bursting over with happiness as she rode the bus back home. Turning to the farmer sitting beside her, she excitedly told him: "After seven years of married life, I've just come from my doctor and he told me I'm about to become a mother!"

"Wonderful," he responded, "I've had good news today, too. I'm a dairy farmer and I've just developed a process that causes cows to give twice as much milk as they did before."

"How on earth did you do that?" Millie inquired.

"Introduced some new stock."

"Well," whispered Millie confidentially, "so did I."

Two men leaned drunkenly against the bar near closing time. "I've got an idea," said one. "Let's have one more drink and then go find us some girls."

"Naw," replied his mate, "I've got more than I can handle at home."

"Great," exclaimed the first, "then let's have one more drink and go to your place."

And to think," murmured the rosy-glow-feeling adolescent to the girl with whom he had just scored, "that a few short years ago, I thought happiness was a warm puppy."

The curvaceous new secretary handed a piece of paper to the company auditor saying: "Here's that report you wanted, Mr Berry."

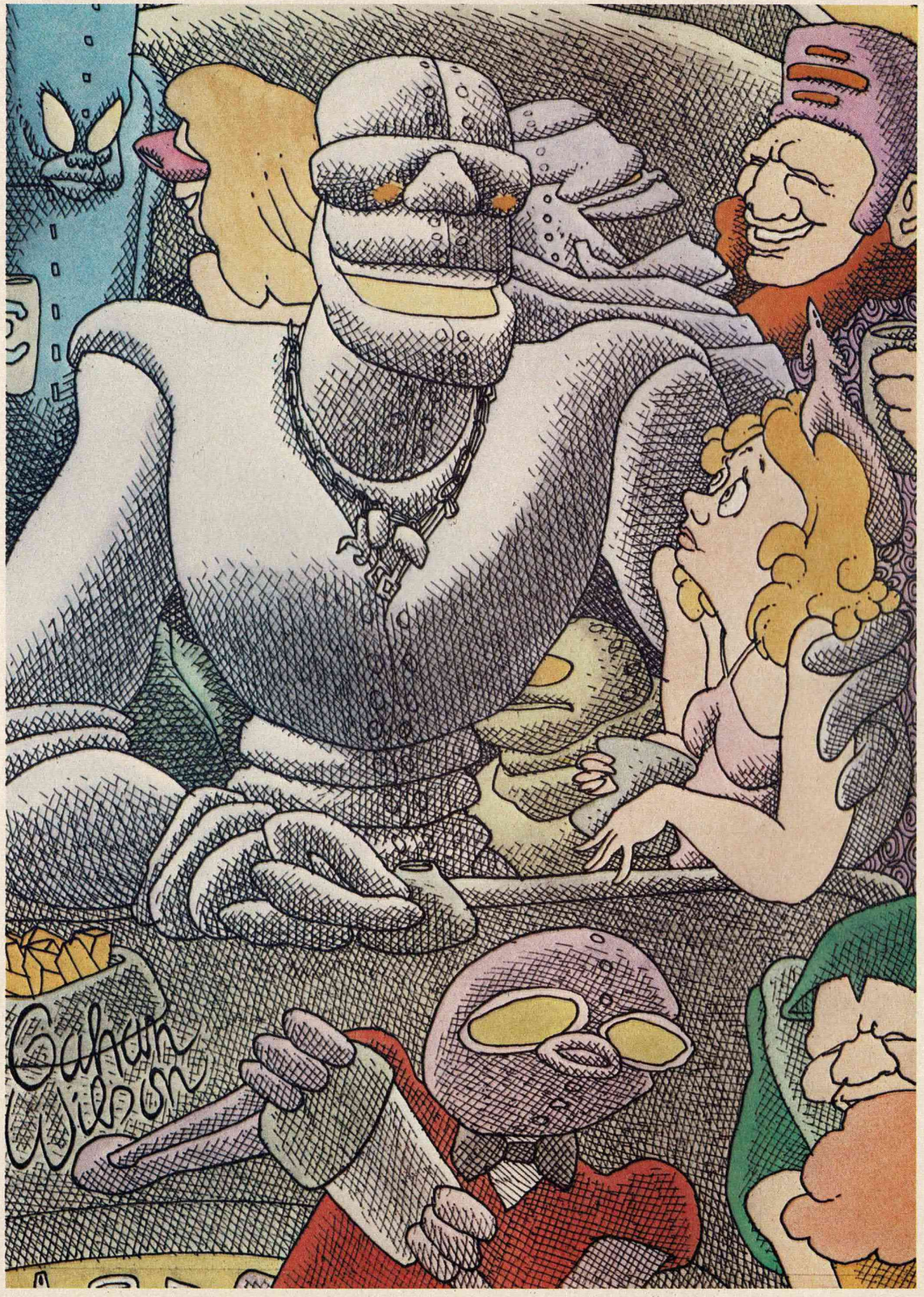
"My name is Perry," he corrected. "You must have been talking to the bookkeeper who can't pronounce the letter P. Did he mention anything about me?"

"Only that, when it comes to meaningless details, you're a real brick."

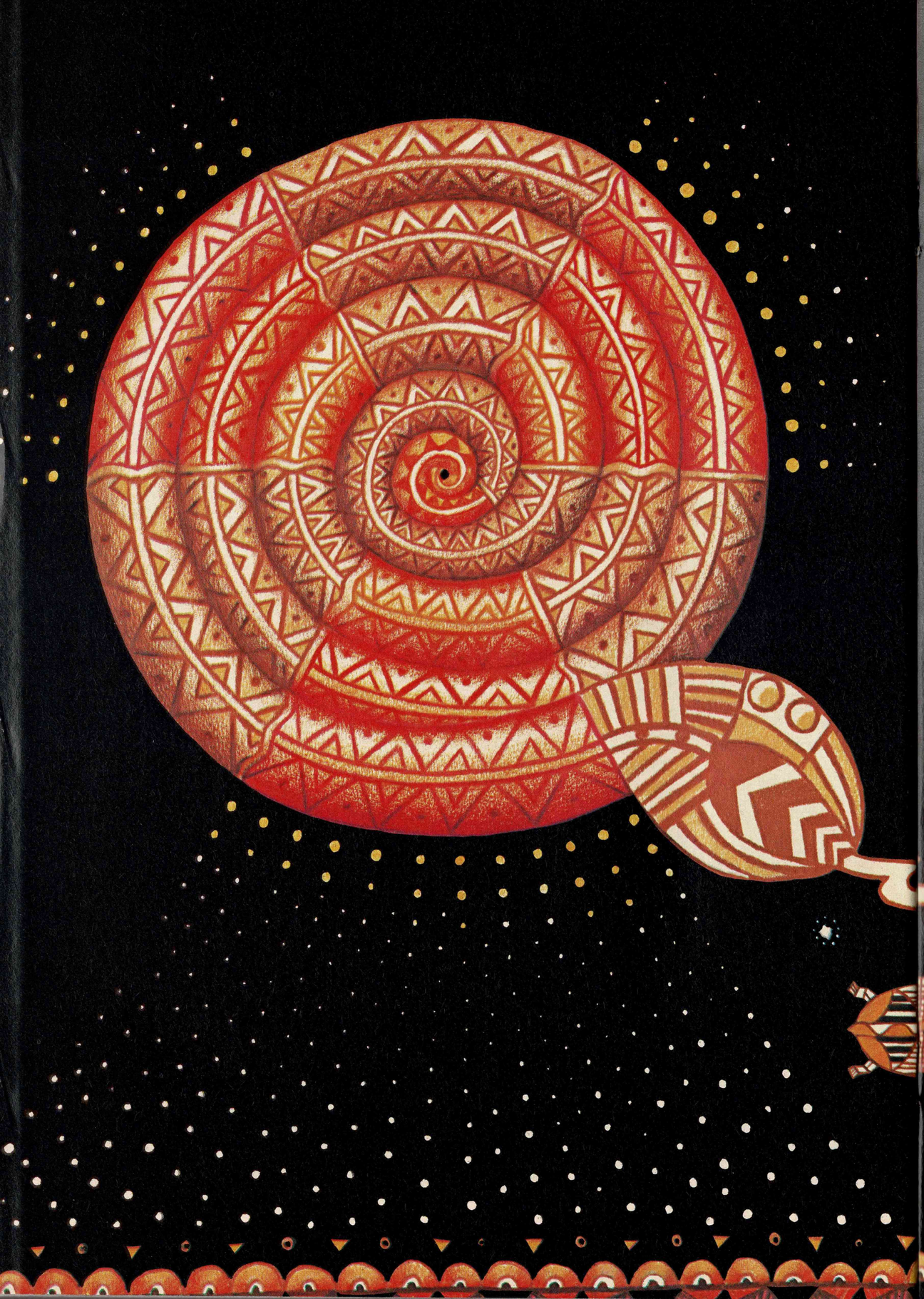
Two nuns were driving along a deserted country road when their car ran out of petrol. One of the two walked to the nearest farmhouse and asked the owner for assistance. He agreed to help, but the only spare container he could offer the nun was an old bedpan. The farmer filled it with petrol, and the sister went back to the car.

Another car passed as the nuns were attempting to pour from the bedpan. "Strewth," said the driver to his mate, "that's what I call faith!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"It's true, of course, that I'm just a machine, but I do have a built-in vibrator."



URANIUM AND THE ABORIGINES: PART 1

'The snakes will swallow the country'

article By Andrew Clark

to white australians, uranium is a cause for protest or a new wealth; to aborigines, it is vast royalties or a national disaster

AROUND ARNHEM LAND campfires, the name Nemarluk is mentioned in awe. About 50 years ago, so the story goes, three Japanese pearl divers put ashore, enjoyed local hospitality to the full, and went back to their boat with Aboriginal women. Nemarluk and his followers boarded the boat at night and killed the divers. A year later, five more were speared to death for the same reason.

During the period when local Aborigines held up the Ranger agreement, Silas Maralugurra, chairman of the Gunbalanya Council, told a gathering of the clans: "In the olden days, Mr Viner (then Minister for Aboriginal Affairs), he get speared. We don't care if he is boss or anything. That's what happened with (the explorer Ludwig) Leichhardt ... they speared him halfway in that Red Lily."

The Nemarluk story is a violent example of the contact Arnhem Landers have had with the outside world, and Maralugurra's comment indicates that uranium mining has aroused the same sentiments.

The area is unique for its history of diverse contact: Macassan sailors arriving in their colorful prahus to collect trepang, a sea slug valued as an aphrodisiac; Japanese pearlers; buffalo hunters; missionaries; and uranium

Illustration by Gordon Fitchett

miners. Each wave of new arrivals has stayed longer, and has taken more from the country.

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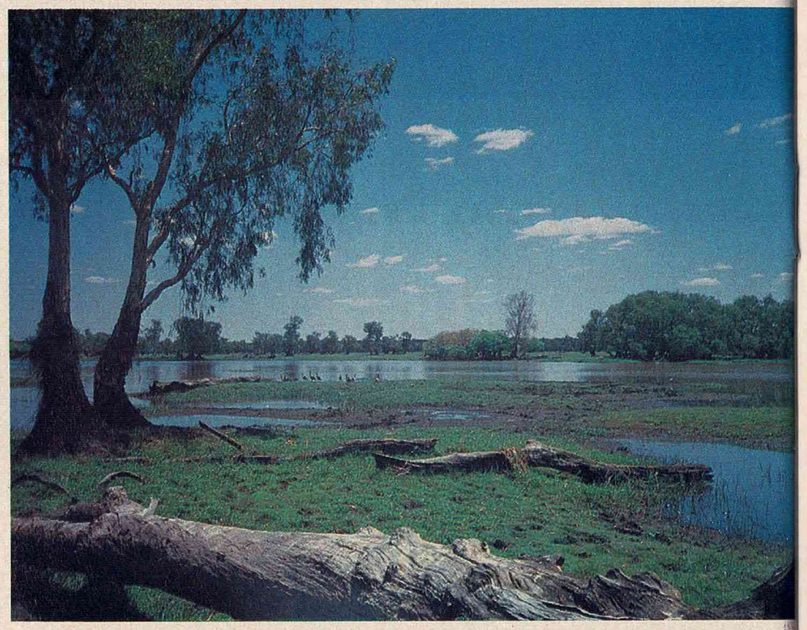
A group of New York bankers, money men from the Jabiluka uranium project, arrived at the mine site by helicopter recently. Emerging from the chopper, one of them summed up their surprise at their first glimpse at the country when he said: "We thought we were coming to a desert, but not this – it's incredible." His remark would be echoed by most Australians, who know only vaguely of the type of country in Arnhem Land, and even less about its amazing history and unique features. It contains one of the richest uranium provinces in the world, and is a beautiful setting for an avoidable tragedy.

Situated about 220 kilometres east of Darwin, the uranium province is isolated from the rest of the country by rivers in the west and south, and a magnificent escarpment, 600km long and 250 metres high in places, in the east. In the wet season, much of the area is accessible only by plane. The Alligator Rivers and several creeks have their headwaters in the escarpment, wind their way through outliers, forming spectacular gorges on the way, cross some lowlands where much of the proved-up uranium has been discovered, and flow into flood plains. They spread across the plains during the wet season every year, finally merging with tidal flats.

The first attempts at European settlement in the area last century were abandoned, and it was not until the 1890s that buffalo hunters established a permanent camp on the East Alligator River. The depredations of contact were quickly apparent. Paddy Cahill, a buffalo hunter, wrote in 1896 that, out of 190 blacks in the area when he arrived there, only 60 survived. He blamed this decimation on leprosy, but it is now attributed to syphilis.

In the 1920s and '30s, missionaries began establishing local settlements. There were Anglican, Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian missions, offering food, work and a new spiritual direction. The Aborigines were attracted to the food, but countless studies have concluded that the sedentary life, contact with Europeans, and living with several tribes in large groups led to both tension and demoralisation. These problems have been recognised by several contemporary missionaries who have supported the outstation movement – a return to life in the bush in traditional clan-size groups of about 30 to 70 people.

The missionaries very often found themselves as the unwilling ham in the sandwich between Aboriginal activities



After the long wet season, the vast flood plains of the province, lush with brilliant native grasses, are host to a wide variety of rare plants and birds.

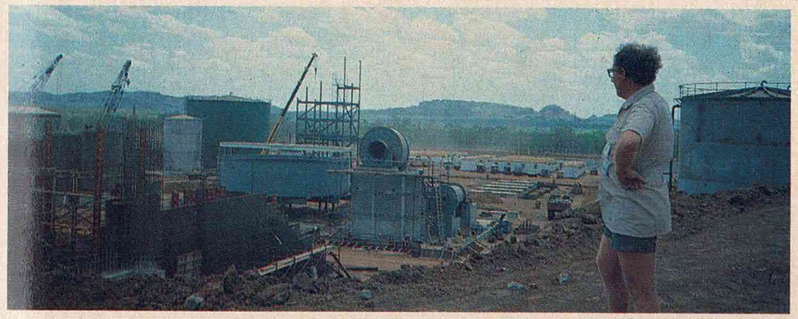
and white frontier justice. In 1933, when a policeman was speared to death in Arnhem Land, the press reported that police in Darwin were preparing a "punitive expedition", while the Government said a "show of force" in the area was necessary to maintain law and order. Eventually, the Government accepted a proposal by the Anglican Church Missionary Society to parley with the alleged killer. The church party promised Tuckiar, the suspect, a fair trial and took him to Darwin. Apparently, Tuckiar interpreted the contract as a peace mission, and felt he had been betrayed when he was chained and locked in a prison cell.

After a sensational summing up at the trial, the jury returned a guilty verdict, and Tuckiar was sentenced to death. However, the High Court, vigorously condemning the conduct at the trial, upheld an appeal, quashed the conviction, and ordered Tuckiar's immediate release. He never saw his people again, disappearing mysteriously soon after his discharge.

After the war, a mineral prospector, Jack White, was wandering near his humpy, 80 kilometres south of Darwin, when he discovered a green mineral substance near the old Rum Jungle copper mine. He took it home, writes Geoffrey Blainey in his book, *The Rush That Never Ended,* read a pamphlet published by the Bureau of Mineral Resources, and decided it must be radioactive ore. He packaged some samples into Sal-Vital tins and sent them to Alice Springs for examination, and was almost immediately contacted by a number of extremely interested government officials. This was the beginning of the Rum Jungle uranium boom, and signalled the discovery of the huge Northern Territory uranium deposit. For Jack White, a generous man who enjoyed living with the Aborigines, the reward was a measly £25,000 from the Federal Government, after uncovering an ore body that is even greater in potential value than Lang Hancock's Pilbara.

More uranium was discovered near the gorges of the South Alligator River, and a rich mine there, El Sherana, produced uranium ore until the early 1960s, when uranium stockpiles in both the United States and Britain forced it and the four Rum Jungle projects to close. Interest did not revive for at least a decade, when demand for uranium increased because of the growth of the nuclear power industry, which had spread from the US and Britain to other countries in Western Europe and Japan.

In the mid-'60s, the Bureau of Mineral Resources produced maps which indicated that large uranium deposits were likely to be discovered in the Alligator Rivers region. An Adelaide woman secured an authority to prospect, and entered into an agreement with Queensland Mines Ltd to explore for uranium inside the Arnhem Land Aboriginal reserve close to Oenpelli. In the next few years, the Koongarra (Noranda Australia Ltd), Jabiru (Ranger Uranium Mines Pty



A magnificent escarpment runs through 600km of Arnhem Land, but every day it gets a little harder to see the forest for the trees. Local Aborigines have abandoned the land for life in towns such as the one pictured above.

Ltd), Jabiluka (Pancontinental Mining Ltd), and Nabarlek (Queensland Mines Ltd) ore deposits were discovered. About 350,000 tonnes of uranium oxide had been proved up by June last year.

Aborigines residing near Oenpelli opposed the original decision granting authority to prospect there. When these objections were overruled and the uranium discovered, a deputation of Arnhem Landers went to Canberra to express their opposition to mining to the then Prime Minister, Mr (later Sir William) McMahon. The following year, the Government announced that mining in the region would proceed, and that some royalty payments would go to the Aborigines. Shortly before the 1972 election, the companies involved negotiated a series of uranium oxide sales to Japanese electric power utilities. However, with the election of a Labor Government, all development was frozen, the Woodward Commission inquiry on land rights began, and the Government advised that recently-signed contracts would be filled from the Atomic Energy Commission stockpile at Lucas Heights.

Mr Justice A. E. Woodward, now the head of ASIO, reported: "The Nabarlek Aborigines reiterated their opposition to any further exploration or mining development at Nabarlek . . . I have no hesitation in recommending that, in this particular situation, the Aboriginal view should prevail."

In 1974, Gough Whitlam visited Oenpelli, and, after listening to local objections to the Nabarlek project, said it would not be mined without the consent of the Aboriginal people. "It is not surprising," says Peter Carroll, a missionary who specialises in the local language, Gunwinggu, "that in 1974, at the height of the land rights inquiry, having had the support of the Prime Minister and the specially-appointed Land Rights Commissioner, the Aborigines felt that they had made their point, that their opposition to mining at last had been accepted."

However, within a few weeks of the Whitlam visit, some executives from Queensland Mines revisited Oenpelli, and asked the Aborigines to agree to mining. "This incident," Carroll states, "highlights the differences between Aboriginal and European methods of decision-making. On the one hand, the Aborigines had firmly maintained their position and finally told the highest authority of their opposition, and this was accepted by him. On the other hand, for the European businessman, this was nothing more than a basis for further negotiation, study and compromise if necessary."

Local Aborigines made a "realistic decision" – opposition to mining, they decided, was "futile". Bob Collins, the Labor member for Arnhem in the Northern Territory Legislative Assembly, puts it more crudely: "They said 'no' at the beginning, but when they realised their opposition was futile, they decided to get all they could out of it."

Later the same year, the Australian Atomic Energy Commission entered into an agreement with the original Ranger partners, Peko Mines and EZ Industries, to pay for 72½ percent of the Jabiru development in return for a 50 percent interest in the venture. The AAEC subsequently disposed of its half-share in late 1979. Ranger appeared to be the project with the fewest problems. It did not lie in either Kakadu National Park or in Arnhem Land. It was situated in relatively flat country, although the Fox report later revealed considerable environmental problems, particularly during the wet season. Additionally, there were only a few Aborigines in the immediate area. A strong anti-uranium movement was developing in Australia, but Labor remained firmly committed to exports. However, the decision to become directly involved in the Ranger project distorted both the Labor and Fraser administration perceptions of local problems, and the timing for the go-ahead was drastically miscalculated, as is now well known.

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Despite all of the international apprehension of the industry, uranium mining is a relatively simple process. Mining can be either underground or open-cut, depending upon the depth and quality of ore, and the structure of the accompanying rock. Normally, there is little difficulty encountered in the extraction process. Conventional mining methods, like ripping or drilling, are employed.

It is the ore processing stage that causes problems – problems which are

acute in the Alligator Rivers region. Uranium ore is normally crushed at the mine site, and then transported to the mill, often by conveyor. Going through a series of sulphuric acid and ammonia solutions, the ore is leached out, the blended product is dried by a roasting process, and the result is uranium oxide.

Overburden rock is stockpiled in a dump. Tailings, or radioactive waste material, are normally placed in a long pond made with earthen walls and sealed off with a water cover. This is known as a tailings pond, and the water cover is employed to isolate the uranium-bearing tailings from the atmosphere. However, because of the natural accretion of water and silt in the pond, pressure builds up and can release contaminated water.

The likelihood of contaminated water being released into the Alligator Rivers system in the wet season is the issue most upsetting southern conservationists and local Aborigines. Since the Fox Inquiry in 1977, the four development projects have revised their plans to provide for no-release systems. However, their long-term ability to withstand seepage is openly doubted by many scientists now working in the area.

Each mine has a different plan. Ranger, the first company given the go-ahead, and the one which has had the most publicity, has proved up 100,350 tonnes of uranium on two sites between the South and East Alligator Rivers, in flat, uninteresting savannah country. However, the surrounding country is scenically magnificent. Mt Brockman, a sheer section of the escarpment, lies at the south-east corner of the project. Alternating dark red, black and white vertical water flow marks on a perpendicular cliff face of the Mt Brockman massif are said to represent the blood of the rainbow snake, a central character in Arnhem Land mythology. A boulder about 10 metres high lies on the scree slope near the base of the cliff, and contains Aboriginal rock paintings on several of its numerous faces.

The Mt Brockman cliff face, the boulder-strewn area in front of it, and the painted boulder, make up the Djidbindjidbi sacred site, regarded as inviolable by local people. Witnesses to the Fox Inquiry expressed fears that dynamiting — they see it as killing — the rocks would usher in a disaster that could engulf the entire area.

This fear was reluctantly expressed by Toby Gangali, the principal traditional owner for the Mirar Gundjeibmim clan area, which includes the Ranger site. Asked by Mr Justice Fox what he thought about uranium mining, Gangali replied: "Well, I — it doesn't affect me now, I reckon it's all right to me, but there's a lot of blokes who reckons it's no good, well, you know, I can't say nothing, see."

Fox: "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

Gangali: "When they make a mess, you know, make a big hole or something, I think, well, I reckon they (the snakes) will swallow the country."

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Jabiru has a conventional layout. The mill is being built near the mine, and around the two are clustered the tailings ponds, retention dams and ore dump. You enter along a dusty road, running south about one kilometre from the Arnhem Highway, which was sealed in 1974. As you approach the mine site, there is an airstrip on the left and, on the right, a series of portable houses are laid out in an oblong which contain the laboratories used by the 35 scientists working at Jabiru. These men are engaged in making an inventory of all plant and animal life in the area, and will monitor the effect of mining on this environment.

Further on are the administration buildings and the temporary township. The most permanent-looking is a grey rectangular house which, like the others, is raised one floor above ground on metal stilts, while under it shrubs and trees display typically vigorous tropical growth and color. The house has been there for eight years, as long as the mine manager who lives in it, Alan McIntosh.

By previous arrangement, McIntosh was going to show me around the mine on a hot Saturday afternoon. It was the last shift of the 58-hour week at Jabiru, and he did not appear at first to relish the role of tour guide — partly, no doubt, because he had done it more times than he cared to remember, partly because it was the end of the week, and partly, perhaps mainly, because I was three hours late. Alan McIntosh is a short, squat man who has lived in the bush for a long time. He wears old-style army boots, grey shorts, matching shirt, a shapeless brown hat, and puffs on Benson and Hedges constantly, but any other likeness to Stuart Wagstaff would be hard to find. He appears to be a typical Australian mining man — gruff, practical and undemonstrative. I discovered, while travelling around the region, that McIntosh is one of the few people who has earned the respect of both pro- and anti-uranium factions, some Aborigines, as well as the entire scientific community.

He drove me around the mine and explained with practised haste all the functions of the various areas. I asked him how many Aborigines worked at Jabiru. He counted on his hand and answered five, out of a total work force of about 500.

"How do they work?"

"Very bloody seldom," he replied, then added: "They don't know what it's about. Well, some of them do, and maybe the other ones do, too, but they're not interested. The ones you find who do know what it's about are in their 40s and 50s. They may have worked before on stations or in the small mines that were here earlier. In those places, they learned a few skills and how to survive in the European world. You might say that, in a way, they became competitive.

"It's the missions that buggered things up. As a nomadic people, things didn't go according to a plan for the Aborigines, they just happened; seasons changed, animals and plants came and went — that's how their lives were regulated. Then the missions came and always had food available. For the

The escarpment outlier is host to one of the largest and richest areas of rock paintings in the world — called art by some, graffiti by others.

Aborigines, it was Utopia, but the one continuously serious element in their daily existence, the procurement of food, had no meaning any more and their lives began to fall apart. On the stations and in the mines they learned what it meant to work, but that didn't happen in the missions. They were taught about a world that didn't exist. It was an unreal world, one that Christ may have wanted, but it didn't bear any relation to what went on outside.

"Then these other people, anthropologists, entered the picture. They wanted the Aborigines to return to a world they believed existed here before the white man came. But, of course, what the anthropologists imagined it was like, and the true situation, are two different things. So no wonder the Aborigines are confused."

"What about the much-discussed drinking problem?"

McIntosh responded in measured tones: "They drink, but I don't know if it's any worse now than it was before. The Aboriginal people who work here are fine just as long as none of their relatives are here. They will have a few drinks after work, just the same as a European, and they may get drunk on a Friday or Saturday, again just like a European." Speaking more quietly, he added: "At Oenpelli, the situation is supposed to be bad, although police say there are no more than 25 problem drinkers in the town. The fact that many of them drink a lot is known and understood, but the reason why many drink themselves to insensibility is not yet fully understood."

I returned to Jabiru a week later to confirm with McIntosh the report of a brawl between Aborigines and whites at the mine site. He said there had been a fight, but that it involved only a few people. One, a white, had to be taken to hospital, and all were ordered from the compound. Another more serious but unconnected incident had occurred earlier at nearby Mudginberri station. Some hands, believing that a few Aborigines had stolen goods from their store, went to the station camp and began abusing them. After a few Aborigines objected to the language, they were savagely pistol-whipped.

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Koongarra, the most isolated of the four projects, has achieved local fame for defiance of Henry Ford's maxim: "There's no such thing as a free lunch." The first words the abrupt but friendly Owen Marshall, Koongarra's project manager, uttered to me when I first introduced myself were: "Well, you'd better stay for lunch." The deposit of an approximate 15,000 tonnes was discovered by Noranda, the Australian subsidiary of the Canadian company of the same name. Noranda geologists were the first to spot the rich Jabiru find when they flew low over the area, and, as Marshall put it, the "needle on the machine gave a terrific whack". Returning to their base, they found the area had just been pegged by Peko-EZ, and passed on the information.

Marshall, a lanky New Zealander, escorted me around the area where mining will take place. Like Jabiru, it is savannah country, but it abuts a spectacular escarpment outlier. There are about 200 rock paintings in the area, and the company has commissioned George Chaloupka, the official site recorder for the Northern Territory Museum, to compile an inventory. Since the Fox Commission submissions, Noranda has substantially redrawn its plans, removing the danger of flooding or other damage to the paintings. However, Marshall, the pragmatic miner, remains singularly unimpressed: "A lot of it is graffiti — personally, I think you could do a better job with a camera."

I asked him how many traditional owners still live inside the area, and Marshall estimated 17 or 18, but added quickly: "But there are really no more Aborigines around. I've only seen two in the seven years I've been here. It would be funny if it wasn't for the fact that it's so serious."

During lunch, I talked to the five men doing care and maintenance work at the Koongarra site. They vented their collective spleen against the Aborigines, claiming that they have special privileges, and are getting rich on mine royalties without working. This led into a general attack on tax and other vagaries of the system.

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Like Koongarra, there is very little work at present for the 60 men at Pancon's Jabiluka, but until the go-ahead to start mining is given, it is regarded as psychologically important by the company to maintain a strong presence in the area.

Ja Ja, the Pancontinental camp, is a sort of elaborate corporate outstation. From the canteen, you look over the Magela floodplain. There are clumps of graceful melaleuca trees and flood gums and, even at the end of the dry season, when it hasn't rained properly for months, bright green native grass. Grazing by the billabong or wallowing in the mud are herds of water buffalo. Sleek brown dingos often lope by. It is hard to imagine a more beautiful or more unusual panorama — as seen from a mining project.

Ja Ja is the most pleasant of the four mining sites. The camp manager, Eugene Scemenikow, a youthful 32, was dressed casually in stubby shorts, thongs, and a light brown short-sleeved shirt. We drove out to inspect the project's mine site, which lies in hilly country between an escarpment outlier and the flood plain. The view from there takes in Mt Brockman in the east, looking a brilliant dark yellow, and the East Alligator River.

The men at the camp appear to be a typical example of Territory itinerant workers — brawny, bearded, scantily-dressed, and free with their expletives. However, at lunch, they were deep in conversation about a subject one would usually associate with a group of bank clerks — shopping for house mortgages. At another table, the hot topic was Australian Rules football.

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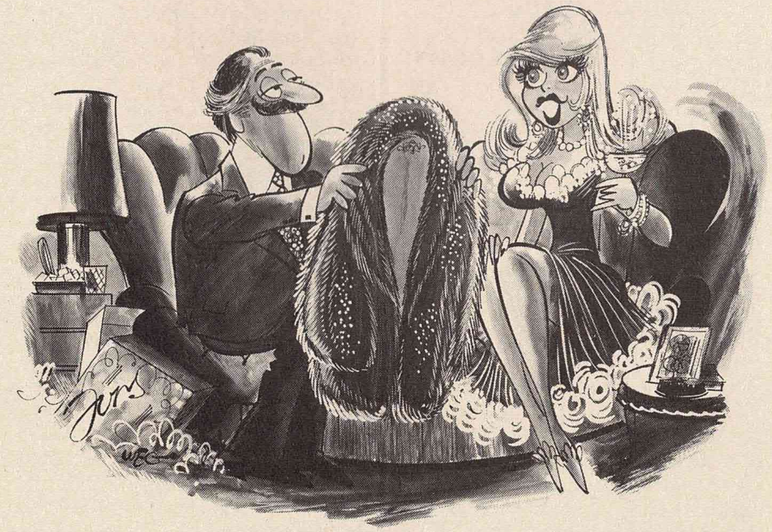
From the serenity of Jabiluka, the Nabarlek project, 100 percent owned by Queensland Mines, is a strong contrast. Since the beginning of last



"Mr Maitland! That's what I call foreplay . . . !"

year, dry season work has been going on 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Nearly three million tonnes of ore and waste rock were mined in less than six months from an open-cut pit shaped like a crooked egg timer. Huge Wabco trucks, bearing 65 tonnes of ore each, curl their way up the blue-grey open cut road after being filled from a scoop near the bottom. They pass through a disciminator, which is used to determine the percentage of uranium ore in every load. This measurement designates on which stockpile the ore is to be dumped, a function undertaken to maintain a consistent mix when the materials enter the milling process.

Nabarlek is the most compact and advanced of the four projects. Two Japanese utilities have current sales contracts with Queensland Mines for the supply of yellowcake, and the company intends to mine the orebody over a six-month period and stockpile the ore for processing over an eight-to-10-year period.

I was shown around the mine by Les Hunter, who has had the title Chief Chemist scratched off his ID-card and has replaced it with the more trendy Environment Officer. We drove to the new permanent mine headquarters, an unimpressive cluster of squat yellow buildings. Les grimaced, "Buttercup valley", and kept on driving. He explained that his own hideaway spot – at Barwon Heads in Victoria – is powered by a wind generator. "But I don't find anything anomalous between that and my position here at Nabarlek," he said philosophically.

A few hundred metres from the mine complex lies the Nabarlek outstation. There are two portable houses, some smaller buildings, a swimming pool, and a water reticulation system, all supplied by Queensland Mines. But the Aborigines don't live there. About 100 metres down a slight hill there is a humpy settlement. The population at the outstation varies between 20 and 60. At one time, before Queensland Mines successfully concluded its negotiations with the Northern Land Council, the company supplied the outstation with beer, tobacco, food and medical supplies. The outstation population peaked the day before the weekly arrival of the company plane – indications of a cargo cult mentality. After the mining agreement was signed, this largesse was cut back.

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The unquestioned leader of Nabarlek outstation is Frank Knulowed. He is the traditional owner of this area, but decided to share out his mine royalty money with 18 other people. Aged about 70, he has one leg missing as the result of a violent feud about 40 years ago. He became a buffalo hunter, the most prestigious occupation for a local Aborigine, when, as he put it, the "hair started growing down there" – and gestured toward his genitalia. Through the years, Frank has adopted numerous children, and developed a strong following in the area.

After being in opposition to mining for many years, Knulowed split from the rest of the Oenpelli Aborigines and agreed with Queensland Mines' proposals. It was a great coup for the company and played a part in facilitating the project's early development. A contributing factor in his conversion to mining was the tense relationship he had with the established power centres at Oenpelli, particularly the mission, which disapproved of his wild ways and resented his personal influence.

Old and hampered by the loss of his leg, Frank Knulowed remains a tough figure. He is slim, handsome, and wears a checked cowboy shirt and a bronco hat. Sitting at the edge of his humpy with his wife behind him, and surrounded by several small dingos, he told me mining was "orright" because the pit at Nabarlek will be refilled, and the area rehabilitated. The development, he said, will bring good roads and Toyotas. "I came back here to die," he said cheerfully. "When men become old, they go back to England to die if they come from there, so I came back here to this place because I come from here. I feel orright here."

"Jabiluka will be no good. They say mining will go underground. But there will be dust. That dust might hurt a tree or bird or something."

Later in the week, Frank Knulowed drove into Oenpelli to attend a special meeting being held to discuss the town's displeasure with Queensland Mines' use of the Oenpelli-Cahill's Crossing road. Eight traditional owners have challenged the company's continued use of the road, and a hearing will begin in the Northern Territory Supreme Court in the near future. The challenge is based on provisions contained in the Land Rights Act, passed in 1976, which requires consultations with local people affected by any proposed mining project. The eight owners say they were not consulted about the use of the Oenpelli-Cahill's Crossing road and were not signatories to the agreement. So far, Queensland Mines has refused to compromise with the traditional owners, pointing out that, under the legislation, it is obliged to negotiate only with the Northern Land Council.

Essentially, the dispute is between the Aborigines in Oenpelli, who have maintained a vehement opposition to mining and are directly affected by the development, and the Darwin-based NLC. The locals claim the NLC has tricked them over the planned use for the road, and they have threatened to secede from the Council.

The meeting was held under a large mango tree outside the Gunbalanya Council office. Seated next to the tree trunk was Silas Maralugurra, chairman of the Gunbalanya Council and the man running the meeting. Next to him in the shade were John Waters and Geoff James, solicitors for the eight traditional owners. Nearby, but out of the shade and in the gravel, were Paul Mihalop, operations manager for Queensland Mines, and his assistant.

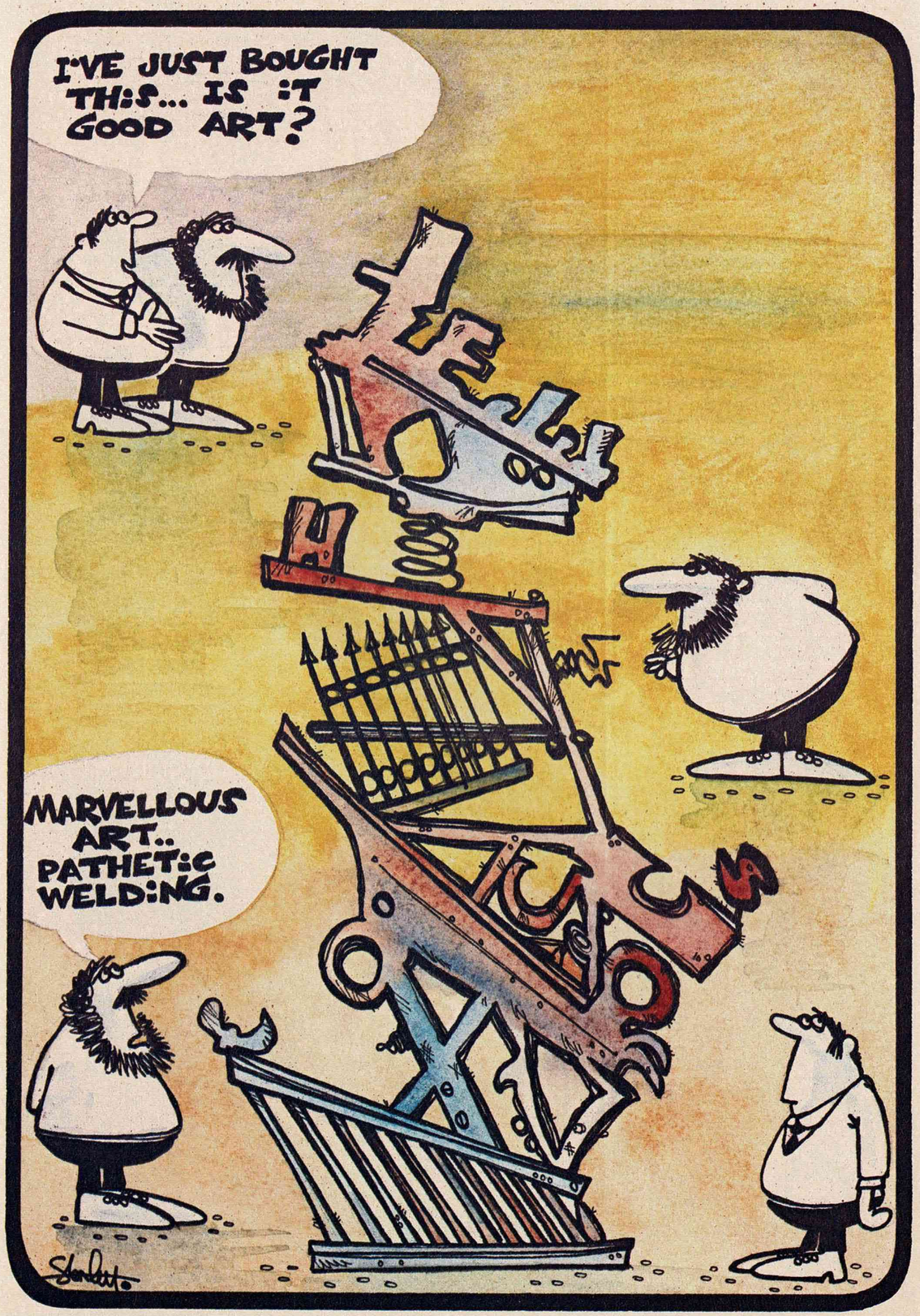
Silas spoke first, denouncing the company for using so many trucks on the road. Mihalop said that rights for use of the road are incorporated in the agreement with the NLC. The meeting soon turned into an argument, and hostility toward the NLC was apparent. In a book to be published soon, the Council's former solicitor, Stuart McGill, claims the NLC sold out the local Aborigines.

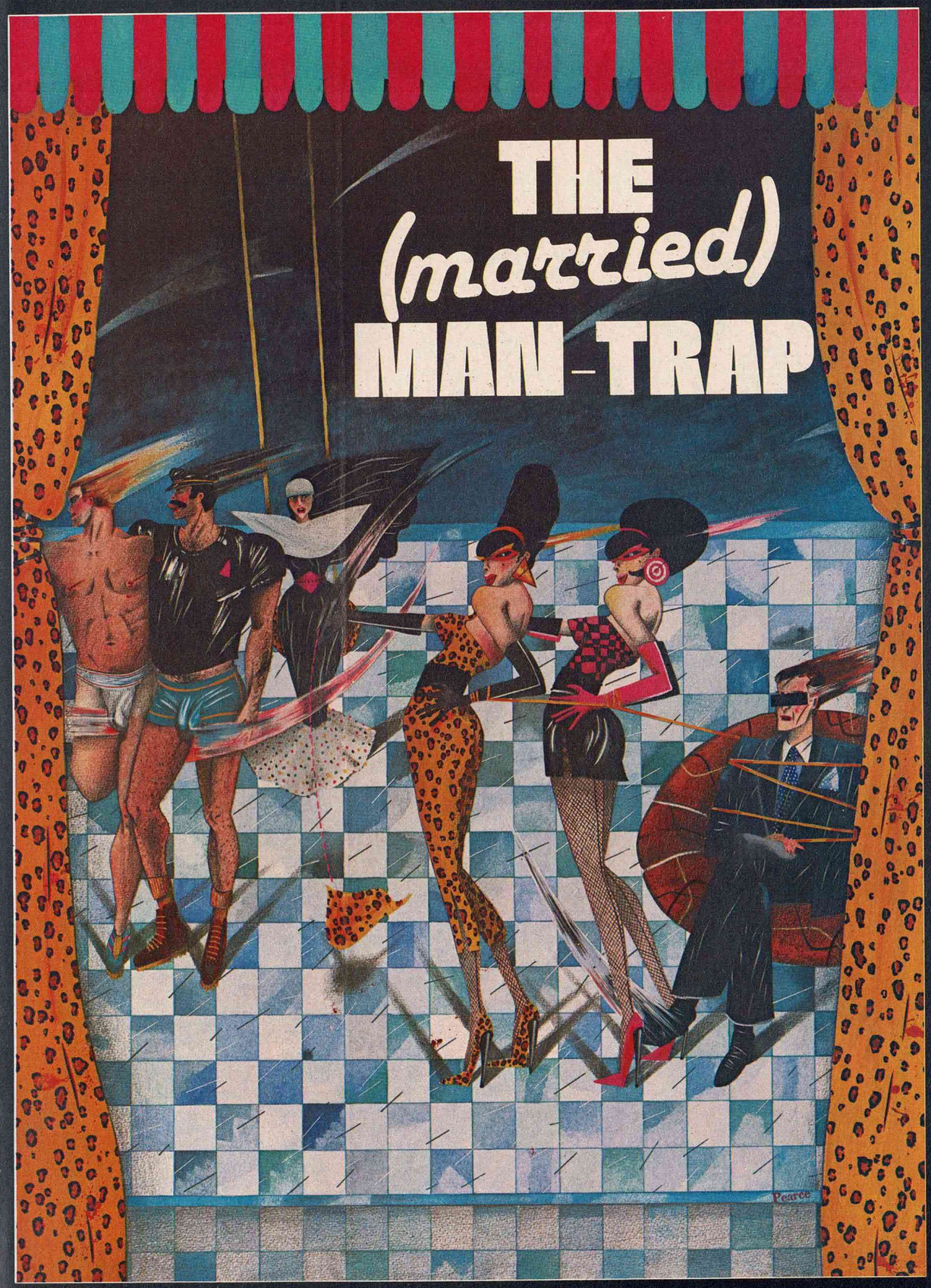
After the meeting, I asked Big Bill Naijidji, an influential man who runs an outstation, to tell me what he knew about uranium mining.

"This bloke, he drove me to Rum Jungle about 1954, and we looked and I said: what are they doing there? And he said: this mining. I couldn't move. I had never seen it before – a hole like that, and deep. What was all this hill of stuff over there? Then the rain come and someone said to me: you know Daly River? I said yes. He said: there's no fish there. What for no fish? That's Rum Jungle. I call all the fish, he say. He said: you know that mangrove tree by the river? It's gone. I said: what for? He said: that's Rum Jungle.

"A while ago, Silas pick me up for a ride, and say we go to Jabiru. He said: look at that mine there. I said: ah, might be Rum Jungle little one, this one 20 times bigger. They have bitumen road come through. Now it's too late. Mining already here. I reckon Jabiluka will be no good. I can feel it that way. They say it will go underground, but there still be dust. That dust might go down the rivers. It might hurt a tree or bird or something."

Next month: What uranium mining is doing to the Aboriginal people.





it's not that there is a shortage of men – just that most of them are married

article **By THE SALAMI SISTERS**

THE WORLD may be suffering from food and fuel shortages, but for girls, there is a much more serious problem. Every woman in town is complaining about the man shortage.

It is getting so that we've resorted to perving on the dumb blonds in the *Cleo* pin-ups. Decent single men are a rare breed. In fact, they are almost an extinct species.

Men have never had it so good!

Camouflaged in stilettos and leopard-skin, we go out on safari through Sydney every Friday and Saturday night, scouring the clubs, pubs, dances and discos, hunting the hetero. We strut round town in our fishnets, trying to snare something. Anything! Our prowls have led us to the seedier side of town, to the Darlinghurst clubs where women can't even get past the door (What do they do in there? Is it revenge, just because we didn't invite them to our Tupperware parties?).

At French's, we bought our own drinks and emptied the peanut bowls. Maybe they're just shy, we thought. Scared of being sexist. Through the dimness, we spotted two macho hunks at the other end of the bar. Practising our liberated approach, we moved in, but it wasn't until we were up close that we noticed their perms, clutch-bags and copies of *Campaign*. So that's where all the men have gone. Now we know what it feels like to be rejected. We've had to put a black ban on the whole of Oxford Street.

Perhaps we really are destined for the convent, mouthing the maiden's prayer every night on bended knees as we sneak a quick optimistic look under the bed: "Ah, men!"

Because of the man shortage, the women of Sydney are forced to hurl themselves into their careers, eye off girlfriends' younger jail-bait brothers and try not to fall prey to those overalled, cropped-haired lesbians who lurk in the inner suburbs. In this time of drought and dire necessity, there's only one breed of male available. In fact, there's a surplus of him. He's dangerous, he's deceitful, and if you tangle with him, he'll leave you scarred. He's the dreaded MM.

Sometimes, you don't learn about "the wife" until half-way through the night. He will drop the casual bombshell at three in the morning that he "has to take Joy shopping for a cot in the morning". A Married Man can *never* stay for breakfast. Even the time you spend with him is short – and censored. "Don't mark me!" he will shriek, pulling away from your passionate love bite.

You learn fast how to become a sneak. He gives you loving pep-talks, curled up in bed, about being a brave girl and that "we won't always be able to express ourselves in public". The next day you see his cream Triumph cruising down the street, and wave frantically. He stares straight ahead, as if he's never laid eyes on you, let alone *laid* you. But the Liberated MM is even worse. He and his wife have an "understanding". If you hear that one, make a run for it.

"She doesn't rule my life," he'll boast, checking his watch, washing off the baby oil and removing all your fingerprints. He'll tell you they only got married to get the house, that they respect each other's personal liberties and individual freedom ... "Oh, but don't come round . . ." he'll panic, and "ah . . . don't ring after five o'clock . . ." You try to console yourself with the fact that he's got life-with-the-wife imprisonment, but it doesn't help.

If he does invite you round to drink *his* coffee for a change, it'll be a back-door job. Smuggling you in past the renovated bathroom and the antique clock collection, he lures you on to the brass bed. It's unmade and still warm, and there's *her* Pill packet and wedding photo on the bedside table. That *really* inspires you. The brass bed rattles and clangs until he stops dead, mid-puff. The phone's ringing. Still aboard, he leans over the bed to answer it. "Yes darling ... ha, ha, ha ... no, the plumber hasn't come yet ... okay sweetheart ... hurry home." You lie there, listening, anchored to the lace bedspread. Honestly, grown men should know better. It's not until the doorbell goes, and you find yourself flung into his wife's end of the wardrobe, that the vague suspicion sneaks into your mind that, well, maybe you're being used.

Your social life is also crippled. He might take you out at first, but it will be only to the most off-beat places. Sitting in a pinball parlour in Blacktown, he cowers in the rear booth in permanent paranoia of running into his brother-in-law, or somebody from his wife's tennis club. So most entertaining is done in *your* bedroom. Outside excursions are limited to walking *him* back to *his* car, which he's parked miles away in the back streets to keep his wife off the trail.

But none of this deters you. Oh, you cry and complain and throw darts at his picture, but each time he comes round he has a new line to smooth everything over: (a) his wife doesn't understand him; (b) when he's with her, he's only thinking of you; (c) he can't even get it up for her any more; (d) he calls your name in his sleep; (e) he'd love to say he loves you, but he just can't; (f) if only fate had been kinder – you're much more his type.

He's just got nothing in common with his wife. Even the little things about her get on his nerves – the way her chin sticks out, how she never picks up after herself, how she puts too much garlic in the omelette, and how she dented the car while parking it. It's then that you start thinking how much you like garlic, how often you leave your knickers lying around on the floor, and how you're not the best at reverse parking. You quickly stifle the awful inkling of how much you've got in common with dreaded Mrs MM, then he deflates your rising conscience with promises that he's moving out and getting a flat. The next night you see him creeping down the street with a bunch of flowers for his wife. "Oh, but it's only to put her off the scent."

Most single girls have been sucked into the MM mud-puddle. In our household, if there's a knock on the door at midnight, each of us torpedoes, half-dressed, down the stairs, hoping it will be *her* MM. That's the worst part – not knowing whether or when he's coming round.

He'll usually catch you in your pyjamas, covered in Action Lotion or with one eyebrow plucked. He'll never find you in bed with somebody else, because the stupid part is that you remain boringly faithful to the swine. When he arrives at these odd hours, you stall him and race down to the bathroom for the fastest legshave in the west. Not wanting to waste the few precious moments you have with him, you butcher and hack away with a blunt razor in one hand while trying to insert your diaphragm with the other. Slashed, trailing blood, covered in Band-aids, you finally stagger up the stairs and into his arms. But it's okay – he just *loves* your "girlish charm".

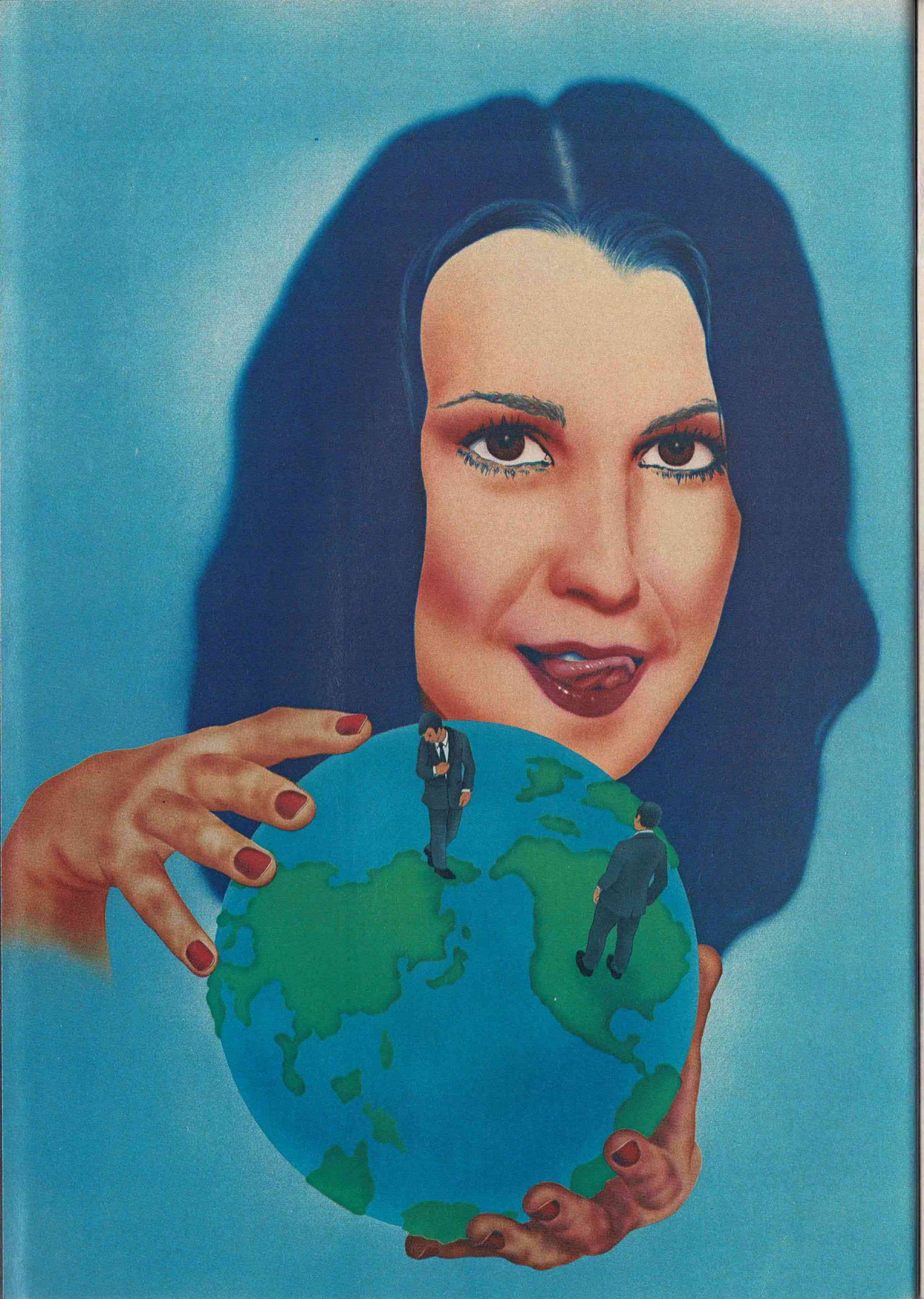


Illustration by Greg Somers

JUDY CHAVEZ

Judy Chavez is now one of the most notorious in a long line of mistresses who have made their fortune, by publicly revealing the details of their dalliances with famous men. She's due in Australia soon to promote her book, Defector's Mistress, *which describes her experiences with former Soviet diplomat Arkady Shevchenko.*

IT ALL started in the Yellow Pages. The FBI wanted a girl to spend the night with Arkady Shevchenko, the highest ranking Soviet diplomat ever to defect to the US. So they let their fingers do the walking, and contacted one of Washington DC's better known "escort services".

Judy Chavez, a small, raven-haired Alabama beauty, took the assignment, unwittingly walking into a drama of international espionage that would embarrass both the US Government and its secret services, and prove to be the subject of her aptly-titled book, *Defector's Mistress.*

He was her third and final trick on that night in early May. As usual, she packed a sleeping pill ("there's nothing worse than lying awake all night next to some creep you don't know and can't stand"), smoked a joint, and turned her car radio to the raunchy, violent music she always used to psych herself up for tricking.

She'd been told the trick was a French diplomat. But, approaching room 520 in Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel, she felt strange vibes. There was a guy standing outside the door who looked like he had "cop" written all over him. He said he was the diplomat's secretary. She didn't believe him, but she let it pass. Still, it made her nervous, so once inside she slipped her spare joint under a cushion. She was still on probation for a marijuana bust in New Jersey, and was paranoid about being caught again.

The "French diplomat", introduced as André Ringland, was a subdued, humble guy in his mid-40s with a funny accent. He had on a robe and slippers, something American men never travel with, so she did believe that he was foreign. He also obviously had plenty of money. He agreed easily to her fee – $250 for the service and $500 for herself. She didn't worry about who he was or what he did. "The first thing you learn in the business is not to ask a guy what he does, because it turns him off," she says.

Chavez was a specialist in sado-masochism, known in the trade as "English", which she'd chosen because "that way you don't have to touch them". It was popular in Washington. "Men in power become kinky because they're so used to dominating other people that they feel guilty about it, so they go to a prostitute for humiliation."

But, after she'd tried a touch of dominance, striking sexy poses in her spiked heels and being verbally tough, she realised this guy wasn't into that. He just seemed to want companionship, the hardest kind of trick as far as she was concerned, because they just wanted to hold you and pretend you were their girlfriend.

So, instead of humiliation, bondage and torture, she and Shevchenko sat around sipping Cointreau, discussing

THE GIRL WHO HOOKED A SPY

anyone who doesn't believe that the american dream still exists should have a look at the story of arkady shevchenko's rise to fame and poor fortune

profile By SUSAN ANTHONY

French history. She took a bath, and they went to bed and had sex – "if you could call it that" – and went to sleep for the night.

When she wanted to leave in the morning, he asked her to stay another hour. "I knew he wanted sex, because a lot of old guys are that way. They wake up with a hard on." She hit him for another $100, which he paid without hesitation. Thinking she was on to a good thing, she left, giving him her real name and phone number, and hoping he didn't find the joint under the cushion.

During the next five months, Shevchenko saw Chavez constantly, and apparently fell in love with her. She cut down on her other regular clients, though she still dabbled in bi-sexuality. The deal became $5000 a month, $500 a night.

They ate out in Washington's best restaurants, he bought her expensive jewellery and designer clothes, and gave her $9000 toward her $13,000 Corvette. They took an extended vacation in the Virgin Islands.

One evening, she arrived at the Sheraton and found Shevchenko sobbing. He said he had just learned his wife had died. A few days later she saw an item in *Time* magazine which said the wife of a top Soviet defector had been found dead of an overdose of sleeping pills. Shevchenko then admitted who he was. Chavez brushed it off. "I was never going to let him think I thought he was important."

In fact, Shevchenko, who was a senior member of the Soviet diplomatic corps, under-secretary-general of the UN Security Council and a vital figure in the SALT talks, had been an American agent and was now in the protective custody of the CIA and FBI.

After the revelation, Chavez kept the deal going, but started recording her phone conversations with Shevchenko and keeping photocopies of the numbered bills he paid her. By October, she had her evidence, and wanted out.

She blew the whistle to NBC TV newsmen, and publicly accused Shevchenko of paying her more than $40,000 in taxpayers' money. The CIA and the FBI denied it. Shevchenko said he knew her, but that the money was his own. And President Jimmy Carter stated at a press conference: "If the figures ... were accurate ... it would be highly inflationary, and contrary to my policy." Chavez fled with a six-figure book contract to make a new life in New York. The result is a readable kiss-and-tell account of this affair.

Two and a half years after blowing the story, Chavez now lives in a small, opulently decorated apartment on Manhattan's East Side. Ironically, several prostitutes work out of the apartment below. When I call, she is wearing a body-hugging red-and-black-striped dress, and is holding a huge white Persian cat in her arms. She is perfectly made up, somewhat flat-chested, and impeccably polite.

It is a bright autumn day outside, but the plush living room she leads me to is dark and airless, with black blinds, heavy red velvet furnishings and garish velveteen wall-hangings. A piano, one of her current interests, holds centre stage, while off to the left, in the pantry, is the piranha tank made much of in her book, and now containing only one of the man-eating fish. Its mate has died, and it looks lonely.

Chavez is gregarious and articulate, a seasoned interviewee. She speaks with a soft southern drawl, acquired before she left home and husband at 19 to go into the business.

She willingly explains why she blew the whistle on the lucrative deal she had going: "I just couldn't continue in that situation any more. It was getting to the point where the FBI was calling me up at home and asking me things about Arkady, psychological evidence against him, whether he felt guilty about defecting, whether he was anti-American at all, how much he was drinking, his sexual performance.

"I know they were doing that so that, when they interrogated him, they would have a psychological picture of him. And I didn't really like it. It wasn't part of the deal. My deal was $5000 a month and $500 a night, and I didn't have to put up with the FBI following me around.

"Then Arkady started calling me up all the time wanting to know if I was okay, which made me apprehensive. He also started trying to push me into marrying him. It wasn't so much that I was angry at Arkady; I just didn't understand why the CIA would get a girl unwittingly involved in an international espionage case.

"If I had walked in there knowing that he was a Soviet defector, and they were the FBI and CIA, I would have turned around and walked right out.

"He was drinking all the time. He was a mess. I was like a babysitter. The FBI and CIA didn't know how to handle him, and with me there, it was like I was doing the job. Occasionally he would give me top-secret information, but I really didn't want to hear it. I was in enough trouble already.

"If I didn't show up to see him one night, he would cancel all his meetings, all his de-briefings the next day. So they depended on me to get him to go and give them information. If he was in a bad mood, he wouldn't talk to them, so I always had to keep him happy."

Why did she hang around once she knew Shevchenko's identity? "Well, they had already busted the service I worked for, and I was scared." But after the *Time* piece appeared, and he made his confession? "Well, the money was real good."

To the inference that she found the drama of being involved in international espionage a turn-on, she replies: "Actually, it was boring. And it was getting to be a hassle. These people weren't James Bond types. I could have maybe written a book where I'd had Arkady as a Dr Zhivago, the CIA as 007s, and me as the hooker with the heart of gold. But that was not the way it was. And I was amazed at just how callous and careless they were. I grew up in America, and I always wanted to believe that the CIA were good people and that they were gonna take care of you, but it wasn't like that."

What really upset her about the CIA was that they never offered her any protection. "They never came to me and said: 'We understand that you do what you do, and you understand that we do what we do, and we're gonna make sure that everything's okay and nothing's gonna happen to you. We're behind you.' They never said that. I didn't get any feeling of security from them at all."

All the same, she would never have tried to help the KGB if they had contacted her. "Are you kidding? I would never have done that. For a start, I don't trust Russians."

Now, she says that she's given up prostitution. "In the beginning, when I first left the business, I was still emotionally a hooker. It took a long time to grow out of that."

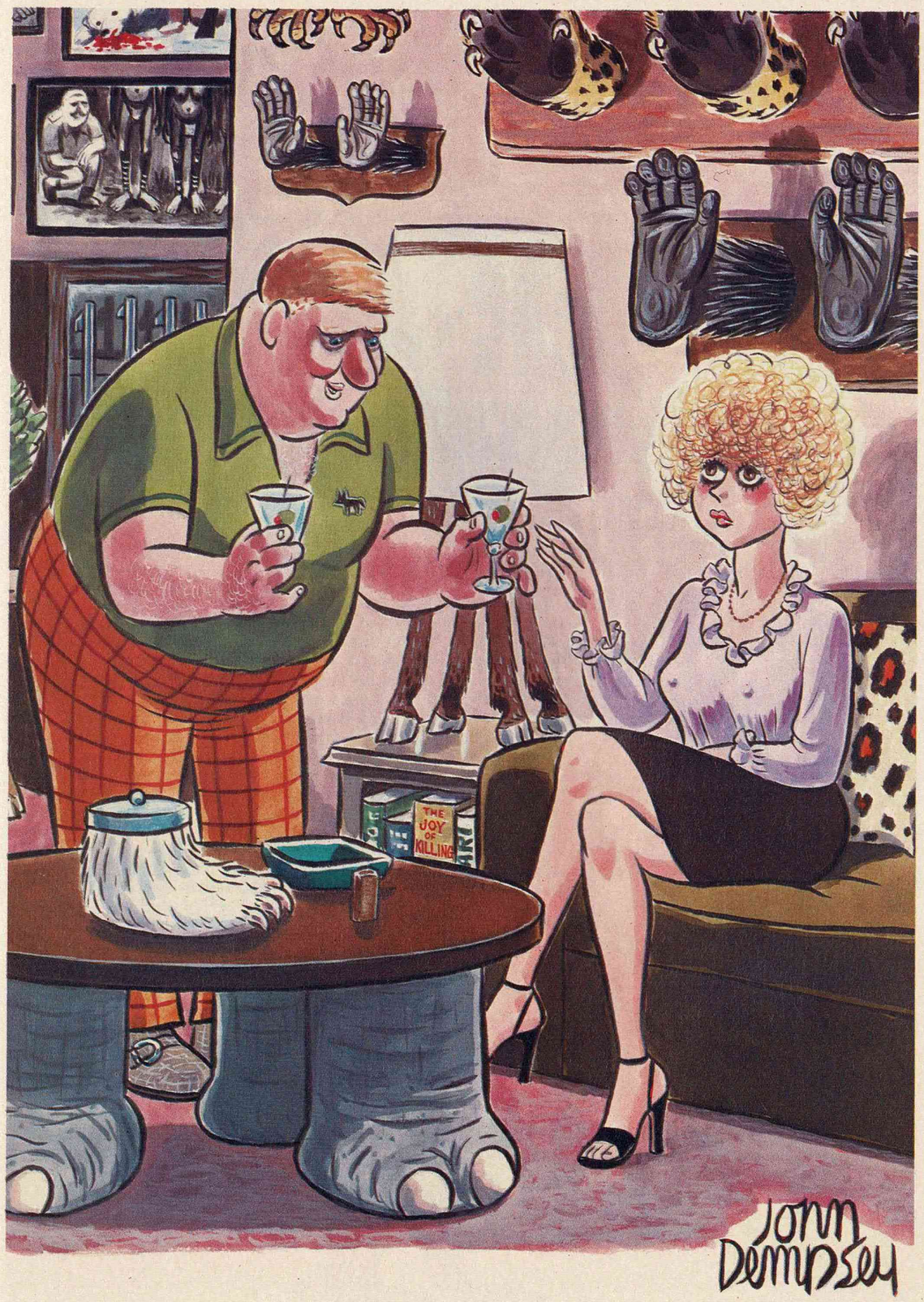
Chavez doesn't know what she'll do from now on. Of course, there's the trip to Australia, and later she may go west, probably to California.

With the small fortune she's made, she is taking piano, ballet and French classes, and investing in real estate.

"I'm trying to recondition myself, which is kind of hard, because I was so used to being with all these different people all the time. It's weird, because now I have to deal with people like attorneys and investors and publishers on a level which is straight; before, I was seeing them as customers. The whole lifestyle is different."

She's also got another book in the pipeline, this one about how to control men – "taking the things I learned as a prostitute and applying them generally, giving women pointers on how to handle men, how to charm them, how to tease them".

Meanwhile, she's set up a private company. Her business card is silver, with spiky indents around the edges, meant to represent a broken mirror. The name: *Shattered Enterprises.*



"Kick off your shoes and relax, my dear."

CARTER BROWN
king of Australia's gumshoes

his hard-boiled heroes and deadly dames have held many millions of pulp fiction readers enthralled, yet few people know his real identity

article **By Denis Whitburn**

HE'S A loner with a jaundiced view of humanity. A hard-drinking, chain-smoking knight in a trench coat, riding a white charger through the bloodied annals of pulp fiction. Call him Philip Marlowe, Sam Spade, Mike Hammer, Harper or any of a hundred other names. He answers to them all, this nemesis of the hard-boiled school of writing, the private eye. Gun at the ready, with a licence to clean up other people's dirty work, he enjoys fast cars and women with equal celerity in his long shadowed world where he will always be one of society's misfits. Off in the distance, there just might be a winning goal – if only he can survive the dames, the bullets and the law. All for $100 a day plus expenses.

Writers of varying abilities have worked to keep the tradition alive since Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler defined the classic private eye persona in the '30s. Of the few who have succeeded, Alan G. Yates is a living example of the anomaly which can exist between reality and the fictional domain of the private eye. How's that again? Alan G. who? Put simply, Patrick White has the Nobel Prize, Alan G. Yates the numbers. All told, 70 million paperback novels written under the name of Carter Brown have been printed since *The Lady is Murder* hit the newsstands in Australia in September, 1951. And, after three decades, Yates is still churning them out. Easily fobbed off as passé, fodder for the illiterate, Carter Browns sell a steady one million copies each year in the United States. Another million are sold in Japan, South America, Australia, England and around Europe. Six new manuscripts are delivered by Yates every year

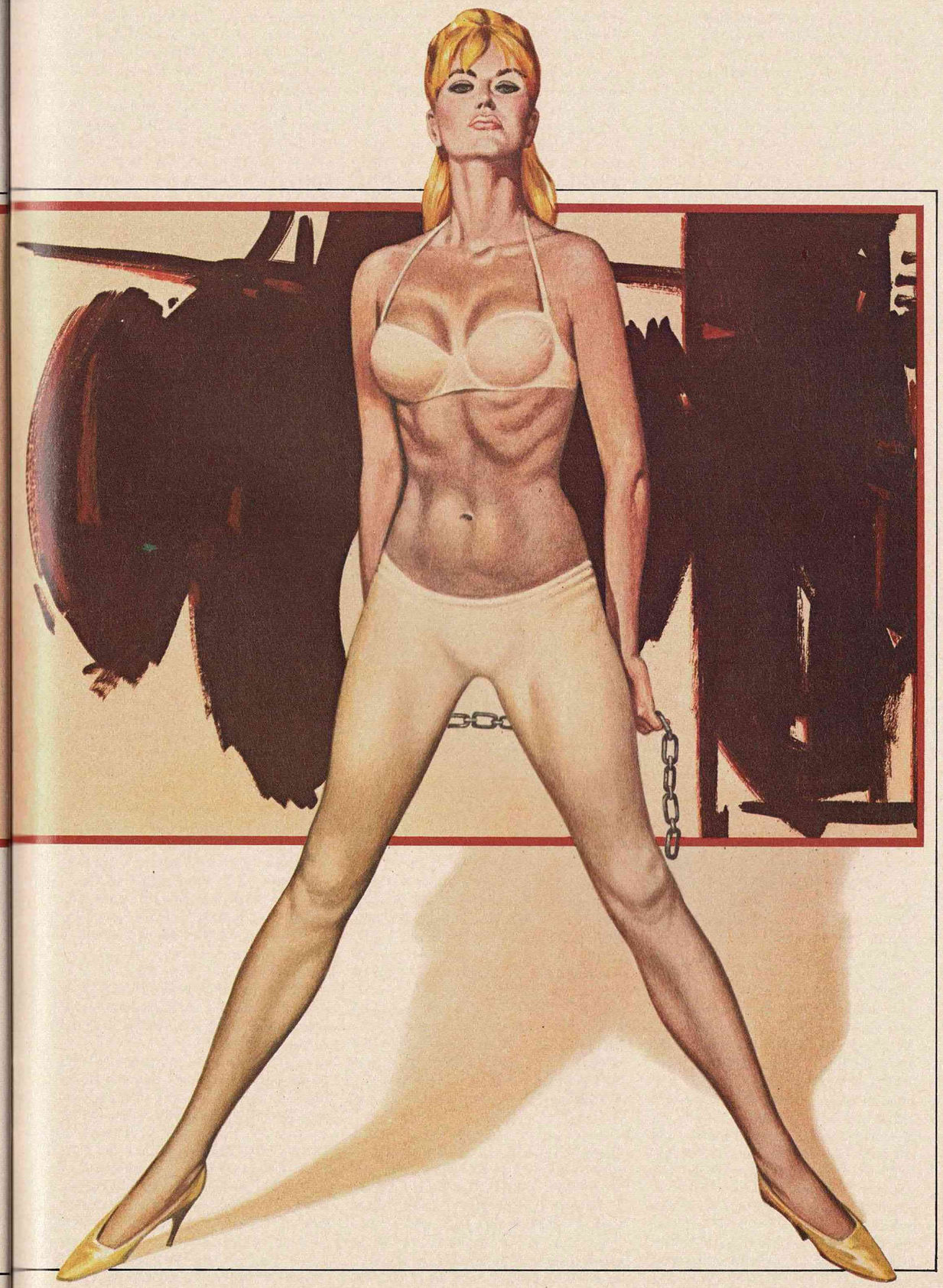


Illustration by Ron Laskie

and join repackaged back titles – *Who Killed Dr Sex, The Flagellator, None But the Lethal Heart, The Streaked Blonde Slave, The Wanton* and more than 150 others.

Between the opening gambit, invariably concerning an incident with a corpse or a naked woman (more often than not the corpse *is* a naked woman), and the closing paragraphs where the private eye receives his just reward for a case well solved – quite possibly from a naked woman prone to nymphomania – the Carter Brown style strikes a clipped pace not unlike a raconteur downing a few with the boys at the local.

Once, school headmasters paled at mention of Carter Brown, and questions were raised in Parliament. How long were the minds of the nation's youth to be debased by this American trash? Trash? Well, that was open to debate – if you could drag the odd politician away from the latest Carter Brown. American? Definitely not. As a series concept, Carter Brown was created, written and published here by Horwitz Group Books, of Sydney – today, Australia's leading publisher of primary education books!

In the confused post-war era, pulp fiction novels – named because of the low grade of paper on which they were printed – offered an escape route from the realities of a world in directionless turmoil. Westerns (the market leader), horror, war, space operas (before the coining of sci-fi) and private eye fiction delivered timeless renderings of good overcoming evil. The reader *knew* from page one where he stood, and the fact, if not the method, of the ending.

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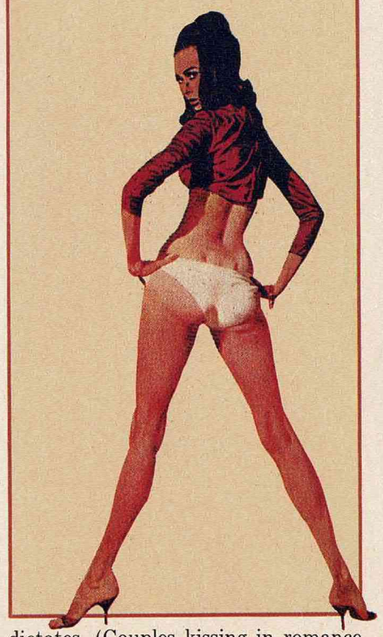
Alan Geoffrey Yates, a young Essex-born immigrant to Australia in 1948, wrote for each pulp genre – moonlighting while still working in the public relations department of Qantas. He soon got an opportunity to spread his literary talents beyond the role he had acquired as editor of the Qantas staff magazine. A Customs ruling curtailed the importation of American pulp novels, severely limiting the reading habits of the nation, until a small group of local publishing houses filled the gap. Writers, trained in the lofty purpose of journalism, began churning out 10-, 15- and 20,000-word popular quickies, and Alan Yates was among them. Payment was on a flat rate. At times they were presented with the finished cover artwork for a genre title, *then* commissioned to come up with the words around which the cover could be packaged! Horwitz were then publishing 48 comic book titles a month (with combined sales of 1.8 million copies) and a number of genre series, and they often employed this cart-before-the-horse method to keep the production line moving.

Impressed with Yates' slick American storytelling style, the company approached him with the idea for a private eye series – something not far removed from the Mike Hammer books then gaining a hard-core readership in America, but tailored to meet Australia's more conservative censorship

"She had only the chair to look forward to. That long last walk from her cell to the execution chamber."



dictates. (Couples kissing in romance comics could do so only *with their eyes open and an engagement ring in plain view!)* Hammer was Philip Marlowe with more balls. Sexual, violent, the novels were damned by critics as verging on the pornographic. And they sold in the millions.

Yates, then 28, a respectable married man working for a prestigious organisation, fell for the bait. He retreated into the Mr Hyde guise that has kept him from public scrutiny throughout his writing career.

•

The widow was helpless – apart from a million bucks . . . the answer to a private dick's prayer; but watch your step, fellah – The Lady is Murder.

In the outer office, Meryl was seated with a mirror propped up on her typewriter and a lipstick in her hand, giving that extra touch to the Cupid's bow which set the boys drooling. She looked up when I walked through the door and gave me a toothpaste-ad smile. "Why Mr Staynes!" she said enthusiastically. "Mr Hynam is expecting you."

"Is that good?" I asked her. She flashed her teeth at me and went into the inner office. When in doubt, Meryl either smiled or, if she was sitting down, crossed her legs slowly and you got so wrapt up in her knees that you weren't interested in the answer anyway. I lit a cigarette and had a look round the walls and noted that Sam had had the interior decorators in again . . .

This was to be the first of an endless chain of cigarettes Carter Brown dicks and cops would ruminate over. Little did Mike Staynes know, while having a quiet smoke, that he was bound for ration-depressed London to act as nursemaid to a million-dollar widow. She was just about to purchase a priceless painting which was once part of Hermann Goering's stolen art collection. Within the context of that first 34-page opus, Staynes fought off an old London underworld adversary, murdered the man's bodyguard, was responsible for the death of an FBI agent (opting for a night in the sack with the widow rather than answer the man's plea for help) and managed to come out of a machine gun shoot-out with only three slugs in his shoulder.

In a four-page wrap-up, the loose ends were neatly tied. The widow was exposed as an ex-Goering-controlled agent in America during the war. Shown for what she really was, Staynes allowed her an alternative to the execution they both knew awaited her . . . *"I walked over to the window and looked out. Something inside me was screaming, but what other way could I have played it? Maybe I had played it tough but she had only the chair to look forward to. Fry, after maybe a trial lasting six months with the newspapers howling all the time. That long, last walk from her cell down to the execution chamber. No! It was better the way I'd played it.*

From the street, a lot of yelling and screaming drifted up, something about a woman who had jumped from the top of the building . . ."

Like so many cigarettes over the years, the first of many dames was extinguished of her own volition; the private dick or cop a silent accessory, meting out his peculiar brand of justice. Passionate dalliance between felon and investigator notched up as just one more wrong turn in the road.

Public acceptance of the Carter Brown "lovely" mysteries was immediate. On the suggestion of Horwitz, Yates quit his job with Qantas and turned to full-time writing, with the company paying him a retainer. On a minimal income ("it was really a break-even situation. I wasn't that much better off than I had been with Qantas"), he faced the daunting schedule of writing two dozen 20,000-word mysteries a year!

Faced with this annual output of a half-million words, he turned to the popular American movies of the day, the Bogart, Cagney, Alan Ladd, Edward G. Robinson crimebusters, as a research source, refining his "Americanese" to give the novels a ring of authenticity. It says something for his learning capacity that close to 50 novels were published before Yates set foot on American soil.

Your Alibi is Showing, Death Date for Dolores, Larceny was Lovely, Sssh! She's A Killer, Meet Miss Mayhem, She Wore No Shroud, set the Carter Brown style, one that relied on dropping the reader right in the thick of it from paragraph one.

I had the headlights up and the beams caught her whilst she was 200 yards ahead of me – standing in the middle of the road and waving frantically. I had to stop or run over her, and to run over a dame is to waste a woman – if she's under 40. I stopped the car a yard from her and she ran to the window. "Thank God you stopped!" she said breathlessly. "There's been a murder!" (Blondes Prefer Bullets, November, 1952.)

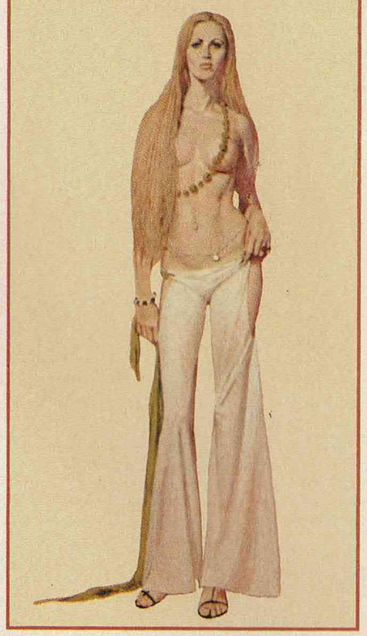
After establishing a Brown following in Australia, Horwitz – now under the direction of Stanley Horwitz, son of the founder – was convinced Carter Brown could be sold to the Americans. Working from a short list of possible US paperback houses, he concentrated on one, New American Library, and in 1954 fronted the company with a batch of Carter Browns. His approach was as direct as any Brown character.

"Read these books. Tell me what you *don't* like about them."

The problem was simple (but in Stanley Horwitz's mind, not insurmountable): how to convince Americans that an Englishman living in Australia could write about America! This is not as odd as it first appears. An American, Edgar Allan Poe, is recognised as having created the first true detective or police procedural stories in the 1840s. His three Dt. C. Auguste Dupin thrillers – *The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Mystery of Marie Roget, The Purloined Letter* – were each set in Paris, a city Poe never visited. A novel by a Melbourne author, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,* was one of the best sellers around the world in the late 1800s. The author, Fergus W. Hume, however, did not benefit from his success. He sold all his rights for $100! The true landmark in the development of the genre came out of England, with the introduction in the 1890s of Sherlock Holmes.

After four years of negotiations, the first Carter Brown, titled *The Body,* was published in America in July, 1958. *"Chicks are his hobby!"* exclaimed the cover blurb. *"But killers are his business . . . and private-eye Al Wheeler (in fact, he is a police*

By 1963, Alan G. Yates had sold 35 million paperbacks and, except for a handful, no one had a clue who he was



lieutenant) tangles with both when he starts gunning for the murderer of two call girls. Pleasure rears its tantalising head when Wheeler runs smack into a luscious blonde and a well-stacked redhead in a fashionable mortuary, but when the murder and mayhem mount, it's back to business. What follows is a torrid tale with the girls coming fast, the bullets faster, and Wheeler careening on a collision course with deadly danger."

Ten out of 10 for the copy writer, and full marks for Stanley Horwitz. The series soon proved the substance of Horwitz's conviction.

Wheeler was one of the regular cast of characters insisted upon by the New American Library. They reasoned that readers would stay with a series if the same lead characters appeared with some regularity.

Working out of a fictional Californian burg, Pine City, Wheeler was a former homicide bureau officer assigned to Sheriff Lavers as his personal assistant. An "unorthodox cop" is what Lavers wanted. Al Wheeler is what he got. Out of Army Intelligence in London, he has a leaning toward Austin Healeys, Peggy Lee records, Scotch on the rocks – and dames.

Yates retreated to writing only a dozen Browns a year, each coming out with the frequency of a monthly magazine, each up to 50,000 words in length. The popularity of the series spread beyond Australia and America to France, Germany, Scandinavia, Israel, Japan, Egypt – even Iceland – and built steadily through the '60s until Carter Brown was appearing in 23 countries, translated into 14 languages.

By 1963, Alan G. Yates had sold 35 million paperbacks and, except for a handful of people, no one had a clue who he was.

The days of fixed payment were behind him. In 1955, Yates was paid on a royalty basis, with contracts renewed over the years to fall into line with mounting sales. By the early '60s, his annual income was in the vicinity of $50,000, scotching a myth that he sold his rights in Carter Brown for $400!

Living in the monied Sydney area of St Ives, and driving a Jaguar, Yates took to the affluent lifestyle like the proverbial duck to water, but never to the detriment of his craft. Meeting deadlines was a fingernail-biting exercise for writer and publisher. It was the author's habit to sit on a new story until up to five days before deadline, then attack the typewriter in long, all-night stretches, unfolding the latest Al Wheeler or Danny Boyd in a kind of hypnotic fever. Executives from Horwitz would arrive at his home in the early hours of deadline day, to be greeted with Irish coffee served by their exhausted author – and a manuscript immaculately typed, in need of little editing.

What Carter Brown readers were buying was homogenised, down-market Chandler and Hammett. In the finest tradition of classic pulp authors, the stories were predictable, repetitious, base – and profitably addictive. *And* a sexist's delight. Women were utensils to be used by Man; always the victim – of sex, sadism, death. Brown's world consisted of upthrusted boobs, peach globed backsides, rising temperatures. Dialogue between characters carried a suitable shop-weary edge: curt, abrasive lines delivered as slaps off a bat in a ping-pong game of "find the killer". Uncomplicated, entertaining and unputdownable.

The lifting of import restrictions and the arrival of television in 1956 laid to rest the local publishing of comic books and pulps. Carter Brown was

one of the few to survive. Replacement writers were used to meet the demand during Yates' illnesses. The creator's formula worked so well that these pretenders were not suspected by readers, creating a point of contention between Yates and the drop-ins. He wanted to believe that no one but he could write a Carter Brown. It was one of the few times, old friends recollect, when the writer showed any sign of bruised ego.

It was a formula not to be tampered with. The American print run peaked at 300,000 copies each month. Talk about coals to Newcastle! His Australian publishers put the success down to humor. Spillane, they said, was tough. Carter Brown, tongue in cheek, taking the edge off death and sex.

The Body 20 years behind him, Wheeler is still a lieutenant, still working for Lavers out of Pine City. The narrative has been remodelled to meet the market requirements of a reading public exposed to Harold Robbins, *Deep Throat,* and the tidal wave of motion picture, publishing and television sexuality.

The Spanking Girls (1979) finds Wheeler not only investigating a murder set against the porn business. He takes to his case with enthusiasm enough to get down to the nitty-gritty himself – shooting his own porn shots of one suspect (naturally, a dame). She in turn flashes off a set of Polaroids of him, first enticing his nether regions into frame. A far cry from the first tame encounter with that million-dollar widow in *The Lady Is Murder,* when the tone of the day demanded the sex take place behind closed doors . . . with all the lights out. Keeping pace with society's mores, changing with the market has kept Carter Brown going while more recent series have faded from popularity. The French are devout Brownites. Horwitz suspects the French publisher of injecting his own brand of Gallic spice to satisfy the hungers of his countrymen. The same might apply to South America, where the series enjoys equal acceptance.

The Body and *Curtains for a Corine* were adapted to the screen by French production companies in the early '60s. Around that time, there was a Carter Brown Australian-produced radio series playing locally and in Hong Kong, and a Japanese company was also producing a television film of *The Body.* Last year, *The Stripper* and *The Corpse* were also filmed for Japanese television. Less successful was a comic book of the '60s, using a facial likeness of Alan Yates on a character named Carter Brown.

Today, Australians in country areas buy most Carter Browns, averaging 7000 copies per title. Uniform American, British and Australian editions are printed in the United States, published by arrangement with Horwitz's Hong Kong branch.

•

Alan Yates, along with Morris West and Jon Cleary, is Australia's major literary export. Never having achieved the acclaim of his contemporaries, he has, nevertheless, equalled their material success. Homes over the years, since moving from St Ives, have included a place in Hong Kong and a luxury penthouse on the East Side in New York City.

"Hammett, I thought, was absolutely brilliant. His plotting was incredible. But Chandler's style, I preferred it to Hammett's."

Today, he and his Essex-born wife, Denise, live in Cornwall Gardens, London. They have two floors of a five-storey Victorian structure in a quiet tree-lined square in the elegant suburb of Kensington. Lord Snowdon lives across the square.

Alan Yates, in his 55th year, is a bespectacled self-effacing man of medium build with greying hair, thinning and set back from a prominent forehead. He is a good dresser, has impeccable epicurean tastes for food and wine – and thoroughly appreciates good bourbon.

Getting Yates to talk about himself is a tooth-pulling exercise. Asked if it were easier writing a Carter Brown today than at the start, he hedges at the intrusion into a private world he has managed to keep that way for close on 30 years.

"I wish to God it were easier. If one goes really well, it can be done in a month. If it goes badly, it can take four months. It varies tremendously. I'm strictly a one-at-a-time man." Meaning that, if he gets a block on a story, he needs to work it out before going on to the next?

"Absolutely!"

Interests away from the typewriter are non-existent. Once he dabbled at gardening as an excuse *not* to sit down at the typewriter. "I used to play tennis, but don't much any more. I read a hell of a lot, but that's about it, I guess." Pushed for an idea of subject interests, he covers the question with, "Oh, anything. Except mysteries. They can be off-putting." Although he does admit to being an admirer of the past masters. "Hammett, I thought, was absolutely brilliant. His plotting was incredible. But Chandler's style, I preferred it to Hammett's."

In an attempt to break away from the Chandler mould, Yates tried his hand at writing a hardback novel in the late '50s. *The Cold Dark Hours,* published under his real name, met with little public reaction and it was plain to Horwitz, who had also tried a Carter Brown hardback in 1954, that the writer's market was in pulp.

Living in his home country since 1971, Yates freely confesses to missing the physical sense of freedom Australia gave him. That and the climate. He pays a high price for his British residency – taxation! "It's one of the penalties you pay for being here. It's something you have to live with, I suppose." He has raised four children, a daughter and three sons (one an adopted Chinese boy).

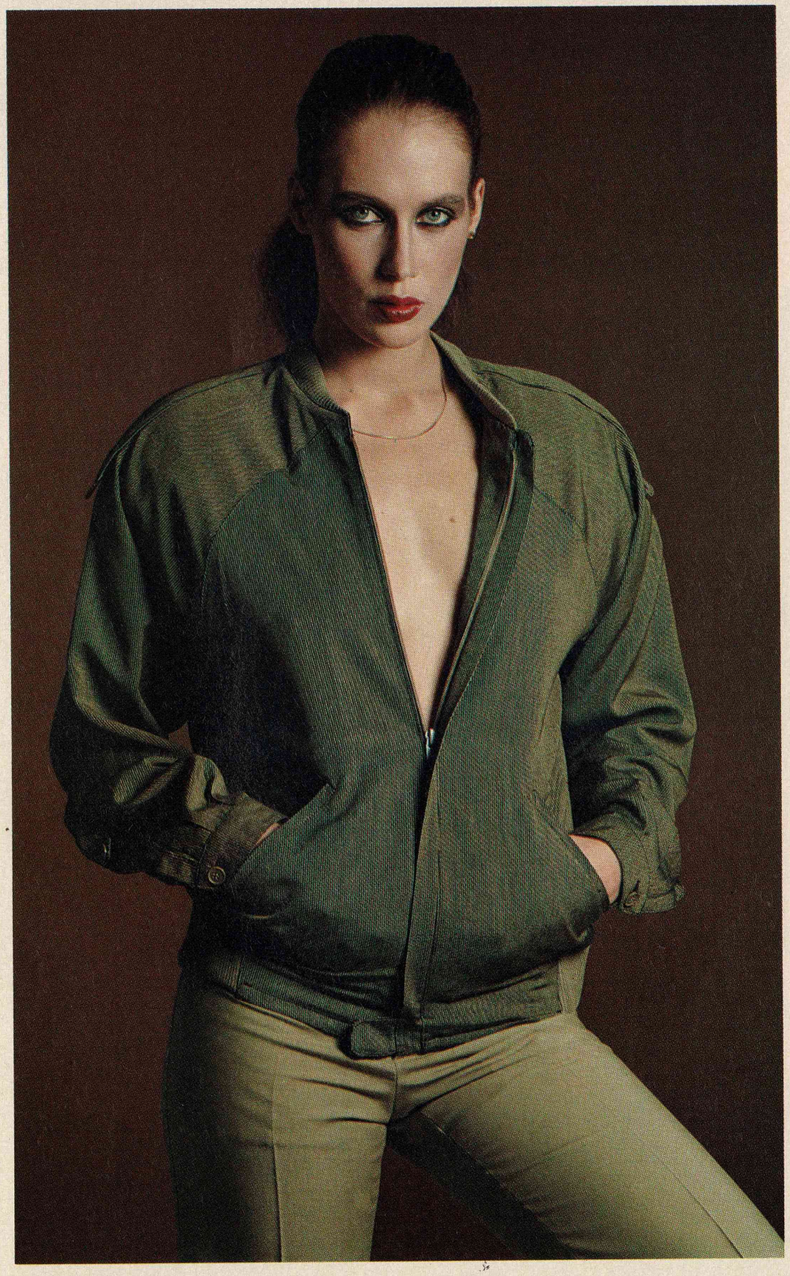
Calling in to see Yates on his way to the 1977 Frankfurt Book Fair, an executive from Horwitz mentioned what a pity it was that the writer couldn't attend the convention. Three days later, Alan and Denise Yates walked up to the executive at the Frankfurt fair.

Meeting his German and French publishers for the first time, Yates was celebrated at a reception and, for a few hours, threw off his Mr Hyde cloak and drank to the honor of the moment.

It was only a short interlude. A guy named Al Wheeler had just found this body – a naked dame, strangled with her own pantyhose . . . and, well, unless Alan Yates got himself back to the typewriter, a couple of million readers would be at a loss to know how Wheeler was going to handle this one.

"Umberto, this is your last night in Pisa – let's make it one that the world will remember."

SUITS US

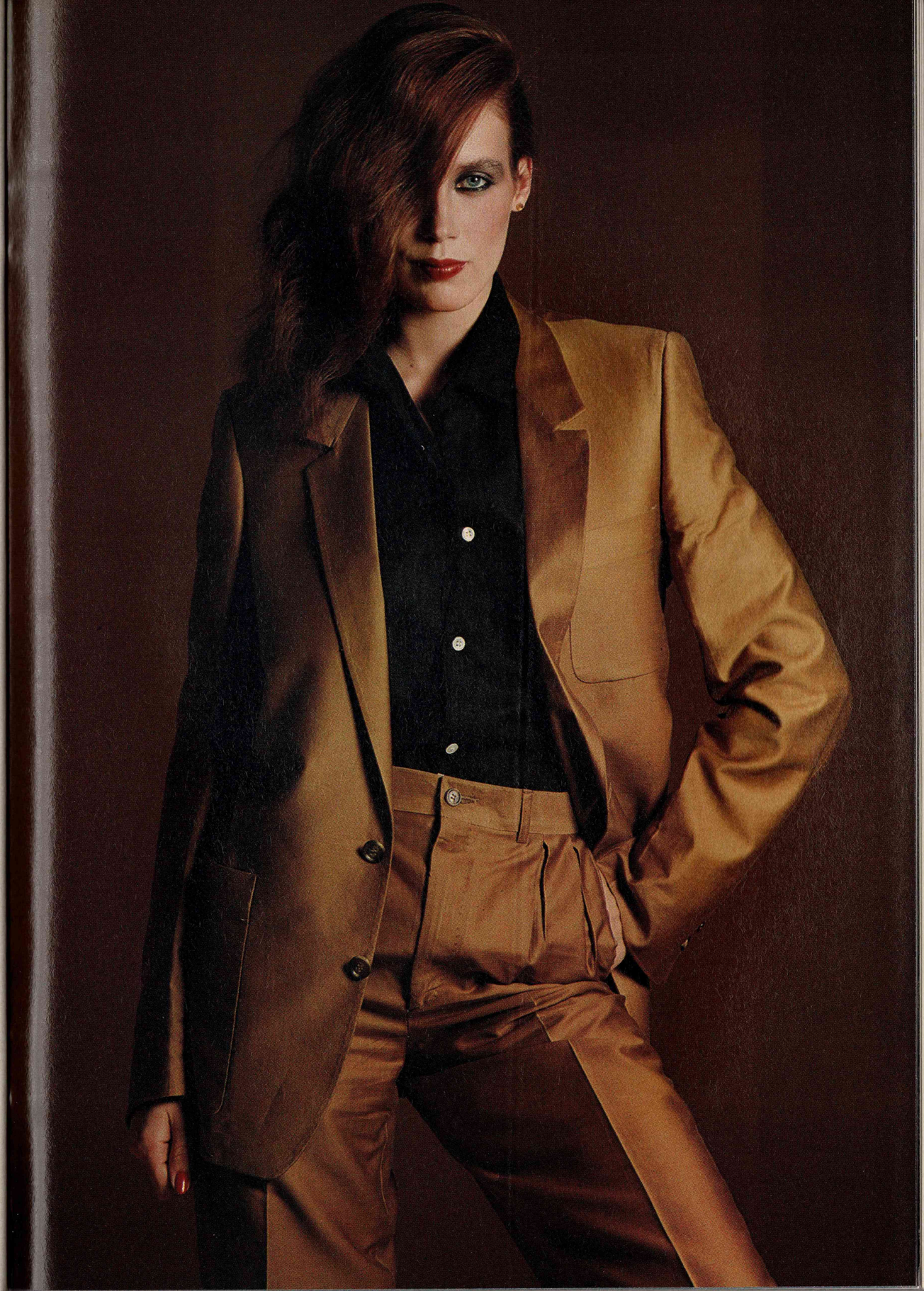


This year, men's fashions suit the action to a few words — exciting and elegant understatement. There's nothing dull about the olive blouson-style Reporter jacket ($129) she's borrowed for the occasion. It makes a great outfit when coupled with the paler green mohair trousers ($81). Gone is the day when the dinner suit was only aired once a year — made of pure cotton, this rich bronze-hued Reporter suit ($289), worn with a natural black silk shirt ($54), is sure to become one of your most beloved items of attire. All clothes pictured here are available from Il Tacchino in Sydney.

Photography
by Ernest Stead

hearts were her favorite suit . . . until she saw your autumn wardrobe

fashion by VICKI EDINBURGH



You may not be a double agent, but then again, she doesn't look much like Bogie, so ask for your rubberised cotton trench coat ($168) to be returned. By Browns of London, it's stocked by Valdis Alexander in Sydney. On the right, the tailor maid sassily dares you to rip your soft grey checked shirt ($49) off her back — be careful not to harm a single thread of the dove-grey double-breasted Reporter suit ($289) she's wearing over it. From Il Tacchino, Sydney.

This young lady's long suit seems to be in pinching all your gear! Nip her in the bud — she only *thinks* she'll wear the pants this autumn. Anyway, you are the one who looks most elegant in these two dinner suits by Trent Nathan. The white number on the left ($250) is 100 percent pure wool and is shown with a mushroom toned shirt ($70) and white wool tie ($15). The black suit to the right ($350) has genuine leather lapels and looks great with a royal purple crêpe de Chine shirt ($65) and red silk tie ($25). Trent Nathan apparel can be found in the Hilton Arcade and at Centrepoint, both located in Sydney.

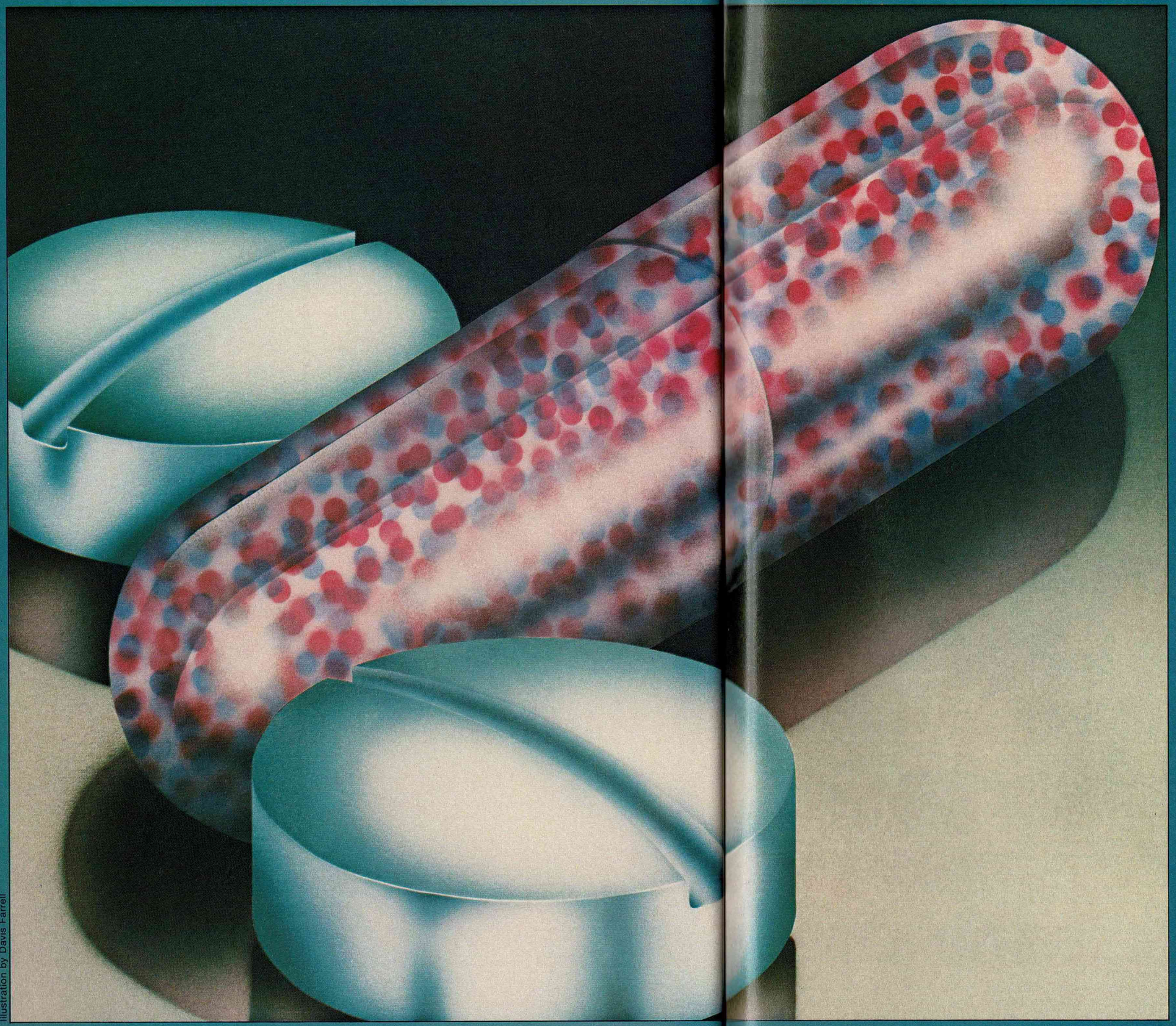


Illustration by Davis Farrell

MEDICINE
it's enough to make you sick

new wonder drugs could use a good, old-fashioned laxative – by dr john dee

DISAPPOINTING IT may be, but at least three-quarters of the everyday medicines administered by general practitioners are neither clinically good nor particularly relevant to your needs. Nor do most people need the services of big teaching hospitals, where the staff has little training in the recognition of common disorders and no idea how to treat them. Teaching hospitals and other large public institutions have a role to play. But that role is the provision of highly technological treatment, which has nothing to do with what is now called primary medical care (PMC).

PMC is relief – cure, perhaps – from the myriad minor ills and afflictions that cause people to seek treatment. At the same time, it should include identification of those who are probably in need of something more and referral of the "something more", be it for further investigation or specialist care. This is all that PMC is supposed to do. It acts as sort of a selective patient filter. But at present, mainstream PMC isn't doing its job adequately.

Dramatic 20th century advances in medicine and surgery have led the public – or a sector of it – to believe that no diagnosis can be made and no treatment given without all the resources of a modern hospital and a team of specialists or, at GP level, that consultation will result in the provision of a new wonder drug with immediate cure of all symptoms. This makes for bad doctoring because the profession is well aware of the patient's expectations.

The strange thing is that, in the treatment of minor illness, nearly every system, scheme and ritual of orthodox and fringe primary medical care will succeed. There are very good reasons for this, the first being that most minor

afflictions have a natural course from onset to spontaneous cure, and will proceed through the cycle unless interfered with by therapy. From this, the truth of the ancient axiom, "longer regimens of treatment give best results", hardly needs explanation. And long regimes are of obvious fiscal gain to the therapist.

Second, most of the benefit to the patient – and, with some conditions, all of it – depends on the interaction between patient and therapist. Or, in other words, if rapport exists between the two, the patient will regain health no matter how half-witted the therapist or inappropriate the treatment.

Third, despite nearly a century of propaganda to the contrary, your body knows far more about its metabolism, its individual needs and requirements, than all the nutritional and therapeutic whiz kids on earth. And your body, no matter who or what you are, is self-regulating, given the chance.

Unless you are highly unique, you can't, for instance, *will* yourself better if you have established cancer. But with many, many disorders now considered to be the province of elaborate medical ritual treatments, you can. You can also prevent many, if not most, in the first place.

• **Constipation and its cures:** There are any number of household remedies that can flush the body clean. Purgatives appealed to pre-20th century physicians because they worked. Constipation is truly something in the nether eye of the beholder, and all those folk of former centuries who beheld themselves having some nasty horror lurking up in the internal dark had access to a veritable arsenal of simple, reliable and effective household remedies. Those few with persistent constipation were treated by a doctor – with strong medicine and, when that failed, a clyster or enema.

Much of the inventive genius of early medicine went into the creation of odd and exotic clysters, and no end of melancholics and monarchs were flushed from this world to the next by clysters unable to let the sun shine into a mechanically-blocked gut.

Freud's contribution to the culture of the colon was to categorise people according to their behavioral response to the parental excitement and drama associated with their toilet training – learning to defecate about the same time of day and always in the right place. People so classified – and this is a valid, sensible scheme which has withstood more than 70 years of antagonism, criticism and contempt – are called either anal retentives or anal expulsives.

Later psychoanalysts illustrated how these early traits are reflected in the superstructure of adult behavior. Oversimplified, the retentive personality represents a capitalist, competitive, acquisitive philosophy, brinkmanship and apocalyptic revenge. The expulsive is the socialist, the let-it-all-hang-out social contact, the man who puts collective thoughts before (often instead of) revolutionary acts. Conservatives are therefore able to function well by containing and concealing the Devil within. On the other hand, the socialist goes berserk at the thought of withholding anything from anyone, and in the finest democratic tradition spews out gross intimacies for all the world to see.

Just as the world was beginning to see what this classification of Freud's was all about, a Russian pathologist, Metchnikov, revamped an idea (taken from the medieval alchemist Roger Bacon) to the effect that senescence – that insidious degeneration commencing in middle age – was caused by the accumulation of God-knows-what in the colon. By cleansing the system of accumulated toxins, went this theory, a multiplicity of obscure diseases might be cured, and thus the process of ageing slowed down or even prevented.

Impressionable families gulp homogenised, vitamin-enriched and pre-digested birdseed at breakfast time – a marketing triumph.

Metchnikov's papers fell into the hands of an English genius – no other term will suffice. William (later Sir) Arbuthnot Lane, a surgeon at Guy's Hospital, London, was plagued by both constipation and a profound sense of duty. In 1903, Lane published his first paper on "chronic intestinal stasis". From then until his death in 1938, Lane was obsessed with "alimentary toxaemia". To this he attributed most of the ills of mankind – toxins or poisons in the bowel, when absorbed into the system, caused rheumatic fever, thyroid disease, cancer, gall bladder disease, bags under the eyes, the lot. And all of these he treated with breathtaking skill – by surgically removing the whole colon.

One night, an engineer suggested paraffin oil to Lane, for those patients to whom colectomy was lacking in appeal. Lane tried this first on himself and "... took a sufficient quantity half an hour before each of the three meals to produce an action of the bowels afterwards". He felt better. Soon, patients in Guy's Hospital were dosed with paraffin, as were those in other hospitals, and defecating one's way to glowing health became a commonplace fixation in medical minds throughout the civilised world.

In his declining years, Lane consumed increasing amounts of paraffin, and the resultant leakage made him an unwelcome guest. Through the 1920s, he campaigned to convince the public to consume more fruit, to take vitamin supplements, and to eat vegetables raw – all in the interests of the prevention of both disease and tissue degeneration. Several industries saw the potential in Lane's ideas – including the makers of breakfast cereals, because defecation is what it is about.

Before hospital staffs became so obsessed with keeping humanity's bowels open, Scottish peasants were thought to be the only people to eat cereals, but that was because there was absolutely nothing else to eat. Today, impressionable families gulp homogenised, vitamin-enriched and predigested birdseed at breakfast time – a marketing triumph. The nutritional benefit of a plate of factory-processed breakfast food is enough to get one laboratory mouse about half way around its cage before being felled by pellagra and rickets. Milk, sugar and fruit, added to make the stuff edible, help a bit – but not much.

Another successful division of the defecation market is the purgative pill industry, which is now on the decline, muscled aside by the indigestible food fibre industry. As a routine aperient for occasional use, dried fruit is about as good as anything, but if you must have pills from the chemist, get something that is sophisticated.

• **Alcohol, sleep and sedation:** Sexual activity is recreational and is also an exercise required by normal adults. In addition, it is a natural sleep-inducing, tranquillising agent. Everything else is a substitute. Like most evolved animal societies, our species includes a lot of unpaired – mainly unpairable – individuals. It is the behavior of these, the unpaired in pursuit of the unpairable, and their ceaseless carrying-on about it, which accounts for many of the bizarre and mad influences in modern life.

Alcohol, of course, is a major catalyst in all of this, and the trouble is that about one-third of the populace can't cope with booze. A modern dilemma is whether it is better for society to let this third kill itself with alcohol or attempt to dry it out. Once more, the chemical industry has come to the rescue with the tranquilliser. This is true sophistication, because the tranquilliser acts as a control over

"Your shout."

those unpaired and unpairable who haven't sufficient access to orgasm, and sublimate by making themselves rowdy and aggressive with alcohol.

The industry, finding itself with a stockpile of a new insecticide, phenothiazine, modified the molecule slightly, and in 1952 gulled medicine into using it as a tranquilliser. So started one of the largest growth areas of the drug industry. Medicine's response to this new group of drugs was phenomenal. Initially using them only for mental disorders — many of which might or might not exist — doctors now dispense phenothiazine derivatives to almost anyone who asks for them.

One of the odd features of the modern doctor's approach to symptoms arising from the patient's situation problem is expained by this example: Bill has a pain in the gut because of his wife's or his boss' incessant nagging, and consults his doctor, who gives him a tranquilliser. This has no effect on the wife or the boss, nor is the pain relieved. But the drug industry feels good. The sedation produced by the tranquilliser makes Bill even more vulnerable to his insufferable wife's shrewing, because the miracle drug has messed up his fight or flight mechanism. As a result, the pain gets worse, or another symptom appears with it. Medical response to this has been to create a bigger and better tranquilliser.

A decade ago, a leading drug company promoted the idea that overlaying all symptoms was an element of "reactive depression". Its theory was that the pain in the gut makes you feel crook not only because it is a pain in the gut but also because of resentment — reaction to having the pain in the gut — and that a thiazide will relieve part, if not all, of this. That was one of the most clever marketing ideas ever pushed under the nose of modern medicine.

Thiazides take the worry out of being ill. For doctors, they also relieve the professional strain of attempting to do something rational about the cause of most patients' symptoms.

This is where alternative medicine scores. Estimates vary, but seven or eight of every 10 patients who consult a GP do so for a "non-organic disease" reason. Within minutes, they have been given a "remedy" plus tranquillisers and a pass to part of the ritual of investigatory medicine — referral for X-ray or blood tests. Of course, better GPs sort the matter out properly. But many don't. The alternative practitioner succeeds because he listens to what the patient has to say about the origin of the problem, and then sets out to do something effective about it. It is also a point in his favor that the sound gentry of alternative medicine make referrals for specialist treatment when confronted with something for which they have no effective answer — for instance, diagnosable cancer.

Herbalists are mainstream medicos from the past, and they have a multiplicity of extremely useful (and cheap) remedies. They tend to make no secret of what these remedies are, where they can be obtained and how to use them. A herbal practitioner can provide camomile or valerian tea, and either one will provide all the benefits sought of drugs like Valium with none of the drawbacks.

If you have been convinced by modern medicine and the edible oil industry that fats in the blood mean something, herbal medicine will show how garlic can restore normality, and alfalfa will help with some obesity.

Such remedies went out of fashion after the last decade of the 19th century, when medicine was steered into a new era, and the German chemical industry took over. By the end of the century, this industry could dictate terms to medicine. In return for organisational expertise and funds for "research", (really no more than seemingly objective confirmation by medicine that the industry's products did what the industry said they did), medicine was forced to use the products of the chemical industry and then to think the way the industry thought. It still does.

Impotence caused by a partner whose face frightens dogs and small children may not respond to commonly known aphrodisiacs.

Until this year, in the face of absolute certainty that the idea was total nonsense, the profession prescribed tonnes of potent mood-altering substances to patients experiencing "stress" problems for no better reason than one large firm told it to do so.

An instance of this: a large Harley Street practice in the late 1960s and early '70s, dealing with many women aged between 18 and 25 from England, France and Germany, discovered, when getting its data ready for computer analysis, that the statistical majority of the English were being treated for "anxiety/tension", the French for "biliary-digestive" disorders and the Germans for "kreislauf" (circulatory) problems. Valium had been prescribed for nearly all of them. Upon closer observation, the symptoms of each group were seen to be almost identical.

• **Aphrodisiacs and impotence:** Aphrodisiacs are substances which produce or accelerate sexual appetite or ability. Impotence caused by a partner whose face frightens dogs and small children may not respond to commonly known aphrodisiacs. Or anything else.

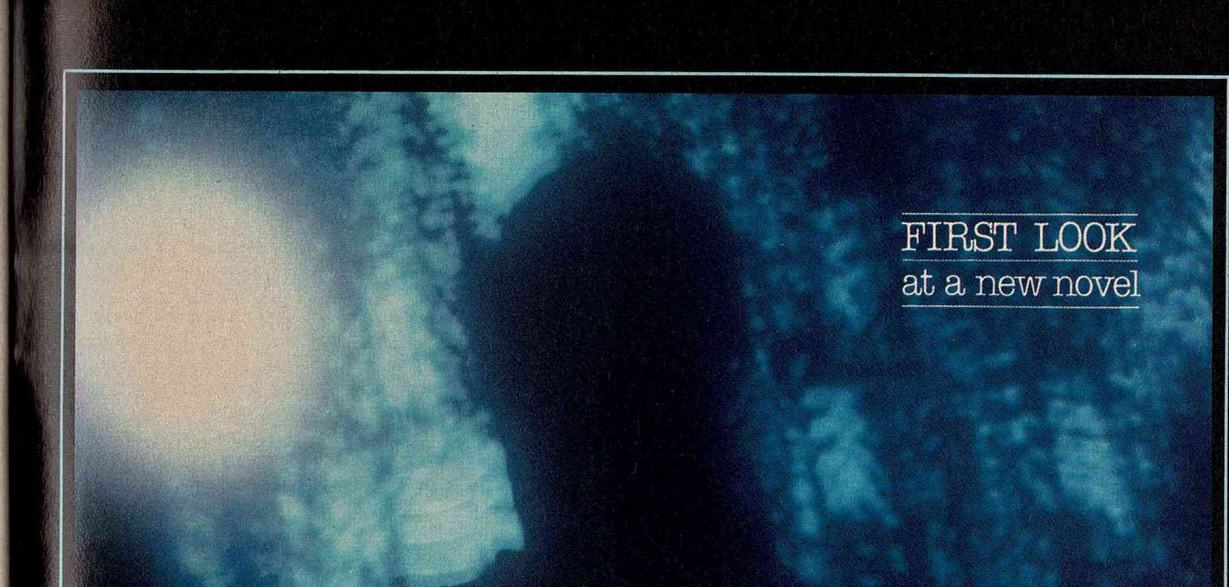
It was professional policy until a decade ago to deny the existence of aphrodisiacs in spite of public knowledge and reliance on a host of them. Currently, the *Australian Drug Compendium* lists 10 androgenic preparations usable as aphrodisiacs (they don't *call* them aphrodisiacs but "sex hormones — androgens"). If you were to have a quiet word to your doctor about sustanon or halotestin, he should be able to direct you.

Only one of the 10 listed can be relied on for more or less immediate effect — all the others take days to weeks to restore responsive activity. The same-day response one is marketed as Bakra tablets which, in addition to a smallish dose of androgen, contain yohimbine and a little bit of strychnine, a stimulant and tonic.

Yohimbine, extracted from the bark of a tree, should not be taken in conjunction with alcohol (itself the universal aphrodisiac) because the combination is toxic and dangerous.

Until just recently, one company marketed yohimbine combined with amphetamine and strychnine — a very effective amalgamation because, for those whose problem was a degree of fatigue leading to impotence, amphetamine was *the* aphrodisiac. Sadly, it is with us no longer, having been withdrawn because most of the power in the '60s generation's Flower Power stemmed from amphetamine. And if that wasn't enough, British GPs (and others) began boosting their heroin clientele with intravenous methedrine. To cap it all off, in 1972 came the revelation that the Kennedy administration had run on amphetamines. The drug went off the market.

Another readily available aphrodisiac is ginseng — a botanical substance almost ignored by Western medicine since it first reached England from China after much promotion as a legendary aphrodisiac. But the English thought it ineffective. This is understandable; their first exposure to ginseng came in an era when it was customary for those men likely to have access to it to finish several bottles of good port in the evening after drinking prodigiously through most of the day.



SMILEY'S PEOPLE

bloody hampstead, smiley thought, and drawing pins and chalk and french cigarettes and moscow rules . . .

fiction By JOHN LE CARRÉ

"KNEW HIM personally, did you, sir?" the detective chief superintendent of police asked respectfully, in a voice kept deliberately low. "Or perhaps I shouldn't inquire." The two men had been together for 15 minutes, but this was the superintendent's first question. For a while Smiley did not seem to hear it, but his silence was not offensive; he had the gift of quiet. Besides,

Illustration by Concept I

there's a companionship about two men comtemplating a corpse. It was an hour before dawn on Hampstead Heath, a dripping, misty, no-man's hour, neither warm nor cold, with a heaven tinted orange by London's glow, and the trees glistening like oilskins. They stood side by side in an avenue of beeches, and the superintendent was taller by a head: a young giant of a man, prematurely grizzled, a little pompous perhaps, but with a giant's gentleness that made him naturally befriending. Smiley was clasping his pudgy hands over his belly like a mayor at a cenotaph, and had eyes for nothing but the plastic-covered body lying at his feet in the beam of the superintendent's torch. The walk this far had evidently winded him, for he puffed a little as he stared. From the darkness around them, police receivers crackled on the night air. There were no other lights at all; the superintendent had ordered that they be extinguished.

"He was just somebody I worked with," Smiley explained quietly after a long delay.

"So I was given to understand, sir," the superintendent said.

He waited hopefully, but nothing more came. "Don't even speak to him," the deputy assistant commissioner (crime and ops) had said to him. "You never saw him, and it was two other blokes. Just show him what he wants and drop him down a hole. Fast." Till now, the detective chief superintendent had done exactly that. He had moved, in his own estimation, with the speed of light. The photographer had photographed, the doctor had certified life extinct, the pathologist had inspected the body *in situ* as a prelude to conducting his autopsy – all with an expedition quite contrary to the proper pace of things, merely in order to clear the way for the visiting *irregular* as the deputy assistant commissioner (crime and ops) had liked to call him. The irregular had arrived with about as much ceremony as a meter reader, the superintendent noted – and the superintendent had led him over the course at a canter. They had looked at footprints, they had tracked the old man's route till here. The superintendent had made a reconstruction of the crime, as well as he was able in the circumstances, and the superintendent was an able man. Now they were in the dip, standing at the point where the avenue turned, where the rolling mist was thickest. In the torch beam, the dead body was the centrepiece of everything. It lay face downward and spread-eagled, as though it had been crucified to the gravel, and the plastic sheet emphasised its lifelessness. It was the body of an old man, but broad-shouldered still, a body that had done battle and had endured. The white hair was cut to stubble. One strong, veined hand still grasped a sturdy walking stick. He wore a black overcoat and rubber overshoes. A black beret lay on the ground beside him, and the gravel at his head was black with blood. Some loose change lay about, and a pocket handkerchief, and a delicate penknife that looked more like a keepsake than a tool. Most likely they had started to search him and given up, sir, the superintendent had said. Most likely they were disturbed, Mr Smiley, sir; and Smiley had wondered what it must be like to touch a warm body you had just shot.

"If I might be permitted to have a look at his face, Superintendent," Smiley said. This time it was the superintendent who caused the delay. "Ah, now, are you sure about that, sir?" He sounded slightly embarrassed. "There'll be better ways of identifying him than *that,* you know."

"Yes. Yes, I am sure," said Smiley earnestly, as if he really had given the matter great thought.

The superintendent called softly to the trees, where his men stood among their blacked-out cars like a next generation waiting for its turn.

"You there. Hall. Sergeant Pike. Come here at the double and turn him over for Mr Smiley."

Fast, the deputy assistant commissioner (crime and ops) had said.

Two men slipped forward from the shadows. The elder wore a black beard. Their surgical gloves of elbow length shone ghostly grey. They wore blue overalls and thigh-length rubber boots. Squatting, the bearded man cautiously untucked the plastic sheet, while the younger constable laid a hand on the dead man's shoulder as if he was trying to wake him up.

"You'll have to try harder than that, lad," the superintendent warned in an altogether crisper tone.

The boy pulled, the bearded sergeant assisted him, and the body reluctantly rolled over, one arm stiffly waving, the hand of the other still clutching the stick.

"Oh, Christ," said the constable. "Oh, bloody hell!" – and clapped a hand over his mouth. The sergeant grabbed his elbow and shoved him away toward the trees. They heard the sound of retching.

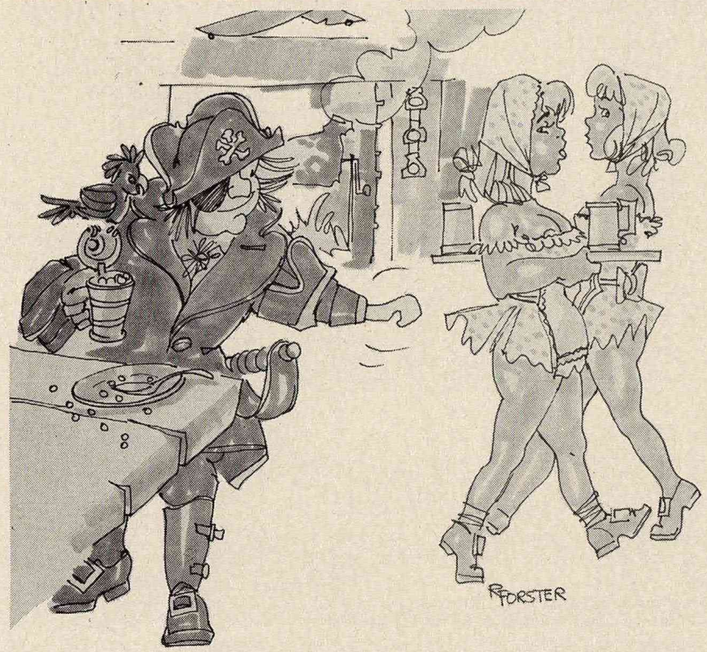
"I don't hold with politics," the superintendent confided to Smiley inconsequentially, staring downward still. "I don't hold with politics and I don't with politicians, either. Licensed lunatics most of them, in my view. That's why I joined the force, to be honest." The sinewy mist curled strangely in the steady beam of his torch. "You don't happen to know what did it, do you, sir? I haven't seen a wound like that in 15 years."

"I'm afraid ballistics are not my province," Smiley replied after another pause for thought.

"No, I don't expect they would be, would they? Seen enough, sir?"

Smiley apparently had not.

"Most people expect to be shot in the chest, really, don't they, sir?" the



"It's not so much this 'Yo, Ho, Ho, and a Battle of Bum' if he'd only warm the sodding thing!"

superintendent remarked brightly. He had learned that small talk sometimes eased the atmosphere on such occasions. "Your neat round bullet that drills a tasteful hole. That's what most people expect. Victim falls gently to his knees to the tune of celestial choirs. It's the telly that does it, I suppose. Whereas your real bullet these days can take off an arm or a leg, so my friends in brown tell me." His voice took on a more practical tone. "Did he have a moustache at all, sir? My sergeant fancied a trace of white whisker on the upper jaw."

"A military one," said Smiley after a long gap, and with his thumb and forefinger absently described the shape upon his own lip while his gaze remained locked upon the old man's body. "I wonder, Superintendent, whether I might just examine the contents of his pockets, possibly?"

"Sergeant Pike."

"Sir!"

"Put that sheet back and tell Mr Murgotroyd to have his pockets ready for me in the van, will you, what they've left of them? At the double," the superintendent added.

"Sir!"

"And come here." The superintendent took Sergeant Pike softly by the upper arm. "You tell that young Constable Hall that I can't stop him sicking up, but I won't have his irreverent language." For the superintendent, on his home territory, was a devoutly Christian man and did not care who knew it. "This way, Mr Smiley, sir," he added, recovering his gentler tone.

As they moved higher up the avenue, the chatter of the radios faded and they heard instead the angry wheeling of rooks and the growl of the city. The superintendent marched briskly, keeping left of the roped-off area. Smiley hurried after him. A van was parked between the trees, its back doors open and a dim light burning inside. Entering, they sat on hard benches. Mr Murgotroyd had grey hair and wore a grey suit. He crouched before them with a plastic sack like a transparent pillowcase.The sack had a knot at the throat, which he untied. Inside, smaller packages floated. As Mr Murgotroyd lifted them out, the superintendent read the labels by his torch before handing them to Smiley to consider.

"One scuffed leather coin purse, continental apppearance. Half inside his pocket, half out, left-side jacket. You saw the coins by his body – 72 pence. That's all the money on him. Carry a wallet at all did he, sir?"

"I don't know."

"We guess they helped themselves to the wallet and started on the purse, then ran. One bunch keys, domestic and various, right-hand trousers . . ." He ran on, but Smiley's scrutiny did not relax. Some people *act* a memory, the superintendent thought, noticing his concentration, others *have* one. In the superintendent's book, memory was the better half of intelligence; he prized it highest of all mental accomplishments; and Smiley, he knew, possessed it. "One Paddington Borough Library Card in the name of V. Miller, one box Swan Vesta matches, patly used, overcoat left. One aliens' registration card in the name of Vladimir Miller. One bottle tablets, overcoat left. What would the tablets be for, sir, any views on that at all?

"Heart," said Smiley.

"And one receipt for a sum of £13 from the Straight and Steady Minicab Service of Islington, North One."

"May I look?" said Smiley, and the superintendent held it out so that Smiley could read the date and the driver's signature, J. Lamb, in a copybook hand wildly underlined.

The next bag contained a stick of school chalk, yellow and miraculously unbroken. The narrow end had been smeared brown as if by a single stroke, but the thick end was unused.

"There's yellow chalk powder on his left hand, too," Mr Murgotroyd said, speaking for the first time. His complexion was like grey stone. His voice, too, was grey, and mournful as an undertaker's. "We did *wonder* whether he might be in the teaching line, actually," Mr Murgotroyd added, but Smiley, either by design or by oversight, did not answer Mr Murgotroyd's implicit question.

And a second cotton handkerchief, proffered this time by Mr Murgotroyd, part bloodied, part clean, and carefully ironed into a sharp triangle to fit into the top pocket.

"On his way to a party, we wondered," Mr Murgotroyd said, this time with no hope at all.

"Crime and ops on the air, sir," a voice called from the front of the van.

Without a word, the superintendent vanished into the darkness, leaving Smiley to the depressed gaze of Mr Murgotroyd.

"You a specialist of some sort, sir?" Mr Murgotroyd asked after a long, sad scrutiny of his guest.

"No. No, I'm afraid not," said Smiley apologetically.

"Home Officer, sir?"

"Alas, not Home Officer, either," said Smiley with a benign shake of his head, which somehow made him party to Mr Murgotroyd's bewilderment.

"My superiors are a little worried about the press, Mr Smiley," the superintendent said, poking his head into the van again. "Seems they're heading this way, sir."

Smiley clambered out of the van quickly. The two men stood face to face in the avenue.

"You've been very kind," Smiley said. "Thank you."

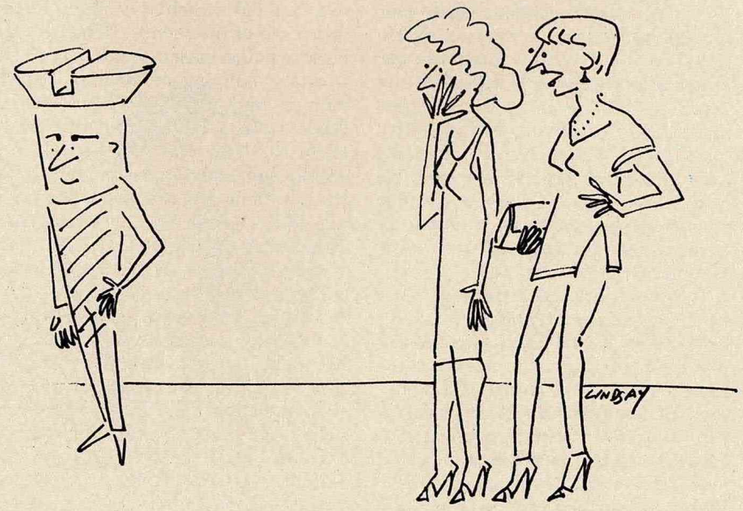
"Privilege," said the superintendent warmly.

"You don't happen to remember which pocket the *chalk* was in, do you?" Smiley asked.

"Overcoat left," the superintendent replied in some surprise.

"And the searching of him – could you tell me again how you see *that,* exactly?"

"They hadn't time or didn't care to turn him over. Knelt by him, fished for his wallet, pulled at his purse. They



"He's not much to look at . . . but he's great in bed."

scattered a few objects as they did so. By then they'd had enough."

"Thank you," said Smiley again.

And a moment later, with more ease than his portly figure might have suggested him capable of, he had vanished among the trees. But not before the superintendent had shone the torch full upon his face, a thing he hadn't done till now for reasons of discretion, and taken an intense professional look at the legendary face, if only to tell his grandchildren in his old age how George Smiley, sometime chief of the Secret Service, by then retired, had one night come out of the woodwork to peer at some dead foreigner of his who had died in highly nasty circumstances.

No *one* face at all, actually, the superintendent reflected. Not when it was lit by the torch like that, indirectly from below. More your whole range of faces. More your patchwork of different ages, people and endeavors. Even – thought the superintendent – of different faiths.

"The best I ever met," old Mendel, the superintendent's onetime superior, had told him over a friendly pint not long ago. Mendel was retired now, like Smiley. But Mendel knew what he was talking about, and didn't like funnies any better than the superintendent did – interfering la-di-da amateurs most of them, and devious with it. But not Smiley. Smiley was different, Mendel had said. Smiley was the best – simply the best case man Mendel had ever met – and old Mendel knew what he was talking about.

An abbey, the superintendent decided. That's what he was, an abbey. He would work that into his sermon the next time his turn came around. An abbey, made up of all sorts of conflicting ages and styles and convictions. The superintendent liked that metaphor the more he dwelt on it. He would try it out on his wife when he got home; man as God's architecture, my dear, molded by the hand of ages, infinite in his striving and diversity . . . But, at that point, the superintendent laid a restraining hand upon his own rhetorical imagination. Maybe not, after all, he thought. Maybe we're flying a mite too high for the course, my friend.

There was another thing about that face the superintendent wouldn't easily forget, either. Later, he talked to Mendel about it, as he talked to him later about lots of things. The moisture. He had taken it for dew at first – yet, if it was dew, why was the superintendent's own face bone-dry? It wasn't dew and it wasn't grief, either, if his hunch was right. It was a thing that happened to the superintendent himself occasionally, and happened to the lads, too, even the hardest; it crept up on them, and the superintendent watched for it like a hawk. Usually in kids' cases, where the pointlessness suddenly got through to you – your child batterings, your criminal assaults, your infant rapes. You didn't break down or beat your chest or any of those histrionics. No. You just happened to put your hand to your face and find it damp, and you wondered what the hell Christ bothered to die for, if he ever died at all.

And when you had *that* mood on you, the superintendent told himself with a slight shiver, the best thing you could do was give yourself a couple of days off and take the wife to Margate, or, before you knew where you were, you found yourself getting a little too rough with people for your own good.

"Sergeant!" the superintendent yelled when Smiley was gone.

The bearded figure loomed quickly before him.

"Switch the lights on and get it back to normal," the superintendent ordered. "And ask Inspector Hallowes to slip up here and oblige. At the double."

•

They had unchained the door to him, they had questioned him even before they took his coat: tersely and intently. Were there any compromising materials on the body, George? Any that would link him with us? My God, you've been a time! They had shown him where to wash, forgetting that he knew already. They had sat him in an armchair and there Smiley remained, humble and discarded, while Oliver Lacon, Whitehall's head prefect to the intelligence services, prowled the threadbare carpet like a man made restless by his conscience, and Lauder Strickland said it all again in 15 different ways to 15 different people, over the old upright telephone in the far corner of the room – "Then get me back to police liaison, woman, *at once*" – either bullying or fawning, depending on rank and clout. The superintendent was a life ago, but in time 10 minutes. The flat smelled of old nappies and stale cigarettes and was on the top floor of a scrolled Edwardian apartment house not 200 yards from Hampstead Heath. In Smiley's mind, visions of Vladimir's burst face mingled with these pale faces of the living, yet death was not a shock to him just now, but merely an affirmation that his own existence, too, was dwindling; that he was living against the odds. He sat without expectation. He sat like an old man at a country railway station, watching the express go by. But watching all the same. And remembering old journeys.

This is how crises always were, he thought; ragtag conversations with no centre. One man on the telephone, another dead, a third prowling. The nervous idleness of slow motion.

He peered around, trying to fix his mind on the decaying things outside himself. Chipped fire extinguishers, Ministry of Works issue. Prickly brown sofas, the stains a little worse than he remembered. But safe flats, unlike old generals, never die, he thought. They don't even fade away.

On the table before him lay the cumbersome apparatus of agent hospitality, there to revive the unrevivable guest. Smiley took the inventory. In a bucket of melted ice, one bottle of Stolichnaya vodka, Vladimir's recorded favorite brand. Salted herrings, still in their tin. Pickled cucumber, bought loose and already drying. One mandatory loaf of black bread. Like every Russian Smiley had known, the old boy could scarcely drink his vodka without it. Two Marks & Spencer vodka glasses, could be cleaner. One packet of French cigarettes, unopened: if he had come, he would have smoked the lot; he had no cigarettes with him when he died.

Vladimir had none with him when he died, he repeated to himself, and made a little mental stammer of it, a knot in his handkerchief. What am I doing here? he wondered yet again. What ceremony am I supposed to be attending? In his memory, Smiley secretly replayed Lacon's fervid phone call of two hours before.

It's an emergency, George. You remember Vladimir? George, are you awake? You remember the old general, George? Used to live in Paris?

Yes, I remember the general, he had replied. Yes, Oliver, I remember Vladimir quite well.

We need someone from his past, George. Someone who knew his little ways, can identify him, damp down a potential scandal. We need you, George. Now, George, wake up.

He had been trying to. Just as he had been trying to transfer the receiver to his better ear and sit upright in a bed too large for him. He was sprawling in the cold space deserted by his wife, because that was the side where the telephone was.

You mean he's been shot? Smiley had repeated.

George, can't your hear? Shot dead. This evening. George, for heaven's sake, wake up; we need you!

"Oliver, what's going on?" Smiley asked. "Why did you need me?"

"Only one who knew him, for a start. Strickland, are you nearly done? He's like one of those airport announcers," he told Smiley with a stupid grin. "*Never* done."

You could break, Oliver, thought Smiley, noticing the estrangement of Lacon's eyes as he came under the light. You've had too much, he thought in unexpected sympathy.

From the kitchen, the mysterious Mostyn appeared with tea: an earnest and contemporary-looking child with flared trousers and a mane of brown hair. Seeing him set down the tray, Smiley finally placed him in the terms of his own past. Ann had had a lover like him once, an *ordinande* from Wells Theological College. She gave him a lift down the M4 freeway and later claimed to have saved him from going queer.

"What section are you in, Mostyn?" Smiley asked him quietly.

"Oddbins, sir." Mostyn crouched, level to the table, showing an Asian suppleness. "Since your day, actually, sir. It's a sort of operational pool. Mainly probationers waiting for overseas postings."

"I see."

"I heard you lecture at the Nursery at Sarratt, sir. On the new entrants' course. 'Agent Handling in the Field.' It was the best thing of the whole two years of lectures."

"Thank you."

But Mostyn's eyes stayed on him.

"Thank you," said Smiley again.

"Milk, sir or lemon, sir? The lemon was for *him*," Mostyn added in a low aside, as if that were a recommendation for the lemon.

Strickland had rung off and was fiddling with the waistband of his trousers, trying to make it either looser or tighter.

"Yes, well, we have to temper truth, George!" Lacon bellowed suddenly, in what seemed to be a declaration of personal faith. "Sometimes people are innocent, but the circumstances can make them appear quite otherwise. There was never a golden age. There's only a golden mean. We have to remember that. Chalk it up on our shaving mirrors."

Strickland was waddling down the room: "You, Mostyn, Young Nigel. You, sir!"

Mostyn lifted his grave brown eyes in reply.

"Commit nothing to paper whatever," Strickland warned him, wiping the back of his hand on his moustache as if one or the other were wet. "Hear me? That's an order from on high. There was no encounter, so you've no call to fill in that usual encounter sheet or any of that stuff. You've nothing to do but keep your mouth shut. Understand?

"I understand," said Mostyn.

"And no whispered confidences to those little tarts in Registry, or I'll know. Hear me? Give us some tea."

Something happened inside George Smiley when he heard this conversation. Out of the formless indirection of these dialogues, out of the horror of the scene upon the heath, a single shocking truth struck him. He felt a pull in his chest somewhere, and he had the sensation of momentary disconnection from the room and the three haunted people he had found in it. *Encounter* sheet? No *encounter? Encounter* between Mostyn and Vladimir? *God in heaven,* he thought, squaring the mad circle. *The Lord preserve, cosset and protect us. Mostyn was Vladimir's case officer! That old man, a general, once our glory, and they farmed him out to this uncut boy!* Then another lurch, more violent still, as his surprise was swept aside in an explosion of internal fury. He felt his lips tremble, he felt his throat seize up in indignation, blocking his words, and when he turned to Lacon, his spectacles seemed to be misting over from the heat.

"Oliver, I wonder if you'd mind finally telling me why you brought me here," he heard himself suggesting, hardly above a murmur.

Reaching out an arm, he removed the vodka bottle from its bucket. Still unbidden, he broke the cap and poured himself a rather large tot.

"All right, Mostyn, tell him!" Lacon boomed suddenly. "Tell him in your own words."

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Mostyn sat with a quite particular stillness. He spoke softly. To hear him, Lacon had withdrawn to a corner and bunched his hands judicially under his nose. But Strickland had sat himself bolt upright and seemed, like Mostyn himself, to be patrolling the boy's words for lapses.

"Vladimir telephoned the Circus at lunchtime today, sir," Mostyn began, leaving some unclarity as to which "sir" he was addressing. "I happened to be Oddbins duty officer and so took the call."

Strickland corrected him with unpleasant haste: "You mean *yesterday.* Be precise, can't you?"

"I'm sorry, sir. Yesterday," said Mostyn stiffly.

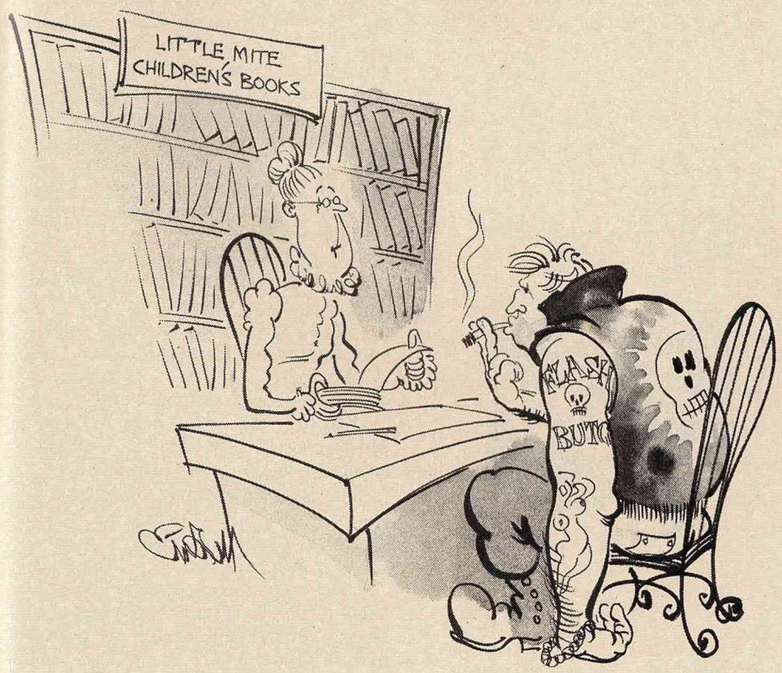
"Well, get it right," Strickland warned again.

To be Oddbins duty officer, Mostyn explained, meant little more than covering the lunch-hour gap and checking desks and waste bins at closing time. Oddbins personnel were too junior for night duty, so there was just this roster for lunchtimes and early evenings.

And Vladimir, he repeated, came though during the lunch hour, using the lifeline.

"Lifeline?" Smiley repeated in bewilderment. "I don't think I quite know what you mean."

"It's the system we have for keeping in touch with dead agents, sir," said Mostyn, then put his fingers to his temple and muttered, "Oh, my Lord." He started again: "I mean agents who



"If you have Brucie the bunyip take a little less advantage of Prudence the platypus, I think you'll have a nice little story."

have run their course but are still on the welfare roll, sir," said Mostyn unhappily.

"So he rang, and you took the call," said Smiley kindly. "Do you know what time was that?"

"Exactly 1.15, sir: Oddbins is like a sort of Fleet Street newsroom, you see. There are these 12 desks and there's the section head's hen coop at the end, with a glass partition which divides us from him.

"The lifeline's in a locked box and normally it's the section head who keeps the key. But in the lunch hour, he gives it to the duty dog. I unlocked the box and heard this foreign voice saying, 'Hullo.' "

"Get on with it, Mostyn," Strickland growled.

"I said 'Hullo' back, Mr Smiley. That's all we do. We don't give the number. He said: 'This is Gregory calling for Max. I have something very urgent for him. Please get me Max immediately.' I asked him where he was calling from, which is routine, but he just said he had plenty of change. We have no brief to trace incoming calls and, anyway, it takes too long. There's an electric card selector by the lifeline. It has all the work names on it. I told him to hold on and typed out 'Gregory'. That's the next thing we do after asking where they're calling from. Up it came on the selector. 'Gregory equals Vladimir, ex-agent, ex-Soviet general, ex-leader of the Riga Group.' Then the file reference. I typed out 'Max' and found you, sir." Smiley gave a nod. " 'Max equals Smiley.' Then I typed out 'Riga Group' and realised you were their last vicar."

"Their *vicar*?" said Lacon, as if he had detected heresy. "Smiley their last *vicar*, Mostyn? What on earth – "

"I thought you had heard all this, Oliver," Smiley said, to cut him off.

"Only the essence," Lacon retorted. "In a crisis, one deals only with the essentials."

In his pressed-down Scottish, without letting Mostyn from his sight, Strickland provided Lacon with the required explanation: "Organisations such as the group had by tradition two case officers. The postman, who did the nuts and bolts for them, and the vicar, who stood above the fight. Their father figure," he said, and nodded perfunctorily toward Smiley.

"And who was carded as his most recent postman, Mostyn?" Smiley asked, ignoring Strickland entirely.

"Esterhase, sire. His work name was Hector."

"And he didn't ask for him?" said Smiley to Mostyn, speaking straight past Strickland yet again.

"I'm sorry, sir?"

"Vladimir didn't ask for Hector? His postman? He asked for me. Max. Only Max. You're sure of that?"

"He wanted you and nobody else, sir," said Mostyn earnestly.

"So what did you do next, Mostyn?" Smiley asked.

"Standing instructions gave me very little latitude, sir," Mostyn replied, showing once again, like Smiley, a studied disregard for Strickland. "Both 'Smiley' and 'Esterhase' were wait-listed, which meant that they could be contacted only through the fifth floor. My section head was out to lunch and not due back till 2.15." He gave a shrug. "I stalled. I told him to try again at 2.30."

Smiley turned to Strickland. "I thought all the *émigré* files had been consigned to special keeping?"

"Correct."

"Shouldn't there have been something on the selector card to that effect?" asked Smiley.

"There should, and there wasn't," Strickland said.

"That is just the point, sir," Mostyn agreed, talking only to Smiley. "At that stage, there was no suggestion that Vladimir or his group was out of bounds. From the card, he looked just like any other pensioned-off agent raising a wind. I assumed he wanted a bit of money, or company, or something. We get a few of those. Leave him to the section head, I thought."

"Who shall remain nameless, Mostyn," Strickland said.

It crossed Smiley's mind at this point that the reticence in Mostyn – his air of distastefully stepping around some dangerous secret all the time he spoke – might have something to do with protecting a negligent superior. But Mostyn's next words dispelled this notion, for he went out of his way to imply that his superior was at fault.

"The trouble was, my section head didn't get back from lunch till 3.15, so that when Vladimir rang at 2.30, I had to put him off again. He was furious," said Mostyn. "Vladimir was, I mean. I asked whether there was anything I could do in the meantime and he said: 'Find Max. Just find me Max. Tell Max I have been in touch with certain friends, also through friends with neighbors.' There were a couple of notes on the card about his word code, and I saw that neighbor meant Soviet Intelligence."

A mandarin impassivity had now descended over Smiley's face. The earlier emotion was quite gone.

"All of which you duly reported to your section head at 3.15?"

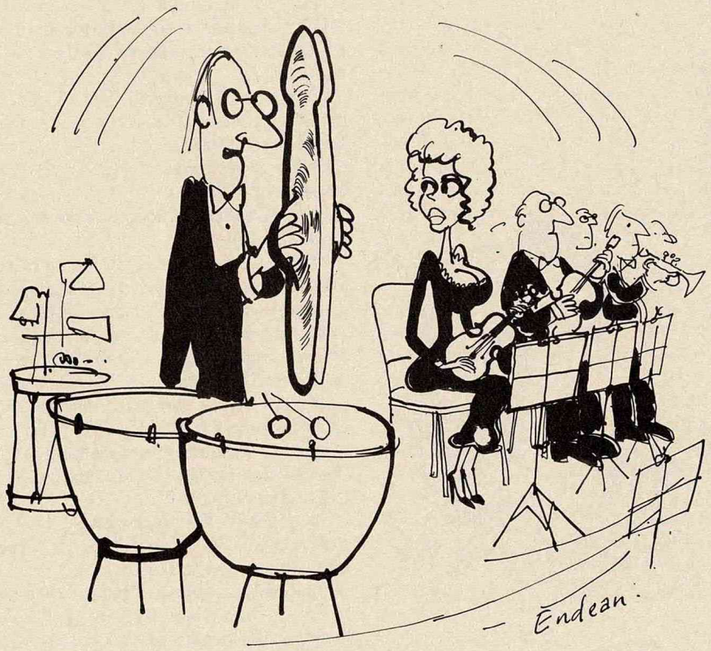
"Yes, sir."

"Did you play him the tape?"

"He hadn't time to hear it," said Mostyn mercilessly. "He had to leave straight away for a long weekend."

The stubborn brevity of Mostyn's speech was now so evident that Strickland felt embarrassingly obliged to fill in the gaps.

"Yes, well, there's no question but that, if we're looking for scapegoats, George, that section head of Mostyn's made a monumental fool of himself, no question at all," Strickland declared brightly. "He omitted to send for Vladimir's papers – which would not, of course, have been forthcoming. He omitted to acquaint himself with standing orders on the handling of *émigrés*. He also appears to have succumbed to a severe dose of weekend fever, leaving no word of his whereabouts. God help him on Monday morning, says I. Oh, yes. Come, Mostyn, we're waiting, boy."



"It's called a phallic cymbal."

Mostyn obediently took back the story. "Vladimir rang for the third and last time at 3.43, sir," he said, speaking even more slowly than before. "It should have been 3.45, but he jumped the gun by two minutes." Mostyn by this time had a rudimentary brief from his section head, which he now repeated to Smiley: "He called it a bromide job. I was to find out what, if anything, the old boy really wanted and, if all else failed, make a rendezvous with him to cool him down. I was to promise nothing but to pass on whatever message he brought me."

"And these 'neighbors'?" Smiley asked. "They were not an issue to your section head?"

"He rather thought that was just a bit of agent's histrionics, sir."

"I see. Yes, I see." Yet his eyes, in contradiction, closed completely for a moment. "So how did the dialogue with Vladimir go this third time?"

"According to Vladimir, it was to be an immediate meeting or nothing, sir. I tried out the alternatives on him as instructed – 'Write us a letter; is it money you want? Surely it can wait till Monday' – but, by then, he was shouting at me down the phone. 'A meeting or nothing. Tonight or nothing. Moscow rules. I insist, Moscow rules. Tell this to Max. Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me. Then perhaps he will see me.' "

Lacon, who had stayed uncharacteristically quiet these last minutes, now chimed in: "There's an important point here, George. The Circus were not the suitors here. *He* was. The ex-agent. He was doing *all* the pressing, making *all* the running. If he'd accepted our suggestion, written out his information, none of this need ever have happened. He brought this on himself entirely."

Strickland was lighting himself a fresh cigarette.

"Whoever heard of Moscow rules in the middle of bloody Hampstead, anyway?" Strickland asked.

"Bloody Hampstead is right," Smiley said quietly.

"Mostyn, wrap the story up," Lacon commanded, blushing scarlet.

They had agreed a time, Mostyn resumed woodenly, now staring at his left palm as if he were reading his own fortune in it: "It was 10.20, sir."

They had agreed Moscow rules, he said, and the usual contact procedures, which Mostyn had established earlier in the afternoon by consulting the Oddbins encounter index.

"And what *were* the contact procedures, exactly?" Smiley asked.

"A copybook rendezvous, sir," Mostyn replied. "The Sarratt training course all over again, sir."

Smiley felt suddenly crowded by the intimacy of Mostyn's respectfulness. He did not wish to be this boy's hero, or to be caressed by his voice, his gaze, his "sir"s. He was not prepared for the claustrophobic admiration of this young stranger.

"There's a tin pavilion on Hampstead Heath, 10 minutes' walk from East Heath Road, overlooking a games field on the south side of the avenue, sir. The safety signal was one new drawing pin shoved high in the first wood support on the left as you entered the park."

"And the countersignal?" Smiley asked quickly.

But he knew the answer already.

"A yellow chalk mark," said Mostyn. "I gather yellow was the sort of Group trademark from the old days." He had adopted a tone of ending. "I put up the pin and came back here and waited. When he didn't show up, I thought, if he's secrecy mad, I'll have to go up to the hut again and check out his countersignal, then I'll know whether he's around and proposes to try the fallback."

"Which was what?"

"A car pickup near Swiss Cottage underground at 11.40, sir. I was about to go out and take a look when Mr Strickland rang through and ordered me to sit tight until further orders." Smiley assumed he had finished, but this was not quite true. Seeming to forget everyone but himself, Mostyn slowly shook his pale, handsome head. "I never met him," he said, in slow amazement. "He was my first agent, I never met him, I'll never know what he was trying to tell me," he said. "My first agent, and he's dead. It's incredible. I feel like a complete Jonah." His head continued shaking long after he had finished talking.

Lacon added a brisk postscript: "Yes, well, Scotland Yard has a computer these days, George. The Heath Patrol found the body and cordoned off the area, and the moment the name was fed into the computer, a light came up, or a lot of digits or something, and immediately they knew he was on our special-watch list. From then on, it went like clockwork. The commissioner phoned the Home Office, the Home Office phoned the Circus – "

"And you phoned me," said Smiley.

●

Smiley stood at the mouth of the avenue, gazing into the tunnel of beech trees as they sank away from him like a retreating army into the mist. The darkness had departed reluctantly, leaving an indoor gloom. It could have been dusk already: teatime in an old country house. The streetlights either side of him were poor candles, illuminating nothing. The air felt warm and heavy. He had expected police still,

"I hit a high C above E and they just fell off."

and a roped-off area. He had expected journalists or curious bystanders. It never happened, he told himself, as he started slowly down the slope. No sooner had I left the scene than Vladimir clambered merrily to his feet, stick in hand, wiped off the gruesome make-up and skipped away with his fellow actors for a pot of beer at the police station.

Stick in hand, he repeated to himself, remembering something the superintendent had said to him. Left hand or right hand? "There's yellow chalk powder on his left hand, too," Mr Murgotroyd had said inside the van. "Thumb and first two fingers."

He advanced, and the avenue darkened round him, the mist thickened. His footsteps echoed tinnily ahead of him. About 20 metres higher, brown sunlight burned like a slow bonfire in its own smoke. But down here in the dip, the mist had collected in a cold fog, and Vladimir was very dead after all. He saw tyre marks where the police cars had parked. He noticed the absence of leaves and unnatural cleanness of the gravel. What do they do? he wondered. Hose the gravel down? Sweep the leaves into more plastic pillowcases?

His tiredness had given way to a new and mysterious clarity. He continued up the avenue wishing Vladimir good morning and good night, and not feeling a fool for doing so, thinking intently about drawing pins and chalk and French cigarettes and Moscow rules, looking for a tin pavilion by a playing field. Take it in sequence, he told himself. Take it from the beginning. He reached an intersection of paths and crossed it, still climbing. To his right, goal posts appeared, and beyond them a green pavilion, apparently empty. He started across the field, rain water seeping into his shoes. Behind the hut ran a steep mudbank scoured with children's slides. He climbed the bank, entered a coppice and kept climbing. The fog had not penetrated the trees and, by the time he reached the brow, it had cleared. There was still no one in sight. Returning, he approached the pavilion through the trees. It was a tin box, no more, with one side open to the field. The only furniture was a rough wood bench slashed and written on with knives, the only occupant a prone figure stretched on it, with a blanket pulled over his head and brown boots protruding. For an undisciplined moment, Smiley wondered whether he, too, had had his face blown off. Girders held up the roof; earnest moral statements enlivened the flaking green paint. "Punk is destructive. Society does not need it." The assertion caused him a moment's indecision. "Oh, but society *does,*" he wanted to reply; "society is an association of minorities." The drawing pin was where Mostyn said it was, at head height exactly, in the best Sarratt tradition, its Circus-issue brass head as new and as unmarked as the boy who had placed it there.

Proceed to the rendezvous, it said; *no danger sighted.*

Moscow rules, thought Smiley yet again. Moscow, where it could take a field man three days to post a letter to a safe address. Moscow, where all minorities are punk.

Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me ...

Vladimir's chalked acknowledgment ran close beside the pin, a wavering yellow worm of a message scrawled all down the post. Perhaps the old man was worried about rain, thought Smiley. Perhaps he was afraid it could wash his mark away. Or perhaps in his emotional state he just leaned too heavily on the chalk. *A meeting or nothing,* he had told Mostyn. *Tonight or nothing ... Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me ...* Nevertheless, only the vigilant would ever have noticed that mark, heavy though it was, or the shiny drawing pin, either, and not even the vigilant would have found them odd, for on Hampstead Heath people post bills and messages to each other ceaselessly, and not all of them are spies, by any means. Some are children, some are tramps, some are believers in God and organisers of charitable walks, some have lost pets and some are looking for variations of love and having to proclaim their needs from a hilltop. Not all of them, by any means, get their faces blown off at point-blank range by a Moscow Centre weapon.

And the purpose of this acknowledgement? In Moscow, when Smiley from his desk in London had had the ultimate responsibility for Vladimir's case – in Moscow, these signs were devised for agents who might disappear from hour to hour; they were the broken twigs along a path that could always be their last. *I see no danger and am proceeding as instructed to the agreed rendezvous,* read Vladimir's last – and fatally mistaken – message to the living world.

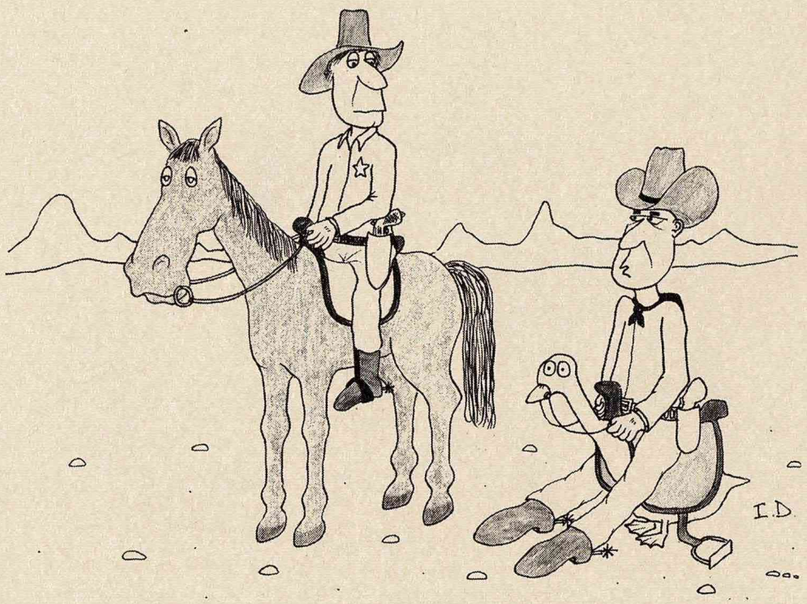
Leaving the hut, Smiley moved a short distance back along the route he had just come. And as he walked, he meticulously called to mind the superintendent's reconstruction of Vladimir's last journey, drawing upon his memory as if it were an archive.

"Those rubber overshoes are a god-send, Mr Smiley," the superintendent had declared piously: "North, British Century, diamond-pattern soles, sir, and barely walked on – why, you could follow him through a football crowd if you had to!

"I'll give you the authorised version," the superintendent had said, speaking fast because they were short of time. "Ready, Mr Smiley?"

"Ready," Smiley had said.

The superintendent had changed his tone of voice. Conversation was one thing, evidence another. As he spoke, he shone his torch in phases on to the wet gravel of the roped-off area. A



"They were fresh outa' horses."

lecture with magic lantern, Smiley had thought; for two pins, I'd have taken notes. "Here he is coming down the hill now, sir. See him there? Normal pace, nice heel and toe movement, normal progress, everything above board. See, Mr Smiley?"

Mr Smiley had seen.

"And the stick mark there, do you, in his right hand, sir?"

Smiley had seen that, too, how the rubber-ferruled walking stick had left a deep rip with every second footprint.

"Whereas, of course, he had the stick in his *left* when he was shot, right? You saw that, too, sir, I noticed. Happen to know which side his bad leg was at all, sir, if he had one?"

"The right," Smiley had said.

"Ah. Then, most likely the right was the side he normally held the stick, as well. Down here, please, sir, that's the way! Walking normal still, please note," the superintendent had added, making a rare slip of grammar in his intent distraction.

For five more paces, the regular diamond imprint, heel and toe, had continued undisturbed in the beam of the superintendent's torch. Now, by daylight, Smiley saw only the ghost of them. The rain, other feet and the tyre tracks of illicit cyclists had caused large parts to disappear. But by night, at the superintendent's lantern show, he had seen them vividly, as vividly as he saw the plastic-covered corpse in the dip below them, where the trail had abruptly ended.

"Now," the superintendent had declared with satisfaction, and halted, the cone of his torch beam resting on a single scuffed area of ground.

"How old did you say he was sir?" the superintendent had asked.

"I didn't, but he owned to 69."

"Plus your recent heart attack, I gather. Now, sir. First he stops. In sharp order. Don't ask me why; perhaps he was spoken to. My guess is he heard something. Behind him. Notice the way the pace shortens, notice the position of the feet as he makes the half-turn, looks over his shoulder or whatever? Anyway, he *turns,* and that's why I say 'behind him'. And whatever he saw or didn't see – or heard or didn't hear – he decides to run. Off he goes, look!" the superintendent had urged, with the sudden enthusiasm of a sportsman. "Wider stride, heels not hardly on the ground. A new print entirely, and going for all he's worth. You can even see where he shoved himself off with his stick for the extra purchase."

Peering now by daylight, Smiley no longer with any certainty *could* see, but he had seen last night – and in his memory saw again this morning – the sudden desperate gashes of the ferrule thrust downward, then thrust out at an angle.

"Trouble was," the superintendent had added quietly, "whatever killed him was out in front, wasn't it? Not behind him at all."

It was both, thought Smiley now, with the advantage of the intervening hours. They *drove* him, he thought, trying without success to recall the Sarratt jargon for this particular technique. They knew his route and they *drove* him. The frightener behind the target drives him forward, the finger man loiters ahead undetected till the target blunders into him. For it was a truth known also to Moscow Centre murder teams that even the oldest hands will spend hours worrying about their backs, their flanks, the cars that pass and the cars that don't, the streets they cross and the houses that they enter. Yet still fail, when the moment is upon them, to recognise the danger that comes to meet them face to face.

"Still running," the superintendent had said, moving ever nearer the body down the hill. "Notice how his pace gets a little longer because of the steeper gradient now? Erratic, too, see that? Feet flying all over the shop. Running for dear life. Literally. And the walking stick still in his right hand. See him veering now, moving toward the verge? Lost his bearings, I wouldn't wonder. Here we go. Explain *that,* if you can!"

The torch beam had lit a patch of footprints close together, five or six of them, all in a very small space at the edge of the grass and in between two high trees.

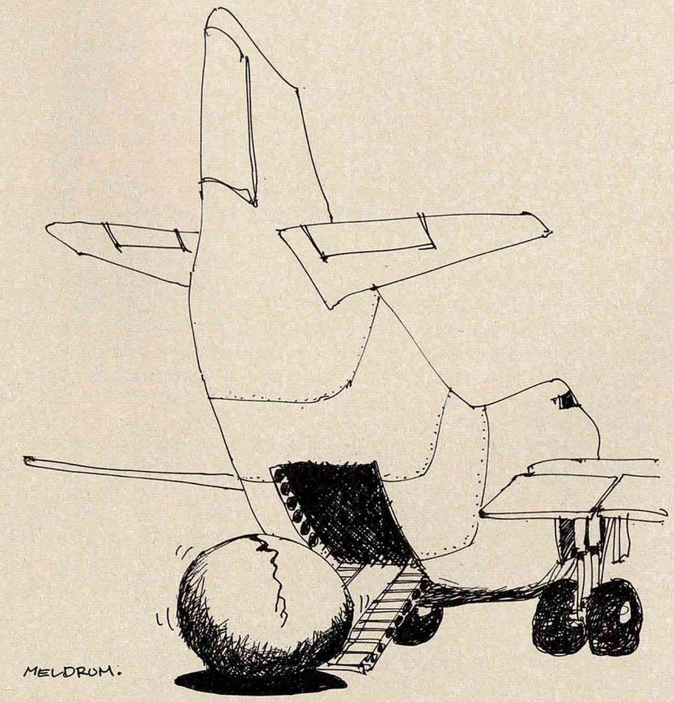
"Stopped again," the superintendent had said. "Not so much a total *stop,* perhaps, more your stammer. Don't ask me why. Maybe he just wrong-footed himself. Maybe he was worried to find himself so close to the trees. Maybe his heart got him, if you tell me it was dickey. Then off he goes, same as before."

"With the stick in his left hand," Smiley had said quietly.

"Why? That's what I ask myself, sir, but perhaps you people know the answer. Why? Did he hear something again? Perhaps he remembered something? Why – when you're running for your life – why pause, do a duck-shuffle, change hands, and then run on again? Straight into the arms of whoever shot him? Unless, of course, whatever was behind him *overtook* him there, came round through the trees, perhaps, made an arc as it were? Any explanation from *your* side of the street, Mr Smiley?"

And, with that question still ringing in Smiley's ears, they had arrived at last at Vladimir's body, floating like an embryo under its plastic film.

But Smiley, on this morning after, stopped short of the dip. Instead, by placing his sodden shoes as best he could upon each spot exactly, he set about trying to imitate the movements the old man might have made. And since Smiley did all this in slow motion, and with every appearance of intense



concentration, under the eye of two trousered ladies walking their Alsatians, he was taken for an adherent of the new fad in Chinese martial exercises and was accounted mad.

First he put his feet side by side and pointed them down the hill. Then he put his left foot forward and moved his right foot round until the toe pointed directly toward a spinney of young saplings. As he did so, his right shoulder followed naturally, and his instinct told him that this would be the likely moment for Vladimir to transfer the stick to his left hand. But *why?* As the superintendent had also asked, why transfer the stick at all? Why, in this most extreme moment of his life, why solemnly move a walking stick from the right hand to the left? Certainly not to defend himself – since, as Smiley remembered, he was right-handed! To defend himself, he would only have seized the stick more firmly. Or clasped it with *both* of his hands, like a club.

Was it in order to leave his right hand free? But free for what?

Aware this time of being observed, Smiley peered sharply behind him and saw two small boys in blazers who had paused to watch this round little man in spectacles performing strange antics with his feet. He glowered at them in his most schoolmasterly manner, and they moved hastily on.

To leave his right hand free for what? Smiley repeated to himself. And why would he start running again a moment later?

Vladimir turned to the right, thought Smiley, once again matching his action to the thought. Vladimir turned to the right. He faced the spinney, he put his stick in his left hand. For a moment, according to the superintendent, he stood still. *Then* he ran on again.

Moscow rules, Smiley thought, staring at his own right hand. Slowly, he lowered it into his raincoat pocket. Which was empty, just as Vladimir's right-hand coat pocket was also empty.

Had he meant to write a message, perhaps? Smiley was teasing himself with the theory he was determined to hold at bay. To write a message with the *chalk,* for instance? Had he recognised his pursuer and wished to chalk a name somewhere, or a sign? But what *on?* Not on these wet tree trunks, for sure. Not on the clay, the dead leaves, the gravel! Looking around, Smiley became aware of a peculiar feature of his location. Here, almost between two trees, at the very edge of the avenue, at the point the fog was approaching its thickest, he was as good as out of sight. The avenue descended, yes, and lifted ahead of him. But it also curved, and from where he stood, the upward line of sight in both directions was masked by tree trunks and a dense thicket of saplings. Along the whole path of Vladimir's last frantic journey – a path he knew well, had used for similar meetings – this was the one point, Smiley realised with increasing satisfaction, where the fleeing man was out of sight from both ahead of him and behind him.

And had stopped.

Had freed his right hand.

Had put it – let us suppose – in his coat pocket.

For his heart tablets? No. Like the yellow chalk and the matches, they were in his left pocket, not his right.

For something – let us suppose – that was no longer in his pocket when he was found dead.

Tell him I have two proofs and can bring them with me. Then perhaps he will see me . . . This is Gregory asking for Max. I have something urgent for him, please . . .

Proofs. Proofs too precious to post. He was bringing something. Two somethings. Not just in his head – in his pocket. And was playing Moscow rules. Rules that had been drummed into the general from the very day of his recruitment as a defector in place. By Smiley himself, no less, as well as his case officer on the spot. Rules that had been invented for his survival; and the survival of his network. Smiley felt the excitement seize his stomach like nausea. Moscow rules decree that, if you physically *carry* a message, you must also carry the means to discard it! That, however it is disguised or concealed – microdot, secret writing, undeveloped film, any one of the hundred risky, finicky ways – still, as an *object,* it must be the first and lightest thing that comes to hand, the least conspicuous when jettisoned!

Such as a medicine bottle full of tablets, he thought, calming a little. Such as a box of matches.

One box Swan Vesta matches partly used, overcoat left, he remembered. A smoker's match, note well.

And in the safe flat, he thought – tantalising himself, staving off the final insight – there on the table waiting for him, one packet of cigarettes, Vladimir's favorite brand.

But no cigarettes in his pockets. None, as the good superintendent would have said, on his person.

So the premise, George? Smiley asked himself, mimicking Lacon – brandishing Lacon's prefectorial finger accusingly in his own intact face – the premise? The premise is, thus far, Oliver, that a smoker, a habitual smoker, in a state of high nervousness, sets off on a crucial clandestine meeting equipped with matches but not even so much as an *empty* packet of cigarettes. So that either the assassins found it and removed it – the proof, or proofs, that Vladimir was speaking of, or – or what? Or Vladimir changed his stick from his right hand to his left in time. And put his right hand in his pocket in time. And took it out again, also in time, at the very spot where he could not be seen. And got rid of it, or them, according to Moscow rules.

Having satisfied his own insistence upon a logical succession, George Smiley stepped cautiously into the long grass that led to the spinney, soaking his trousers from the knees down. For half an hour or more, he searched, groping in the grass and among the foliage, retreading his tracks, cursing his own blundering, giving up, beginning again, answering the fatuous inquiries of passers-by, which ranged from the obscene to the manically attentive. There were even two Buddhist monks from a local seminary, complete with saffron robes and lace-up boots and knitted woolen caps, who offered their assistance. Smiley courteously declined it. He found two broken kites, a quantity of Coca-Cola tins. He found scraps of the female body, some in color, some in black and white, ripped from magazines. He found an old running shoe, black, and shreds of an old burnt blanket, and four empty cigarette packets so sodden and old that after one glance he discounted them. And in a branch, slipped into the fork just where it joined its parent trunk, the fifth packet that was not even empty: a relatively dry packet of Gauloises Caporal, *filtre* and duty-free, high up. Smiley reached for it as if it were forbidden fruit, but, like forbidden fruit, it stayed outside his grasp. He jumped for it and felt his back rip: a distinct and unnerving parting of tissue that smarted and dug at him for days afterward. He said "Damn" out loud and rubbed the spot. Two typists, on their way to work, consoled him with their giggles. He found a stick, poked the packet free, opened it. Four cigarettes remained.

And behind those four cigarettes, half concealed and protected by its own skin of cellophane, something he recognised but dared not even disturb with his wet and trembling fingers. Something he dared not even contemplate until he was free of this appalling place, where giggling typists and Buddhist monks innocently trampled the spot where Vladimir had died: a single frame of 35-millimetre film, developed, waiting to be printed.

They have one proof, I have the other, he thought, I have shared the old man's legacy with his murderers.

CAMERAPERIE

A top-value Playboy guide for those who love photography

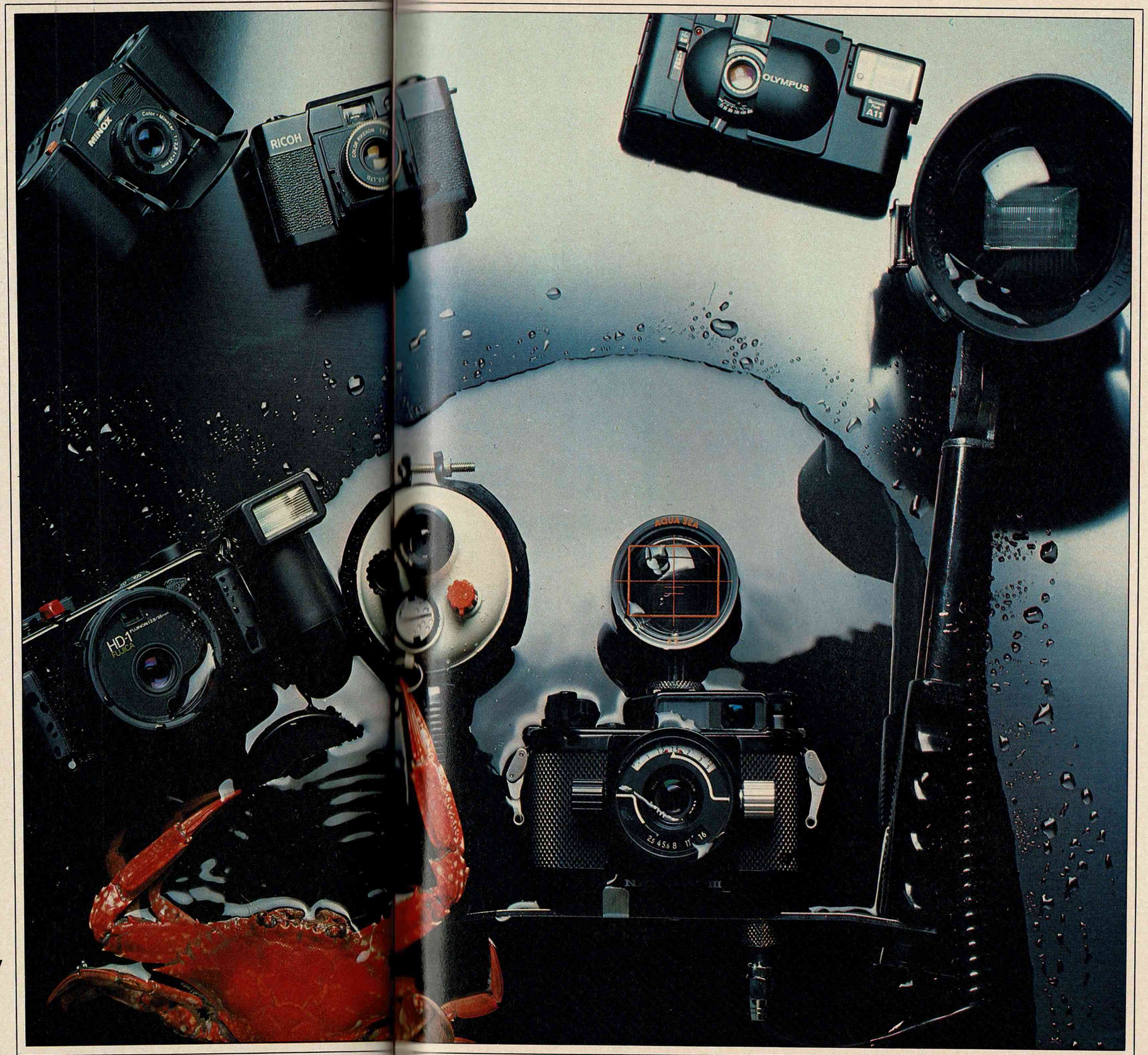
By James Crown

Photography by Tandy Rowley

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST photograph was not taken by an Englishman or a convict, but by a French tourist. The important event took place in George Street, Sydney, near the GPO, on a cool day in May, 1841. On that occasion, the paramount newspaper of the day, *The Australian,* waxed eloquent, suggesting that the process might be well worth the attention of any inquisitive reader. Nearly 140 years later, the reader curious about photography and cameras finds himself bewildered by the rows and rows of fancy models gracing retailers' shelves. There are cameras able to think faster and more accurately than photographers. There are cameras that talk, that refuse to take a picture if they discern everything is not just right, and cameras that flash stop and go lights, red and green, like traffic signals gone mad. There are so many of them capable of operating in the dark that no one is really safe from the "eye" any more.

Which camera is best? There are hundreds of different cameras to choose from, and almost all of them take very good pictures. *Australian Photography's* annual directory of photographic equipment lists 1767 current-model cameras, flash units, lenses, films and other accessories — a veritable cornucopia of image

Rough, tough and ready — the perfect picture for an active outdoorsman. Shown clockwise from right, the workhorse Nikonos III — dustproof, shockproof and waterproof to a depth of 50m ($430). It's coupled with a Sekonic Marine Meter ($145) and two Aqua Sea products: optical view-finder ($35) and an Aqua Strobe 80 ($170). Both manufactured in Sydney by John McConnell. The Fujica HD-1 and its optically connected strobe flash unit is an ideal camera for the canoeist, surfer or fisherman. It's not for diving, but is very water-resistant ($195). The Minox 35GL ($250), Ricoh FF-1 ($180) and Olympus XA ($200) share similar optics — f2.8, 35mm lenses. They are all compact, yet produce full-frame 35mm photographs. Cameras supplied by Fletcher's Fotographics, Sydney.



making devices. There is now a camera for every season – as well as almost every woman, man, and child. And even cameras for animals isn't too far-fetched an idea – a certain group of scientists is training dolphins to operate cameras for an underwater picture-hunt for the Loch Ness monster.

One of the complications, of course, is that many camera manufacturers are turning out variations on basic cameras at such a rate that, by the time you have exposed your first roll of film, your new camera could well be on its way to obsolescence. This has put considerable pressure on the photographic industry. As competition for the amateur photographic market accelerates, it is being fought, in the main, at the gut level of *prices*.

Like motor car manufacturers, camera makers push new models into the marketplace as often as possible, sometimes adding something new and exciting, more often removing one or two switches and their corresponding functions to reduce the total package price. Some cameras are developing brothers and sisters at such a rate that normal camera birth processes seem to have been replaced by a Polaroid-like action – produce a new camera with the click of a button. If we like it, apply fixer; if not, let it fade into oblivion.

Industry leaders seem to be caught up in this mindless treadmill. If the trend continues, it may result, in the long term, in a market flooded with cheap, simple, compact cameras, leaving no quarter for the more expensive and sophisticated models.

And it does not appear that the glut is anywhere near an end. Non-proliferation treaties are harder to come by in the photographic industry than they are in the international arms race.

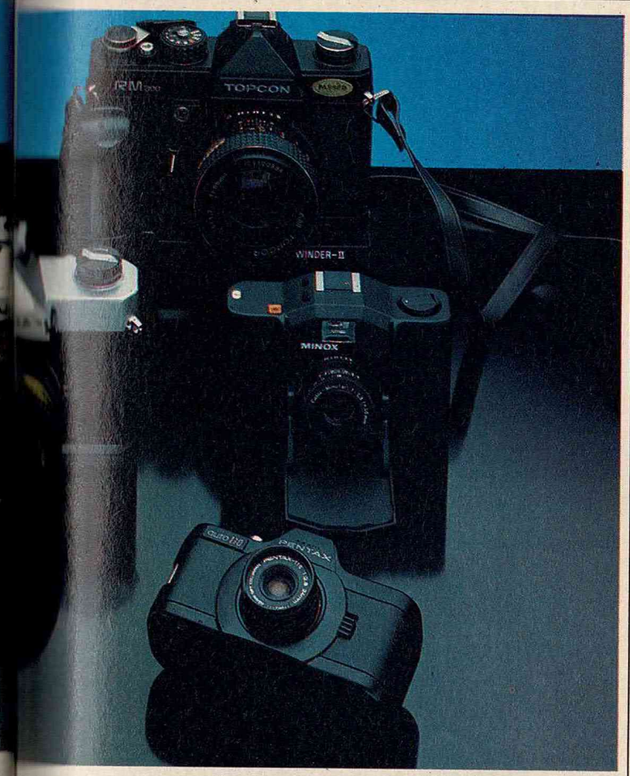
In the past, it was said that the camera and the eye were very different, with the eye almost always being declared superior. Developing technology is now giving the lie to that line. The gap between the two is steadily closing and, in some applications such as focusing in darkness or recording images, the eye is inferior. While the eye is selective, seeing only what it chooses, the camera observes everything indiscriminately and dispassionately.

To realise just how far technicians have taken us in their quest for the perfect camera, it is important to remember a couple of basic camera-operating principles. Lens aperture determines how much light gets through the shutter; shutter speed determines the length of time this light is allowed through the shutter. The combination of aperture and shutter speed regulates the amount of light reaching the film. Aperture is measured in units called f-stops (f1.4, wide open, to f22, almost closed), while shutter speed has been standardised in fractions of a second (1/30, 1/250, 1/1000, are a few examples).

The most popular camera type in use among serious photographers today is the single lens reflex (SLR). The distinguishing feature of the SLR is that you view and focus through the same lens which will, when you actuate the shutter, cast the image on to the film. Reflex comes from reflection, and refers to the image seen in the viewfinder being reflected off a mirror in the optical path that starts with the viewing lens and ends at your eye. When the shutter release is pressed, the mirror flips up out of the way, the focal-plane shutter in front of the film is momentarily opened, and the light hits the film. At the completion of exposure, the mirror flips back down. So, in the moment of exposure, the operator is "blind".

It is the way of the Western world that any innovation that makes life easier and does not break down immediately becomes a great success, and an undeniable necessity. Also mandatory, of course, are standardisation and mass production – both of which reduce costs.

There are three relatively recent camera innovations which follow this formula and which have revolutionised camera technology. The first is the automatic-exposure

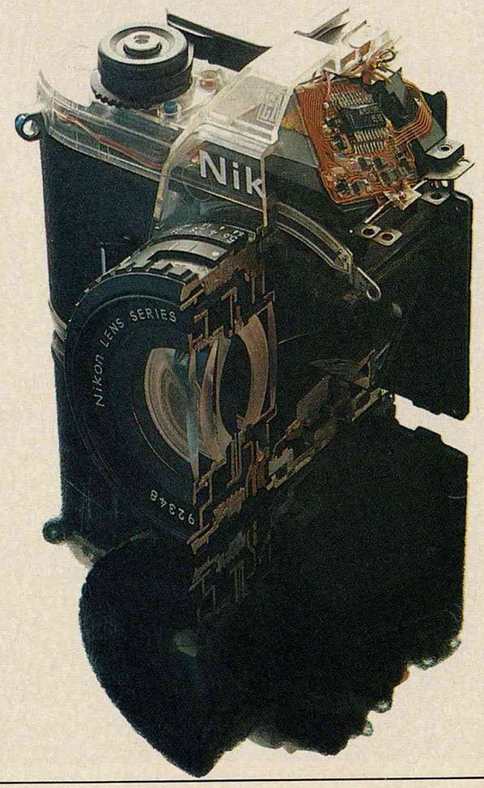


$200–$300

Fujica STX1 ($269) 35mm compact SLR, match needle metering at full aperture, micro-computer controlled exposure, aperture and shutter speed in viewfinder, flash operation signal and exposure warning, speeds 1 to 1/700 sec. plus B and X, bayonet-mount lenses.
Minox GL ($270) 35mm auto super-compact, aperture-priority auto-exposure control, CdS sensor, electronically-timed inter-leaf shutter, speeds 1 to 1/500 sec., viewfinder with bright line frame and shutter speed scale.
Pentax Auto 110 (camera $276, kit $630) 110 SLR camera, fully automatic with system selecting fastest shutter speed and smallest aperture combination, centreweighted TTL metering, system includes three lenses: 18mm, 24mm, 50mm.
Cosina CS-1 ($280) 35mm SLR compact, aperture priority, open aperture TTL metering, LED exposure readout, magnetically-controlled electronically-timed cloth focal plane shutter, speeds 4 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, bayonet lenses.
Rollei A110 ($283) 110 compact automatic, programmed lens shutter with speeds 4 to 1/400 sec., low-light warning LED and focusing symbols in viewfinder, meter sensor controls flash exposure, 23mm f2.9 lens.
Topcon RM 300 ($300) 35 mm SLR, exposure control with match LEDs, vertical-running metal focal plane shutter, speeds 1 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, bayonet lenses.

UNDER $200

Below is one of the new multi-mode single lens reflex cameras, a Nikon, cross-sectioned to illustrate the complex and sophisticated electronic aperture sensor.



Polaroid Sonar 5000 ($119) Auto-focusing, auto-exposure, instant picture camera, takes 10 SX-70 color shots per load, image area 80x78mm programmed auto-exposure, shutter speeds from 1 to 1/180 sec, apertures from f9.5 to f24, fixed 114mm f9.5 lens, auto or manual focusing to 0.9m, slow speed warning, lighten/darken control.
Praktica Super TL3 ($193) 35mm SLR, auto exposure, metal blade focal plane shutter, speeds 1 to 1/500 sec., B and X, interchangeable screw-mount lens, light concentrater.
Olympus Trip 35 ($143) 35mm compact automatic, programmed auto-exposure control, inter-lens shutter has 1/40 sec. to 1/200 sec. speeds, apertures from f2.8 to f22, symbol focusing, low-light warning, standard 40mm f2.8 lens.
Olympus XA ($169) 35mm rangefinder compact, aperture priority auto-exposure control, inter-lens shutter with speeds 10 to 1/500 sec., shutter speed scale in viewfinder, coupled rangefinder focusing to 0.85m, fixed 35mm f2.8 lens.
Konica C35-AF ($195) 35mm auto-focus auto-exposure compact, with built-in flash, programmed exposure control, inter-lens shutter has three fixed speeds – 1/60, 1/125, 1/250 sec., apertures from f2.8 to f22, visitronic autofocusing from 1.1m to infinity, low-light warning in viewfinder, flashready signal, fixed 38mm f2.8 lens.

system; the second, automatic focusing; and the third, computerisation of these internal control mechanisms. It might sound complicated, and at the design stage it is, but the end result is a camera that makes decisions, and which needs only to be pointed in the general direction of the subject and fired to take a very good picture.

There was an early hybrid of auto-exposure available in 1938 in the Kodak Super-620, but that was an anomaly, ahead of its time, and rapidly went the way of most interlopers. Auto-exposure surfaced again only a few years ago when someone added a built-in exposure meter with its own window in the front of the camera. However, the meter was not attached to the camera's exposure controls; it simply supplied information. The next step was dubbed the "semi-automatic", and consisted of a coupled exposure meter and a "match-the-needle" concept – you set the shutter speed and the meter tells you what f-stop to use.

There was instant and voluble criticism of each new breakthrough. Built-in meters would be too small or too inaccurate by comparison with the large hand-held variety, the critics squealed. Out of the woodwork were wheeled decrepit photographic pundits who posited that mindless automation would put an end to personal freedom (in this case, creativity). Technique would soon disintegrate, with photographers suddenly relying on mechanics to do it all.

But all the hoopla, all the remarks of the ancients, did not stop the proliferation of built-in exposure meters. We came to love and trust them, and to work within their limitations – limitations which were quickly expanded by new research. And there did not seem to be any decline in the number or quality of creative pictures.

Built-in exposure control took an enormous step forward when through-the-lens (TTL) metering was invented, and bounded even further ahead when makers moved from the slow-to-respond selenium-cell meters to the more rapid cadmium sulphide (CdS) type. For the uninitiated, TTL metering measures the light passing through the lens that will actually take the picture, rather than through a little window located somewhere upon the camera's face. The SLR-TTL combination was particularly powerful – exposure-metering, focusing and film exposure through the one lens. A whole new era of camera technology had opened up and, as prices were lowered, these were the cameras that flooded the marketplace. But they were still semi-automatic, because the operator had to make some adjustments.

Full automation was only a short distance away. And it came not in one mode, but in a multi-mode form which is one of the controversies of modern photography.

Although manufacturers like to use "automation" and "fully-automatic" as phrases, many of the innovations should be termed "semi-automatic", because they still require that the photographer make some preliminary adjustment. In 35mm SLRs, this "automation" first took two forms: aperture preference (you select the f-stop, the metering system selects a suitable shutter speed) or shutter preference (you select a shutter speed, the camera selects an appropriate f-stop).

Shutter preference appears to have the most going for it. More pictures have been ruined by slow shutter speed than by inadequate depth of field, which is controlled by aperture selection. However, logic is not always the important factor in camera technology. Manufacturers found that it was far simpler and less expensive to convert production lines to aperture-preferred automation.

The anti-progress lobby continued its lamentations, its wails subsiding only as tales flowed in from the field of how the "greats" – *Life, Look* and *National Geographic* staff photographers – were all being won over to automation. Suddenly AE (automatic exposure) cameras appeared everywhere professional photographers were found. And if there's a single truism in the popularity of photographic

$400–$500

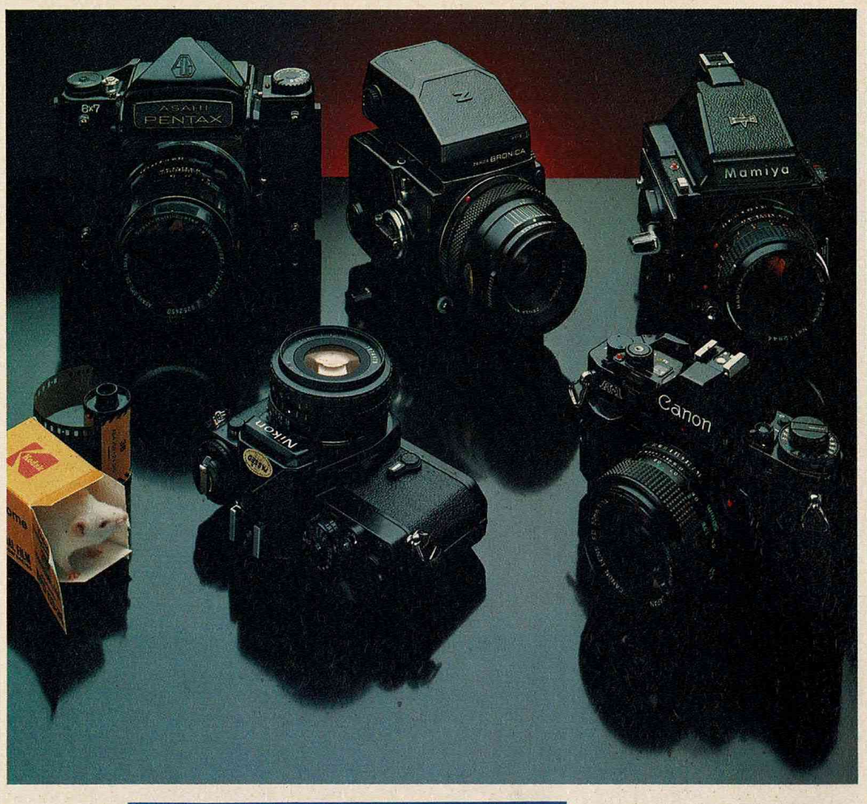
Konica FS-1 ($465) 35mm auto SLR with built-in 1.5 frames per second auto-winder, shutter-priority automatic or manual exposure control, centre-weighted TTL meter, full aperture reading gallium sensor, LED viewfinder readout, electronically-timed metal shutter, speeds from 2 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, interchangeable bayonet-mount lenses.

Canon AE-1 ($485) 35mm auto SLR, shutter-priority or manual exposure control, centre-weighted TTL meter, full-aperture reading silicon sensor, aperture scale in viewfinder, exposure warning LEDs, electronically-timed cloth focal plane shutter speeds, 2 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, interchangeable bayonet-mount lenses.

Pentax ME ($487) 35mm auto SLR, aperture-priority automatic-exposure control, centre-weighted TTL meter, full-aperture reading gallium sensor, shutter speed scale with LED readout in viewfinder, electronically-timed metal focal plane shutter, speeds 8 to 1/1000 sec., B and X, interchangeable bayonet lenses, magic-needle quick/sure loading, 1.5-frames per sec. automatic film winder.

$600–$700

Minolta XD-7 ($625) 35mm auto SLR, multi-mode aperture-priority, shutter-priority, or manual exposure control, centre-weighted TTL meter, full aperture reading silicon sensor, shutter speeds and aperture scale shown in viewfinder with LED readout, electronically-timed metal focal plane shutter, automatic and manual speeds from 1 to 1/1000 sec., B and X, interchangeable bayonet-mount lenses, safe-load signal and new electromagnetic shutter release, data back D can replace back cover.



POCKET CAMERAS

ALTHOUGH THE 35mm SLR camera is the most popular format among serious photographers, the greatest share of the market is held by pocket cameras. Besides being small, lightweight and extremely portable, pocket cameras are usually fairly inexpensive. They are also very easy to use.

Kodak introduced pocket cameras in 1972, and was soon followed by Japanese manufacturers. Later pocket models followed Kodak's example: a flat-top design with a simple shutter mechanism which accounted, primarily, for the low cost. The end result, however, was a picture often ruined by camera shake. The negative frame (13x17mm) was so small that the quality of the finished picture was poor. These two factors did a lot to negate the many advantages of pocket cameras.

The problem of camera shake produced a number of innovations. On some, a handgrip appeared which could be folded down to provide additional support when actually taking a picture. Another move was to produce a vertical model so it could be held as firmly as a regular 35mm.

Many of today's models include built-in electronic flash and some sport automatic-exposure systems. With a built-in flash, sharp pictures can be achieved in almost all situations. The original mechanical shutter has been superseded by an automatic exposure electronic shutter which improves print quality.

The standard film speed for pocket cameras in the past was ASA 64 to 100. But ASA 400 film is now available which has improved picture quality because it permits faster shutter speeds to further reduce camera shake.

Pocket cameras are here to stay and are more than likely to widen their already large share of the market.

OVER $1000

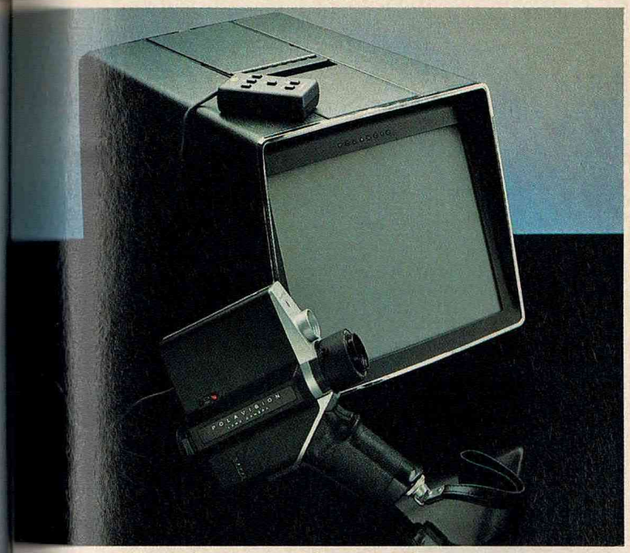
Nikon FE ($1008) 35mm auto SLR, aperture-priority auto, or manual exposure control, centre-weighted TTL meter, full aperture reading silicon sensor, shutter speed scale and aperture in viewfinder, automatic-exposure compensation and AE "hold", electronically-timed metal focal plane shutter, auto and manual speeds ranging from 8 to 1/1000 sec., B and X, interchangeable bayonet mount lenses and focusing screens, auto-flash speed setting.

Canon A-1 ($1040) 35mm auto SLR, multi-mode aperture priority (two modes), programmed, or manual exposure control, centre-weighted TTL meter, full aperture reading silicon sensor, digital LED shutter speed and aperture readout in viewfinder, auto-exposure compensation and AE "hold", electronically-timed cloth focal plane shutter, auto and manual speeds from 30 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, interchangeable bayonet-mount lenses.

Bronica ETR-S ($1274) roll-film SLR, 15 shots 57x43mm on 120 film, 30 on 220 film, electronically-timed inter-lens leaf shutter, speeds from 8 to 1/500 sec. plus B, interchangeable four-claw bayonet-mount lenses, interchangeable film back, interchangeable viewfinders with choice of five finders, interchangeable focusing screens, has aperture-priority automatic metering head available with silicon sensors and LED readout, and multiple-exposure facility is available.

Pentax 6x7 ($1440) roll-film SLR, 10 shots 70x55mm on 120 film, 20 on 220 film, electronically-timed cloth focal plane shutter, speeds 1 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, interchangeable bayonet-mount lenses, viewfinders and focusing screens.

Mamiya M645 1000S ($1564) roll-film SLR, 15 shots 57x43mm on 120 film, 30 on 220 film, electronically-timed cloth focal plane shutter, speeds from 8 to 1/1000 sec. plus B, interchangeable bayonet-mount lenses, interchangeable dual-function viewfinders and focusing screens, auto-metering head available, mirror lock-up provision, two separate shutter release buttons, moving coil electronic shutter.



POLAVISION

EDWIN LAND, the doyen behind the entire Polaroid concept, name and way of life, unveiled the first instant camera in 1947. He built a tremendously successful corporation around that model, becoming an unusual hybrid of scientist and entrepreneur in the marketing of this camera and the many that followed.

And then there was Polavision. Heralded as a revolution in home movies, Polaroid came out with a system that included a small movie camera, a viewing box and a special film cassette. The photographer simply slipped his cassette of film into the player after exposing it, and 90 seconds later, the film was processed and ready for playing back. It was simple and easy to use, but it faltered on the market.

Polavision was overly expensive and too limited for successful home movies. There was no facility for fading, cutting, editing or sound. In its rush to provide instant movies, Polaroid overlooked the fact that many amateur filmmakers want to play with the processed results as well as just view them. With no way of opening the cassette to edit, what was filmed — mistakes and all — was what you got.

Polavision was introduced with great fanfare. But the financial statement took the glow off the product when it bombed, reducing the American company's 1978 net profit by $7 million. Consumers were just not interested at the time.

Polaroid, however, is a resilient company. With $100 million invested in Polavision, the company refused to admit defeat, arguing that, when first introduced in 1972, the SX-70 still camera performed badly. Today, it is a bestseller. For the time being, Polaroid is aiming its marketing of Polavision into the industrial, educational and, particularly, the sports area. A clever idea, because Polavision is a tremendous recording system for these purposes. It remains to be seen if it will become popular with creative filmmakers.

equipment, it's that what's bearable for the professional is more than good enough for the amateur.

The next step, of course, was to do away with one-system cameras and provide a camera with a choice of either aperture or shutter priority. In late 1977, the American market was presented with the Minolta XD-11. It wasn't distributed in Australia, but shortly after its US premiere, the Minolta XD-7 became Australia's first multi-mode camera. It was similar to the XD-11 — only losing a few digits in its name. The XD-7 offered aperture priority, shutter priority or manual operation. However, it was quickly overshadowed by the Canon A-1 which offered much more than was asked for, or expected, or needed. If it seems that we spend some time discussing the A-1, it's not because it is the best or the most exclusive, but because it exemplifies the entire range of semi-automatic and automatic cameras.

Canon's first A-series model — it now has five — not only offered the choice of shutter or aperture priorities, but also: programmed AE, the truly automatic system by which the camera sets both aperture and shutter automatically; electronic flash AE, where you add certain electronic flash units, and shutter and aperture are set automatically to co-ordinate for flash pictures; and stopped-down AE, where, with non-meter-coupled accessories, such as lenses, you set aperture, the camera sets shutter speed. In addition, the Canon A-1 allowed total manual override, so that the photographer, if he was so inclined, could do it all himself.

Aficionados will no doubt have recognised that a pale version of the A-1's programmed AE has been around for some time in the cheaper 35mm compacts and cartridge-load cameras. Set the film's ASA speed rating and the camera does everything else. Aim and shoot. But there is a whole technological epoch of genius between this program of auto-exposure and the Canon system. Canon was also the pace-setter for another new era — all this advanced design arrived in a package that broke the price barrier separating amateur from the previously financially-aloof professional.

In the cheaper and earlier versions, the shutter-aperture program was selected by the manufacturer to serve the widest possible exposure range. A common theory was to include a minimum "safe" shutter speed while the aperture progressively opened up. In this simple variation of AE, the range of possibilities is very limited and the photographer has no control whatsoever. If the critics wanted something to criticise, this should have been it. A robot camera.

Where the A-1, and some other cameras, is different and more advanced is in its programmed mode which gives highly accurate metering, transversing a variety of lighting conditions. Aperture-shutter choices are precision decisions. If anything, the A-1 offers too much. Although it may be convenient occasionally to call up one of the alternative modes, most photographers have a single-mode preference and stick to it faithfully. In the near future, the question of AE may partially be resolved by models which offer only programmed or manual modes. Most likely, what we'll see are less-expensive SLR types offering AE capabilities.

Another innovation which has changed the course of photography for amateurs is automatic focus (AF). Before going further, let's break the spell somewhat. In automatic focusing, the photographer still has to decide what it is the auto-focusing system has to focus *on*. In some cases, this can become a major decision.

There are only a few auto-focusing systems available. Polaroid's sonar method is restricted by Polaroid policy to its own instant cameras. Leitz' Correfot system, which samples the image in an equivalent focal plane, like the screen of a reflex camera, is very good, but, for the moment, filled with practical problems.

The truly universal system is Honeywell's Visitronic system. It is common because the Honeywell Company of the US has made it available to any camera manufacturer

who can meet certain basic specifications and pay the royalties. This system is based on a complex module. The AF module is an optical rangefinder. Focusing takes place in milliseconds before the shutter opens. When installed in a movie camera, the subject is kept in constant focus. The system operates over a wide light range, from bright sunlit panoramas to very dimly illuminated close-ups.

The module operation is simple in overview, incredibly complex in electronic theory. It works like this: a prism detects the light from a fixed mirror and from a moving mirror, and produces two images on an integrated circuit for comparison. The AF detector then goes into action. When the two images compared by the integrated circuit are similar, the correlation signal peaks, causing the module to produce a step function voltage change. The main subject produces the highest peak. A signal is then carried to the control unit which commands a solenoid to move the camera lens to the proper focus.

The Honeywell AF module is even more ingenious in its movie camera function. The circuit provides servo-control electronics to control continuously the position of the lens. Upon receipt of the signal provided by the basic AF module, it determines the proper lens position, and directs the movement of the lens at a speed proportional to the distance it must travel. This provides smooth, continuous and very accurate AF operation.

Photographic equipment is introduced into the marketplace either with great fanfare or cautious understatement, the latter being the case when a new concept is unveiled. If the concept stimulates the interest of distributors and garners space in the photographic press, the manufacturers may take a punt and pursue the concept more seriously.

Australian photographic distributors, retailers and magazine editors usually first see innovations at three major international equipment shows. Photokina, traditionally the most prestigious venue for the launching of new products and observing trends, is held every other year in Cologne, West Germany. The annual Japan Camera and Accessories Show in Tokyo and the Photo Marketing Association International show in Chicago are also important.

The equipment manufacturers are on their best behavior for these shows, organising new product announcements, marketing strategies and production schedules to coincide with exhibitions, lavish cocktail parties and high-pressure press conferences. An *Australian Photography* columnist, Mike Elton, assembled a metre-high pile of brochures, news releases and pictures from Photokina '78.

Now to the crux of the matter: how do you know, in this sea swarming with claims and counter-claims, what camera to buy? First, assess your needs. Second, examine your bank balance. Are you a Sunday snap-shooter? If so, then go for a quality rangefinder, an inexpensive SLR, or a Polaroid or Kodak instant system. Are you a serious amateur? Invest in a more serious camera.

What makes a top camera? There are a lot of elements, some not easy to define. At a basic level, consider value for money – what you get in performance and specifications for the cash you are prepared to part with. Is, for example, a Nikon FE ($1008) really worth seven times as much as a Praktica L2 ($140)? Shop around thoroughly before you make a decision. In our list of recommendations on these pages there are two excellent 110 cameras, an auto-focusing instant-picture camera, and several compact automatics.

It may not surprise you that the majority listed are SLRs, some roll-film, most 35mm. We've included a Pentax 6X7 ($1592). Are the pictures it takes six times more worthwhile than those taken by a $250 35mm SLR?

A typical low-to-medium-priced SLR new-model camera averages $400, with Canon's AE-1 ($485) probably the best value. At the lower end of the dollar scale are the Topcon RM 300 ($300), Fujica ST605N ($265) and the Praktica L2 ($140). The Fujica ST605N is a good buy because it is the only camera in that price bracket with a silicon sensor, a particularly accurate light reading device. The Praktica is a good camera if you really want to work – it has no metering at all. These two cameras have simple 42mm screw-thread lens mounts without any intricate meter couplings. The advantage here is that these lenses and accessories are less expensive than the more complex bayonet mounts, and there is a wide range of accessory choice.

It is disputable whether the amateur will gain much by crossing the $500 mark to purchase a Canon A-1 ($815) or a Nikon FE. But it is subjective, and if you can afford to . . .

In roll film SLRs, you have the advantage of better picture quality as a result of the increased size of the negative or transparency. The classiest is the Pentax 6X7, styled like a normal SLR 35mm model, but sporting a 70x55mm image, five times larger than the 35mm image. The Mamiya M645 1000S ($1274) and Bronica ETR-S ($1262) are highly regarded by many professionals.

In this list, you will not find the Olympus OM-1 or the Pentax MX. At the prices they command, who wants manual mode only? An automatic gives you the right to override the camera by plus or minus two stops so you can take the special pictures you are after. If not, there is something wrong with your method. Automatic exposure is more accurate than manual in most instances. Here's why: fully automatic control is stepless, which means that, if you need 1/267 second or an aperture of f7.3, that is what the AE camera will give you. With the manual, you are stuck with the measurements you have set. (In this case, manual would give you f8 at 1/250 second.)

Don't overlook the rangefinder compact automatics. The main point to be made is that these cameras are not superior to the SLRs – the performance and versatility of SLRs are incomparable. But a case can be made for having an SLR *and* a compact. Use the compact on all those occasions when you don't want to carry the heavier SLR. A compact in your pocket can be ready for use at any time.

The compact automatics are a neophyte's dream. They are the ultimate in point-'n'-shoot cameras. Compact 35mm cameras usually come with a fixed lens and simple design. Most also have built-in exposure meter control and many have built-in electronic flash. An increasing number have automatic focusing. The 35mm compacts become preferable over the 110 pocket cameras when the question of film size arises. The area of a 35mm image is four times that of a 110 image. When blown up, there is much less grain apparent in the 35mm picture. The film question also arises because there are many more film choices for the 35mm format than there are for the 110 format. (Interestingly, the cost of a 35mm color print is about equal to that of a 110 print.)

Finally, there are the instant-film formats produced by Kodak and Polaroid. Kodak has the Colorburst 100 ($49), Colorburst 200 ($59) and Colorburst 300 ($99). Polaroid, having been in the instant-systems business much longer, has a much longer list. Polaroid's long history also gives it a clear edge in instant-film and instant-camera technology. Although expensive, the Polaroid SX-70 Sonar OneStep ($295) is still the best of the range, with the 5000 Sonar OneStep ($119) a cheaper alternative.

These are suggested buys, and their specifications as we go to press. Prices vary, and you may get a better deal by shopping around. In the final analysis, it is not a question of which piece of equipment is the most suitable. In an attempt to placate the ancients, we must keep reminding ourselves that science and technology in photography are only a means to an end. When you set all those fancy camera controls to get a desired result, the accomplishment doesn't lie in setting the controls, but in the resulting photograph.

HOME MOVIES

THE CINEMATIC world's battle of the film gauges is on again. Time was when Hollywood would part the Red Sea only on 70mm; stories with plots and characters – real people – landed on 35mm; and documentaries about the sex life of the tsetse fly were made on 16mm. Then came Super 8.

If you regard Super 8 solely as an amateur movie-maker's heart's-blood, look again. This dwarf of the cinema world is circulating through the arteries of film-makers around the globe; Super 8 is making progress, and it's making a lot of money for some people.

Paris. Remember the *bateaux-mouches,* grand old tourist boats offering views of Parisian life? There's now a *Cine-Mouche* moored near the *rive droite.* Operated by three young *cineastes,* it shows only Super 8 productions: a couple of short films about mental illness and metaphysics support an intriguingly-titled feature, *Cemetery of the Dolls.*

Bhutan. Russ Nichols, a young, energetic filmmaker, "shot the rapids" on Super 8. Filming a nine-man kayak expedition down a remote Himalayan river, the crew navigated the 144-kilometre stretch in 30 days. The Super 8 cameras, among them such well-known names as Beaulieu and Canon, were housed in specially-made underwater blimps.

China. $1000 spent on color and black-and-white stock enabled a teachers' delegation to make four films on China, with emphasis on the country's educational trends. Filmmaker Alvin Lawson recently returned with Super 8 films to be shown on Channel 9. Quality is great and, besides, the Chinese wouldn't let 16mm equipment past the border.

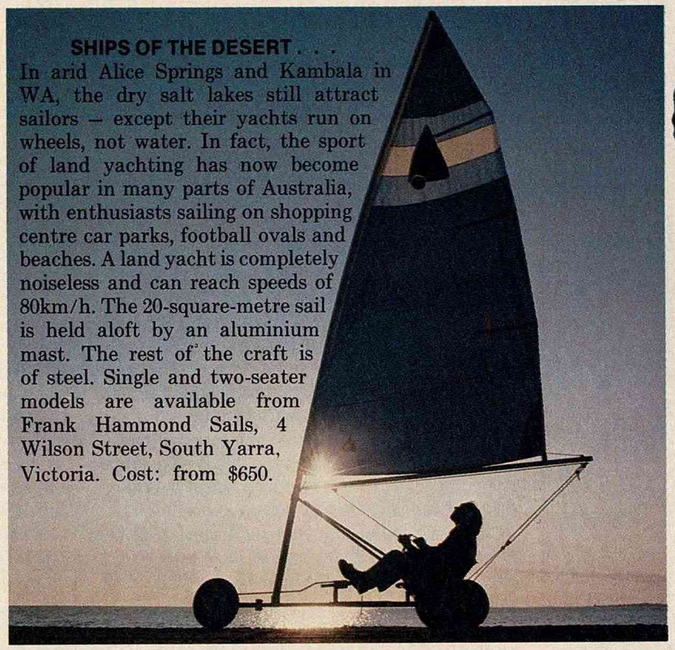
Australia. The Leyland Brothers continue filming their highly criticised (by film buffs) but greatly enjoyed (by TV audiences) Australian travel series on Super 8. The series began production on 16mm, but the Brothers L discovered portability and cost advantages, with little drop in quality.

If ENG (Electronic News Gathering) had not come into being in the US, major TV networks would be shooting news on Super 8 by now. A few stations did make the change from 16mm, giving busy news editors a holiday with the medium's low stock consumption, fast processing, and small equipment.

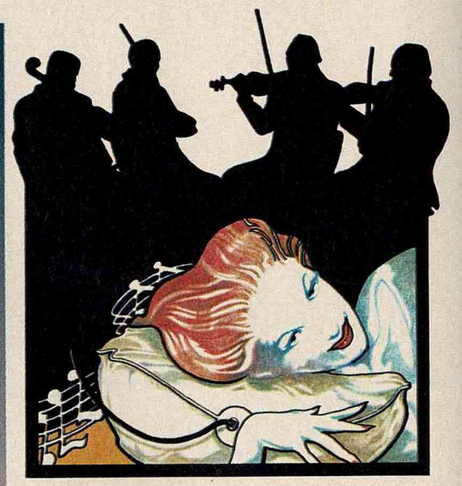
The infinite horizon of Super 8's versatility faces only one cloud – video. The Japanese, the largest producers of Super 8 gear, may be making it obsolete with the development of miniaturised video cameras and recorders. But before that storm arrives, video has two immediate obstacles – size and price. **– BARRIE SMITH**

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SHIPS OF THE DESERT . . .
In arid Alice Springs and Kambala in WA, the dry salt lakes still attract sailors – except their yachts run on wheels, not water. In fact, the sport of land yachting has now become popular in many parts of Australia, with enthusiasts sailing on shopping centre car parks, football ovals and beaches. A land yacht is completely noiseless and can reach speeds of 80km/h. The 20-square-metre sail is held aloft by an aluminium mast. The rest of the craft is of steel. Single and two-seater models are available from Frank Hammond Sails, 4 Wilson Street, South Yarra, Victoria. Cost: from $650.

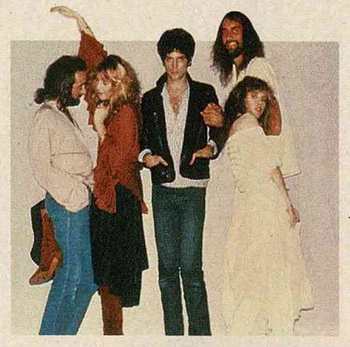


PILLOW TALK
This pillow contains a speaker which can be plugged into a radio, TV or cassette. The manufacturers claim it can soothe you to slumber – and can even hypnotise you into greater confidence as you sleep! The cost: $25 from leading department stores.

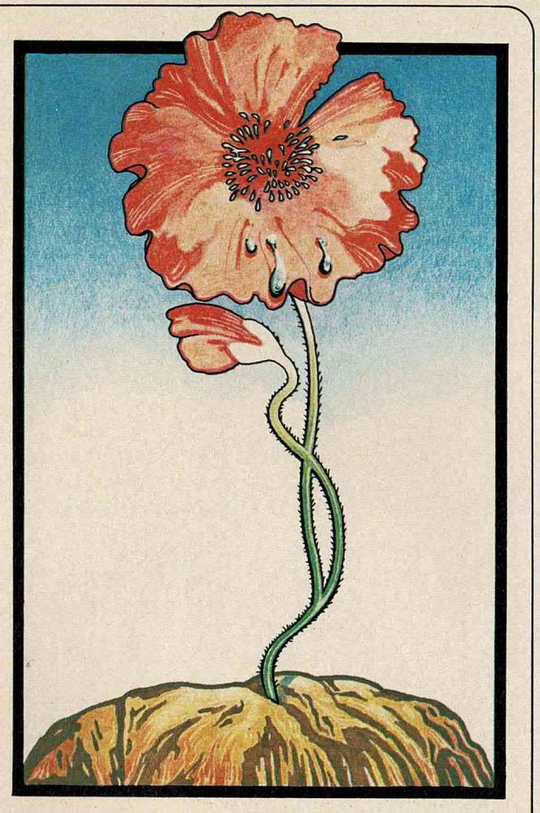
TRY THE LITTLE AIRLINES . . .
Waterwings, a small seaplane company, specialises in holidays on the NSW coast and short scenic flights. Prices range from $225 for a trip to Batemans Bay to $15 for a joy flight. (Tel. Sydney [02] 922 5325.) In Queensland, Air Whitsunday has a similar service (Brisbane [07] 46 9133).

GLITTERING TIMEPIECES
Your time is valuable – especially if you own a Christian Dior Chopard Happy Diamond watch. The lady's sells for $3240 and the man's for $7330. Available from Percy Marks, Sydney; Congdon's Time Centre, Adelaide; W. M. Drummond & Co, Melbourne; Xennox, Brisbane; Charles Edward, Perth. How about a Mickey Mouse watch, from $11.25?

THE BIG MAC TOUR
The musical phenomenon of the '70s, Fleetwood Mac will tour Australia, starting in Perth on February 20. The band has put out three albums since 1975 – most recently *Tusk*, which has sold 20 million copies.



GROWING UP UNSOILED
Grow plants without soil in a product called "expanded clay", composed mainly of minerals and trace elements. It doesn't turn sour or decay and needs watering only once a fortnight. Available from Luwasa Hydroculture service centres.



TOOTHSOME
While your teeth are getting clean, your mind will be elsewhere as you hold Eve in your hot little paw. $10, including postage, from Lecco Pty Ltd, PO Box 205, Neutral Bay, NSW 2089.

JOIN THE NEW BUNNY CLUB
Yachtsmen wear caps as a status symbol, and some of us just put them on to keep off the sun – or to look good. Whatever the reason, you can't go further than PLAYBOY caps, selling in a variety of colors from Myer department stores and at General Pants at $4.50.

MINI INTERVIEW Vitas Gerulaitis

at 25, the lithuanian lion is a star of both the tennis and the social worlds

AS ACTIVE on the social scene as he is on the tennis circuit, Vitas Gerulaitis appears to live life as if he feared losing. So far, he's pretty much on to a winning streak. Among the disco set, he rates as one of the 10 most eligible bachelors in the world, although top ranking in world championship tennis still eludes this young American. Living mostly out of a suitcase, he touches his New York home base for only three weeks a year to enjoy the trappings of success: the house he built for his family to share, and designed to include, natch, a tennis court, racquet-shaped swimming pool and parking for the plush cars he rarely drives.

"I've worked pretty hard for them, so I think I deserve them and, besides, I don't live that extravagantly," he told staff reporter ***Camilla Beach,*** *whose meeting with the tennis ace was in the unlikely venue of a Kings Cross car park in Sydney.*

PLAYBOY: How much longer do you intend playing professional tennis?

GERULAITIS: No more than another five years. Then I'll have played 10 years of professional tennis and I think that's more than enough. I'm 25 now and younger players are coming up all the time. Maybe in a couple of years there'll be a dozen McEnroes. But I feel that I'm still improving and have at least three strong years ahead.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you can't give your right arm to be number one, but is there anything you would be prepared to sacrifice?

GERULAITIS: Yeah, I'm right-handed so it would be tough. But I've already sacrificed quite a bit to get to where I am now: three or four in the world. A friend of mine would invite me to go to, say, San Tropez for a week, offer to take care of all my travel arrangements, lend me a boat. I really would love to spend four or five days there having a blast but, except over Christmas and New Year, I couldn't afford to take a week off, really blow myself out and then go back to preparing for a tournament. That's one type of sacrifice; the others are more physical. Sometimes you don't feel like practising, but you practise. Sometimes you have to go places when you don't particularly feel like it.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, you do burn the candle at both ends, so how do you keep up your stamina? Do you follow any particular fitness program?

GERULAITIS: No, I don't have any special diet, any special sleeping pattern or any special training program apart from practising for three or four hours every day.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that you're labelled a playboy and that emphasis is put on your social life rather than on your career?

GERULAITIS: It bothered me in the beginning, when I was improving rapidly as a tennis player, and all people would talk about was who I was going out with, why, when and where. Now I've become complacent about the press because I've read so many things that I've never done or said. Newspapers all over the world have become so sensationalised that only a very few report the facts.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's fair comment to call you a playboy?

GERULAITIS: Not really, because I think the word is misused by most people nowadays. It tends to mean somebody who makes a living out of travelling around the world, a jet-set person who uses people more than really enjoying people. I think the word playboy should refer to somebody who likes to play, be it sports or other activities, a person that likes to have fun and, in that sense of the word, then fine, I suppose I am a playboy.

PLAYBOY: Are you a day person or a night person?

GERULAITIS: Definitely a night person. I don't even start to function before noon or one o'clock. Even if I go to bed early, I sleep in late. In some tournaments, you can only practise early in the mornings, so I do get up, but then I'll go back to sleep until late in the afternoon when I have to play. The evening is much better.

PLAYBOY: When you aren't playing in tournaments, how do you like to spend your evenings?

GERULAITIS: I don't have many evenings like that but, after a match, you can't go back to your hotel and sleep. You're too charged up. I'm always pretty hungry after I play, so I like to go to a good restaurant and have a good meal and then, in the bigger cities, friends often take me to places, if there's anything doing, until I'm tired enough to sleep.

PLAYBOY: Going out on the town, what sort of company do you prefer?

GERULAITIS: I'm not that choosey. I like blondes, brunettes and redheads. I just like meeting different people. I'm in each city for such a short time that I can't go out and pick the girl of my dreams. I just like being with somebody who doesn't spend the whole evening gazing at me.

PLAYBOY: I've read in an American magazine that you never wake up alone. Is that true?

GERULAITIS: That's another of the quotes I never said.

PLAYBOY: But is it true?

GERULAITIS: No, I wake up alone pretty much most of the time.

PLAYBOY: Are you keen to keep your bachelor status?

GERULAITIS: Yes, for quite a long time.

PLAYBOY: Then you feel that there's safety in numbers?

GERULAITIS: Definitely. (Laughs). I like to be around a lot of people, although sometimes I like to get away, too. You go wild with people recognising you all the time. It's never the people you really want to meet who come up and say: "That was a great match" or "How are your tennis balls today?"

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes feel a prisoner of fame?

GERULAITIS: No, I totally enjoy it. But there's a price you have to pay. You do have to slog through a lot of bullshit, both from the public and the press. There are always guys who are out to get you, don't like you making a lot of money, don't like your lifestyle or are just jealous of you.

PLAYBOY: For the three weeks you're home on Long Island each year, how do you spend the time?

GERULAITIS: I just sit around the house for a week and do nothing, mustering up enough energy to whoop it up.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a close circle of old friends?

GERULAITIS: I guess I have a lot of acquaintances. My two closest friends, whom I went through school with, died in a boat accident and, after that, I haven't made many more close acquaintances. It's a funny thing that, when you're a popular tennis player, everybody is your friend. But I've seen athletes who were once very, very big, are now a bit down and out, and all of a sudden their friends have deserted them. Now I take everybody I meet with a grain of salt.

PLAYBOY: How many people have your home telephone number?

GERULAITIS: A lot, I'm sure, although we change it all the time.

PLAYBOY: Can I have your home phone number?

GERULAITIS: Sure, no problem.

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PARTY OF THE FIRST PART- 1980s STYLE

Playboy's Pipeline

TINA TURNER ground her pelvis, her backing singers bounced their boobs, and the dancers all around us gyrated and clapped. The floor pulsated with colored lights, and the atmosphere was thick with 100dB sound. We were in the middle of the party of the future.

Our wall-to-wall Tina came straight off a video cassette player and on to a giant television. And when we weren't thrashing our bodies for Tina, we were doing it for Shirley Maclaine and her disco dancing troupe, also larger than life – but straight off a video disc.

The pulsating floor – made of white slats with inset colored lights – was previously seen only in *Saturday Night Fever* and better-class discos. The champagne we poured over it and the punishment the women handed out with their stiletto heels made no impression, and it was simply rolled up and packed away after the party.

To create our Party of the '80s, we used a National projection television, a Magnavox video disc player flown in from America, a National video cassette recorder, a Pioneer hi-fi system, Altec speakers, a roll-up Crown dance floor and disco chaser lights. It won't be long before mass production and inflation bring these expensive trappings within the reach of everybody.

Within three or four years, the most switched-on swingers will use video cassettes or video discs as the nucleus of their parties. Our children will look on our present hi-fi systems as we look on Edison's cylinders and, in comparison to the sound that is just around the corner from records using laser beam "needles" for a sharper sound, our hi-fis will sound like Edison cylinders.

The video cassette, which can be played through your television set, is already selling in large numbers. The video disc players will be the entertainment phenomenon of the '80s. They are due to be released this year and should be freely available in three years. A director of Universal Pioneer told us that, when five million players are in the marketplace, Universal will be able to release movies into cinemas and on $20 video discs simultaneously. For music fans, the clips that we see on the ABC's *Countdown* will be able to be seen at leisure on giant home televisions with the sound in full 95dB dynamic range stereo.

Toshiba is working on a liquid crystal TV screen that will mount flat on your wall and will simply have a number of wires running into it from a video player and tuner. But it will be five years before we see it on the market.

Meanwhile, there are several big-screen projection television systems available in Australia. The two most popular are a console unit which uses a mirror system, and the two-part system using a projector and screen. The console system costs between $5000 and $6000 and is highly recommended for the home. The screen sizes are 2m x 1.2m (AWA) and 3m x 1.5m (National).

In the two-part, or split system, the three color guns are mounted in a separate console. These split systems give a brighter picture than the integrated console units and cost from around $3600 for the Nova Beam coffee table system with 1.5m x 1.2m screen, to $13,000 for a 2.4m x 2m screen lecture theatre system.

There are two other types of giant TV systems in the pipeline. One from Sanyo is an integrated console unit in which the picture is projected on to the back of the screen via a mirror. It is a genuine giant TV, in fact.

A revolutionary video projector is on its way from Belgium. Called the Barco system, it uses only one lens similar to a standard cine projector. The three colored beams that go to make up a color TV picture are converged inside the projector with a series of mirrors. The final picture is projected through a single lens. The advantage is that it can be set up at any distance from a screen and focused. It will cost around $13,000 and can be housed out of the way. It will project its picture on to a flat screen, whereas a TV system needs a curved screen.

While projection television and video disc using laser beam technology may seem like space-age home entertainment, they are already history to scientists and technologists working on the next step – laser holography. That simply means writing with a pencil-thin laser beam. But in the '90s, it is expected that the laser will do more than simply paint pretty pictures.

Instead of watching the '90s version of Tina Turner gyrating on a screen, it is likely that she will, through laser technology, be whooping it up in 3D right in the middle of your lounge.

With computer backing, there is little doubt that the laser will eventually be combined with a computer to paint live art forms and eventually produce in mid-air the pictures we now see on TV.

The trick is not so much one of light but of the eye. If you look at a bright light and then turn it off, the eye retains the image for several seconds. The laser uses this retentive ability of the eye to create complete pictures. So a computer-programmed laser beam could draw a complete person in a moment. The eye retains the complete picture while the laser fills in the detail.

– DENNIS LINGANE

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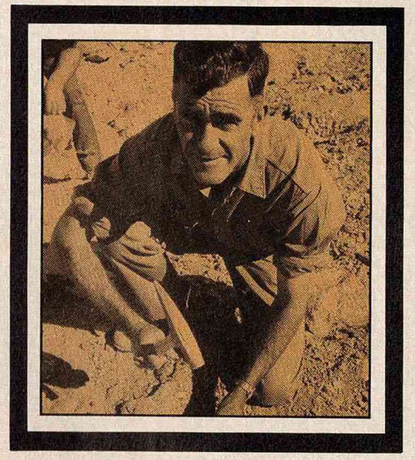
WHERE TO FOSSICK FOR DIAMONDS



Playboy's Pipeline

DIAMONDS may be a girl's best friend but, for the boy expected to come up with one, they may easily be his worst enemy. The price of diamonds has rocketed recently to the extent that it costs anything up to $1000 for just a modest stone. So, if there's a gleam in your eye, but a hole in your pocket, go out and find your own.

To those who think diamonds are confined to South Africa, Australia can be full of surprises. Recent finds in the Kimberleys, in north-west Australian, have confirmed the presence of diamonds in commercial quantities, but over the years they have been found in every State, often in the most unexpected spots. The first recorded discovery of diamonds in Australia was in 1851, near Bathurst, NSW, and, in 1872, diamond fever began in earnest with the discovery of the Bingara field near Narrabri, NSW. During the next 15 years, an estimated 12,000 stones were recovered and, though commercial operations petered out around the turn of the century, it is still possible for the amateur to turn up some fine gems there.

WIDELY SCATTERED FINDS

Until now, Australia's premier location has always been regarded as the field at Copeton, NSW, which, from its first output in 1875, yielded more than 200,000 carats. Many of the old diggings still exist and yield specimens of topaz, beryl and the occasional diamond. Nearby, at Cudgegong, is the site of Australia's longest-producing field, and finds have also been made near Hill End, in the Mittagong district, and at Ballina, Emmaville and in the Lachlan River area as well.

In Queensland, diamonds have been found from Gilberton in the north to the NSW border. A few have been recovered in the central Queensland gemfields at Anakie. Victoria has never had any commercial fields, but small stones have been found near the towns of Casterton, Mansfield and Chiltern.

Echunga is the only locality in SA in which any worthwhile quantity has been found, while in WA, diamonds have been discovered as far apart as the Pilbara goldfields and the Kimberleys. Tasmania's only find has been made on a branch of the Pieman River.

This, of course, is only a rough guide to diamond localities, and more precise local knowledge is necessary if you're serious about diamond prospecting. Locals usually know where old diggings can be found, while branches of the Gemmological Association of Australia and lapidary clubs can often tell you the location of diamond-bearing wash. All diamonds so far found in Australia have been recovered from alluvial deposits as fragments or water-worn gems.

Unless you know what you're looking for, it's easy to confuse diamonds with zircon, topaz or even quartz. But one test will prove the authenticity of your find. A diamond is the world's hardest natural substance, and can be cut only by another diamond. If you can't scratch the stone you've found with anything but a diamond (old engagement rings *are* useful), then you've scored.

Australian diamonds can be transparent, yellow, red, blue, green, orange or translucent. But this won't make it any easier for you to find them. Searching for diamonds can be a tedious, often exhausting task involving a lot of both patience and muscle. Some of the most likely locations are the sites of old alluvial diggings. These highly-mineralised dumps often contain small diamonds, as well as topaz, sapphires and quartz crystals. If the area was ever mined for tin, so much the better – diamonds often occur in the same sort of wash.

When working an old dump, you should dig in from the sides, because it is likely that a "pipe" containing gemstones will be distributed horizontally. The most effective recovery tool is a sieve wired with 5mm mesh.

When the site is dug, big stones of no interest should be discarded, then the remaining material worked through mesh. Vigorous shaking should separate the stones, but the best way to reveal any finds is with water, which is not always available. Should your find look promising, it is advisable to keep some of the material until you return home, or visit a river, where you can wash out the dirt.

OUTBACK COURTESY

In fossicking for gems, a little courtesy goes a long way. You might come to fields which are already being mined professionally, so don't just start digging on a marked claim. Most miners, if asked, will allow you to scratch away on their claims. If not, accept their decision gracefully and move on; Australia, after all, is a big country.

And *never* steal water. It's at a premium anywhere in the outback, and shouldn't be squandered. Perhaps typical of the attitude toward prospectors is this sign on a cattle trough near Rubyvale in the Queensland gemfields: "If you steal the bloody water, you'll be shot!" This may sound a bit daunting, but don't be discouraged. Many a finger is graced with a diamond the giver can truthfully claim he found. – JOHN COCKERILL

What sort of man reads The Bulletin?

He's the sort of man, it seems, that attracts women as much if not more than any other kind.

A fact which is hardly surprising when you consider him in the following light.

He's the sort of man who is vitally interested in politics and the powers that shape its destiny. (Show us the woman not interested in power.)

He's the sort of man who is deeply concerned about the world of finance. (Show us the woman not interested in money.)

He's the sort of man who can articulate on almost any aspect of life, from food to fashion. (Show us the woman not interested in the body and what shape it's in.)

In short, he's the sort of man who is attractive as much for his brain as his brawn.

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THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

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New 1980 Datsun 200B SX

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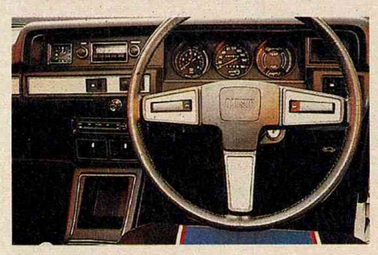

Sports appeal:
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The superb 2 litre fuel efficient engine gives full-blooded performance. It has power to spare for towing a boat, accelerating on the open highway or negotiating city traffic.
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ON·THE·SCENE

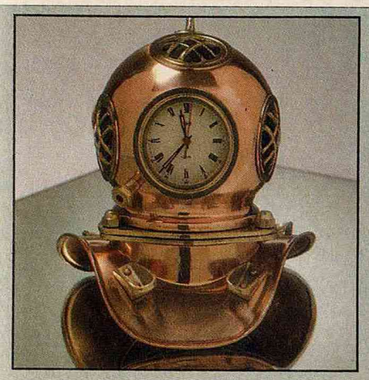
what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

FEELING IS BELIEVING

IF ART often imitates life, it also intimidates people. Eberhard Franke thinks this is a pity, because his sculptures cry out to be stroked. "You're meant to touch them, just as you would touch a person giving out the same energy." The German-born weaver and sculptor also feels that art, no matter how stylised, should be functional, having a place among people in their homes as well as inside a gallery. Looking at the $10,000 black fibreglass ice bucket (below, left), his beliefs start to hold water. The tactile energy that is exuded by his sleek black cat ($3000) confirms Franke's assertion that "we unconsciously imitate human sexual potency in the most simple of things".

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

Since time immemorial, the Swiss have made time-pieces that are works of art as well as precision instruments. The clocks and watches shown on these two pages exemplify this concept: not only do they work beautifully, they look that way, too! Jewellers and watchmakers have found that customers don't object to paying more for these functional items when they come so magnificently packaged. You must have the inclination, so try to find the time – have a look at the range of new European clocks and watches ticking away throughout the country. Pictured below are musical fob watches whose rural scenes come to life – the one on the left, by Jean Blazer, sells for $650, while the watch at right, from Reuge, costs $1495.

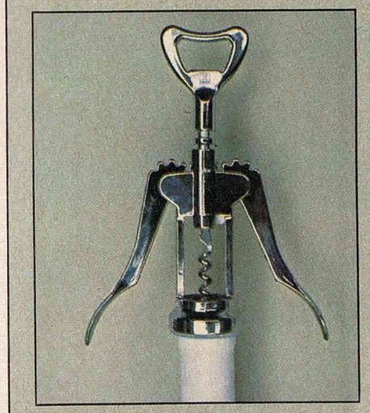


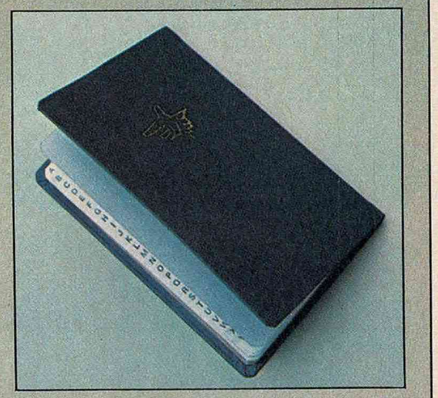
Left to right, and very clock-wise: the miniature diver's helmet clock has quartz movement and sells for $172. Two see-through brass clocks clearly show how time flies. By Jaeger-Le Coultre, the oval model is $550, the oblong $465. A Golden Birdcage clock houses two nightingales that sing you awake, $1500. Stockists in Sydney: Strand Watchmakers and Jewellers; London Watchmakers and Jewellers. Prices are approximate.

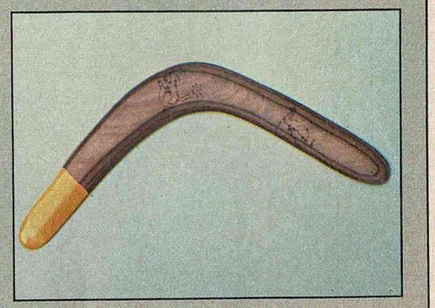
Photography by Luis Martin

ALL THAT'S LEFT

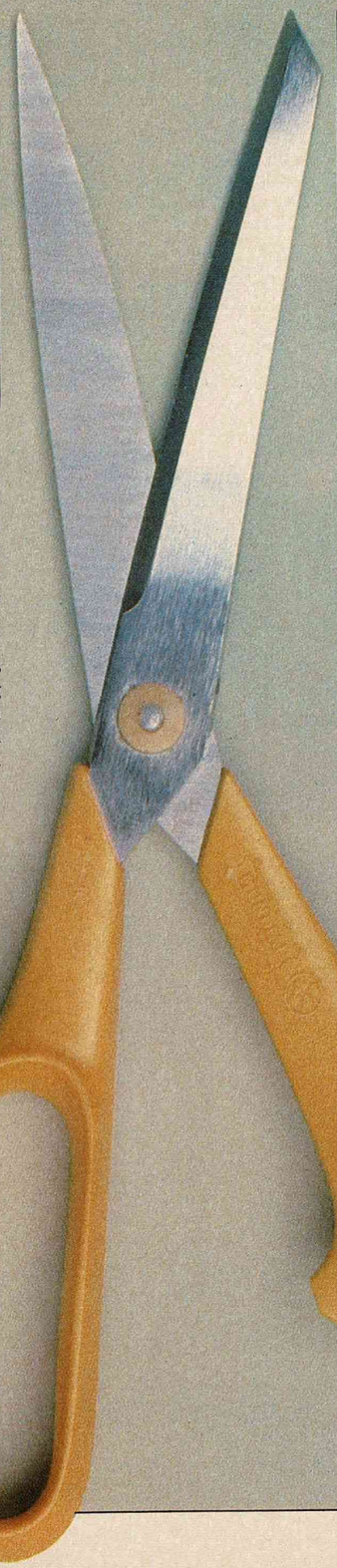
left-wing radicals are at last being recognised in the right marketplace







Ever since the Stone Age, left-handers have been ignored – wooden clubs came only in right-handed designs. In this enlightened age, however, the southpaw minority no longer has to make do with leftovers – more and more every-day household products are made with them in mind. Shown are some products made for leftys: corkscrew and scissors (both less than $12), teledex and boomerang (less than $5). Available from Thingummybob, Toorak, Vic., and Left-Handed Products in Sydney.



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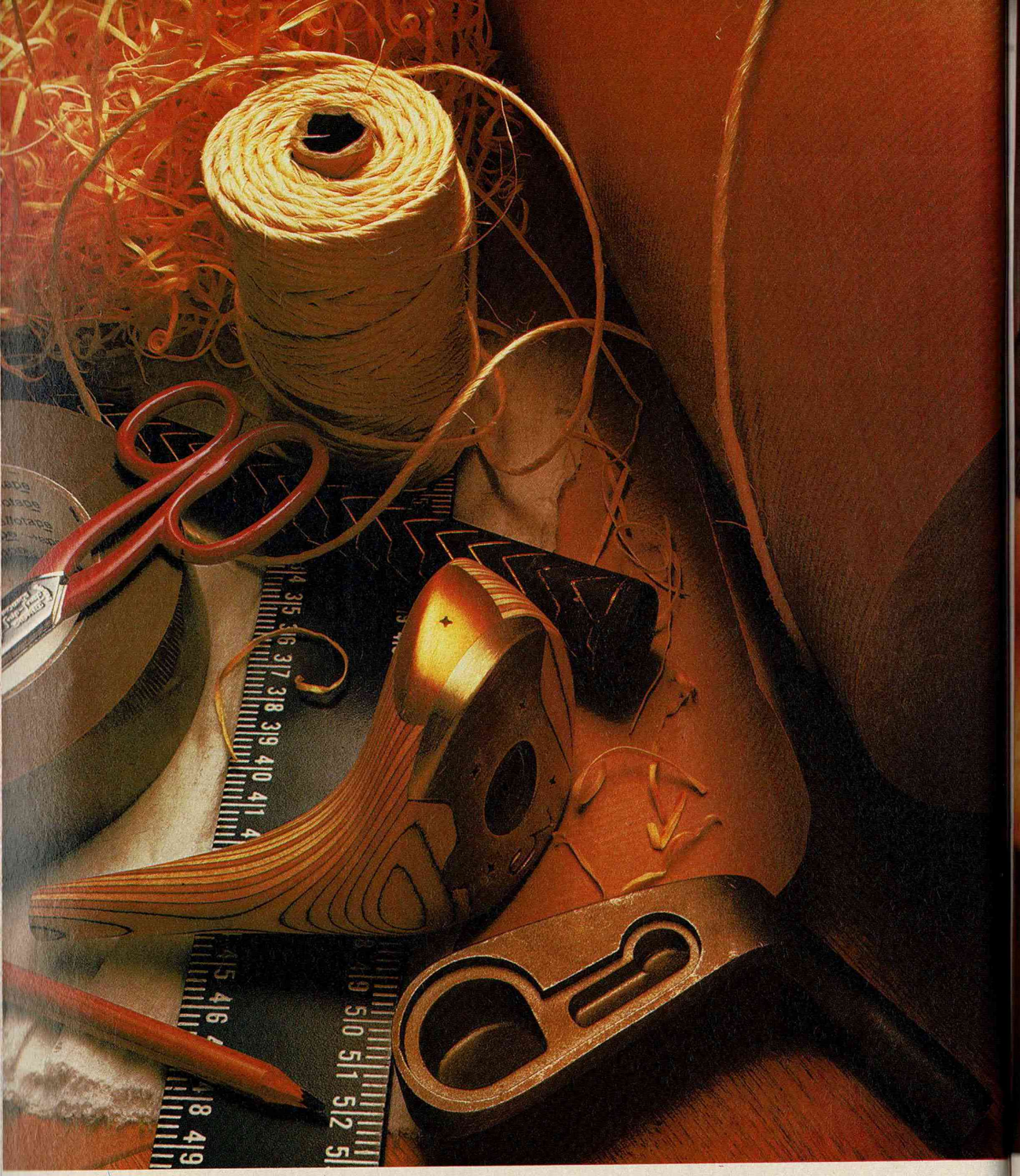

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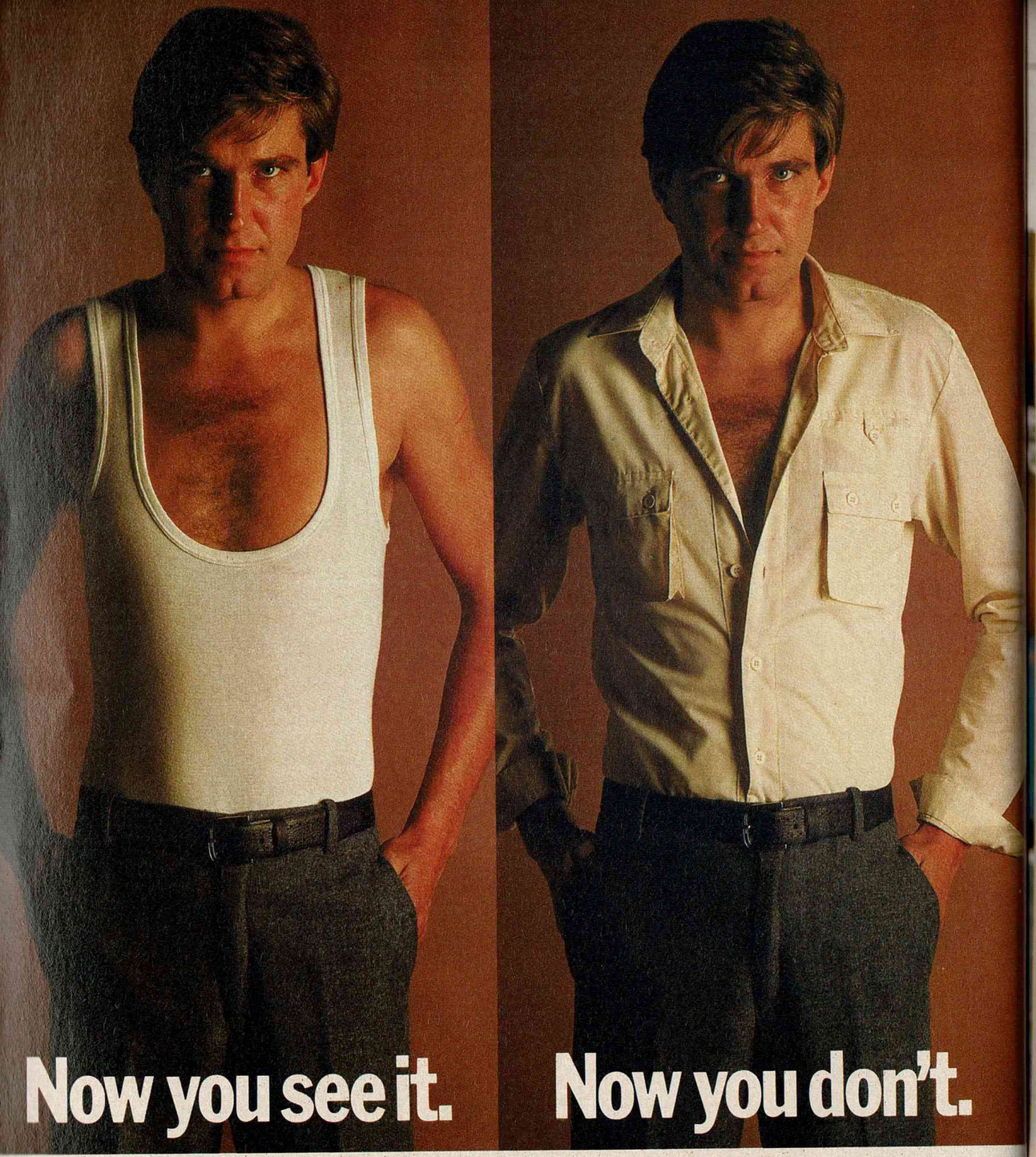

Today's fashion shirts are meant to be unbuttoned at the neck. For at least the top two or three buttons.

Trouble is, if you wear a singlet, they were all designed for shirts that button up.

The solution to this problem is a Holeproof Undershirt.

They've all the qualities of a normal singlet, but because of their deeply scooped neck they don't show, no matter how open the neck is.

Holeproof Undershirts.

SHOWBIZ

behind the scenes at the logies, the show is more intriguing than the one on tv

ENTER THE C classification – one of the scariest things to have happened to Australian television bosses in years. What's it all about? Well, the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal's dictum is simple: show two and a half hours of uplifting children's television a week, or get off the air. The idea is to provide some decent programs for kids in the six-to-13 age group, and, naturally enough, the networks are scrambling, or have scrambled, after shows to fit the bill. But a lot have been knocked back by the tribunal, often for no reason. Witness NRN 11 Coffs Harbor and the Australian Film Commission, which spend $35,000 on a kid's show called *Rainbow* that cops a Logie for the best piece of children's television. Melbourne producer Godfrey Phillip, who has won four Logies for *Adventure Island* and *The Magic Circle Club,* tries to buy it for sale to a major network, and finds to his horror that *Rainbow* has been canned by the tribunal. Mr Phillip is understandably pissed off, and starts shouting about the misuse of taxpayers' money. But, according to the tribunal's controversial chairman, Bruce Gyngell, the explanation is simple: "It was a rotten program, bloody awful in fact, and it didn't reach the standard we've laid down." Fair enough, but what does the tribunal want? "Basically, we've got a pretty unbiased approach. As long as a show is of good quality and, above all, entertaining, we will give it a C classification. We're not looking for educational shows, just something that caters for kids. And the fact is we've knocked back only 25 of the 100 shows we've seen over the past year."

•

One of the greater mysteries of Australian showbusiness is the fact that Lyndsay and Chrissie Hammond aren't huge stars. Pop music fanciers will know them better as Cheetah, and honest lovers of lust will recognise them as two of the best sorts on the local entertainment scene. But lust is not everything, and the fact is they are superb singers, with the kind of voices which should, by rights, have made them international stars years ago. They've had one major hit in Australia, Walkin' In The Rain, but for some reason they have been unable to follow it up, and the result is the inevitable relegation to the dreary club-and-pub circuit. Mind you, their last single, Deeper Than Love, did sell 96,000 copies in Germany, but it went nowhere locally. The girls are now in London working with the Australian songwriter Terry Britten and, with luck, their new album will finally get them the attention they deserve.

•

It's Logie time again, and that means another long evening of televised mutual back-slapping and enforced cheerfulness. But this year a cloud looms over the event: it could be the last time it appears on Channel 9. Rupert Murdoch's national magazine, *TV Week,* has run the thing for 22 years, and it has pulled huge ratings for Channel 9. But Rupert is now the proud owner of Channel 10 in Sydney,

Bert Newton, for year's the host of the Logie awards, is as much of an attraction as the honored guests.

and when you've got your very own television station, there's not much point in giving away all that nice advertising revenue. But there's a problem. Don Lane's chubby friend, Bert Newton, has been hosting the festivities for 13 years (this year will be his 14th) and he, more than anybody else, is responsible for attracting the big ratings. But Bert is under contract to Channel 9. It's all very vexing, but it's amazing how quickly these things are resolved, especially when you're talking about hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of revenue.

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Speaking of the Logies, your correspondent was assigned to last year's bash at the Melbourne Hilton, and was grateful to escape with his sanity intact. Enthusiastic, single-minded, Olympic-class debauchery is what the Logies are all about. The stuff on the tube is only the tip of a very bizarre iceberg. Each network throws its own party, with each representing a serious attempt to outdo the other, and the result, to put it mildly, is disaster. Last year's more picturesque events included: Muhammad Ali's bodyguards galloping down a corridor after two half-naked (well, scantily-dressed) *Restless Years* stars; a young female member of a well-known soapie conducting what could be described as a tit-taste test with an enthusiastic group of male and female tasters in an American star's hotel room; and John Michael Howson, the distinguished movie host, giving a fair impersonation of all the Marx Brothers when he attempted to negotiate the revolving doors at dawn.

•

PLAYBOY readers will of course be keeping a close watch on the television career of October Playmate Rosemary Paul. She's working very hard in *The Restless Years,* and making a nice job of it, too. Rosemary remembers with affection her days of removing clothing in front of the camera, but adds: "I loved doing the nude centrefold, but that's not the same Rosemary Paul who is working in *The Restless Years.* Acting is what I really want to do, and I don't want people to think of me as a nude model who happened to get a job in television." Heaven forbid that we should encourage such ungentlemanly thoughts, but PLAYBOY *is* found on coffee tables, and one has to look at something during the ads.

•

Mogul Notes: Reg Grundy, the former sportscaster and game show host turned television millionaire, is working hard to outdo his Melbourne counterpart, Hector Crawford. These days, Reg spends most of his time in Los Angeles, where he is about to produce a new drama series and another of his hugely profitable game shows. Meanwhile, his Sydney production house remains busy with *The Young Doctors, The Restless Years,* and a new tele-movie called *Ghost Train* (starring a horde of ankle-biters and archvillains Max Cullen and Hugh Keyes-Byrne) which looks like becoming a series for Channel 9. Reg does well in the bush, too. *National Star Quest,* a pretty awful talent hunt which he produces for the country television network from WIN 4 in Wollongong, attracts a national audience of four million, making it the second-largest rating show in Australia. Add all that to the work on the Johnny O'Keefe movie, and his plate seems fairly full.

– ANDREW SAW

MOVIES

one of the most mature, assured works from a brilliant chronicler of middle-class neurosis

Woody Allen is the Charlie Chaplin of the affluent society. He is the middle-income earner's broken clown, the most persistent comic chronicler of middle-class neurosis and the sad, humdrum passions that haunt the suburban psyche. And **Manhattan** is his masterpiece. He has made funnier films than this (*Take the Money and Run*); he has made deeper and more moving films (*Interiors* and *The Front*). For all I know he has made better films. But I doubt if he has made anything more enjoyable.

Allen never acts in the traditional sense. He never reproduces some fictional character. Every part he plays is an extension, a revelation, of himself. Every film puts a brave new face on his own anxieties. It has been said before that comedians are the most serious of all entertainers, and the best of them are the most serious of all human beings. A few, like Tony Hancock, take the only way out of their worry and compassion by committing suicide. Of those who struggle on, the majority tend to be morose, forlorn, tormented in their private lives. Malcolm Muggeridge has observed that great comics tend to be the unhappiest of people. In no class of person is there a greater gap between the public and the private man. One is reminded of the elderly general in *The Importance of Being Ernest,* whom Oscar Wilde described as "essentially a man of peace, except in his domestic affairs". Comedians are essentially men of good humor, except when it comes to dealing with their inner selves.

I don't want to suggest that *Manhattan* is a depressing film, or that Woody Allen is a particularly miserable character. The mood of the work is agreeably light and simple. So is the plot, which is about human relationships coming unstuck and coming together again in unexpected ways. But, behind the pleasant banter, the funny lines, the gentle swipes at our contemporary sophistications and phony pretensions, there is, as always in Allen's films, a keen knowledge of pain and loneliness and the constant, momentary sorrows and sufferings we conceal from the people surrounding us. A definition of humor is the incongruity of another's discomfort. But Woody Allen never makes us laugh at someone else: he makes us laugh at ourselves. And it is surprising how funny we turn out to be.

With the possible exception of Jack Lemmon, I cannot think of any male screen comedian who is handsome in the conventional sense. It is part of the comic's equipment to be physically unprepossessing. Chaplin was said to be attractive to women, but his image on the screen was stunted, simpering and banal. A great deal of Woody Allen's appeal comes from a mousey appearance. He is the personification of ordinariness — short, balding and bespectacled — as unmagnetic as Norman Gunston. (Norman, incidentally, is now the standard name for the non-charismatic Australian male, just as Cedric was for years the pejorative catch-all label for homosexuals.) I don't think I've seen Woody Allen in a film where he hasn't been dwarfed by his girlfriend.

Shortness in comedians is now a sight-gag in itself. But, whereas Ronnie Corbett or Dudley Moore invite us to laugh at their stature as a physical fact, Woody Allen merely invites us to accept him as he is, neither funny nor unfunny. There is no comedian, perhaps no actor, more unselfconscious of his own presence. Allen's performances are flawlessly natural because he plays himself and does not pretend to be anybody else. It is no more than a scriptwriter's conceit that his characters have been cast with the names of other people.

In this case, it's Isaac Davis, a writer (I think), whose wife has just left him for another woman. That's by no means the first joke in the film, but it seems like one of the best at the time, though Allen quickly disabuses us of any expectation that he's out to make fun of lesbianism. We encounter Davis with his girlfriend, Tracy, who is 17. Isaac's mate, Yale (Michael Murphy), is parting from his mistress, Mary (Diane Keaton). Yale turns out to be a shallow and somewhat heartless womaniser, unable or unwilling to cope with the emotional demands of a fully-fledged affair. Mary rebounds upon Isaac, who thereupon abandons Tracy. Isaac discovers that he loves Mary, who in turn discovers (rather too late) that she still loves Yale. Isaac returns to his wife, Jill (Meryl Streep), who is living with the strikingly plain Emily and writing one of those awful American best-sellers about woman's self-discovery. Finally, Mary returns to Yale, and Isaac returns to Tracy.

I know that this bald description of the plot makes the story sound complicated, if not ridiculous. In fact, it's nothing of the sort. Allen handles the material effortlessly. It is one of his most mature and assured works, a cool and ironic study of fragile relationships that seems more than once like a plea for conventional morality. "People should mate for life," says Isaac, "like pigeons and Catholics." The script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman, sparkles with wit (of which the last quote is by no means the best example), and unobtrusively demolishes any number of fashionable social attitudes. A special deadliness is reserved for the higher inanities of contemporary art, with our sympathies steered firmly to the side of the uncomprehending Tracy (a touching performance by Mariel Hemingway). There is a joyous moment when Isaac discovers his wife's book in a shop window, and Mary reads aloud some of the more unflattering references to Isaac himself. All told, it is a film of rich delights, utterly true to a mood and period, with its New York settings (streets, apartments, art galleries) lovingly but unpretentiously photographed by Gordon Willis. The film's soundtrack is garnished with Gershwin melodies that hint, in their own nostalgic way, at the quaintly dated sentiments and romantic verities for which the characters (and, one suspects, the audience) are all the while secretly craving.

Just 10 years ago, if you can remember what films were like in those days, it was common for critics to make sage remarks whenever a serious director made his first film in color. The first films in color by Bergman or Antonioni, for example, were occasions for great critical solemnity. It never occurred to us that, from about 1965 onwards, the studios virtually obliged all filmmakers to shoot in color, in the belief that audiences, accustomed to color TV and home movies in Kodachrome, would never accept anything else. This, of course, was a misapprehension, as the continuing use of black and white by European studios and the non-commerical American cinema has proved more than once. Nowadays, it is fashionable to make films in black and white, and *Manhattan* is a brilliant reminder of the beauty and subtlety of that old-fashioned medium. I agree with Bob Ellis that color has done more to destroy the magic of the cinema than any other technical innovation. Nor am I convinced, while I'm on my hobby-horse, that color TV is a more effective form of escapism than the old flickering blue box. Black and white was synonymous with the silver screen: in the hands of the great black and white cameramen (a Gregg Toland or a James Wong Howe), it conveyed a mysterious, nocturnal delicacy, an austere magnificence essential to the suspension of disbelief.

•

Watching **Alien** the other day (the big space monster movie from Twentieth Century-Fox), I kept wondering whether the film would have been more convincing in black and white. Then I remembered that it had in fact been made in black and white many many times before, most notably by Howard Hawkes in 1951, when it was called *The Thing.* There are, after all, only a limited number of movie plots (I would guess about seven or eight) and, in my catalogue, the monster from outer space is one of the subvariants of Plot No 3. *The Thing,* which scared me dreadfully as an adolescent, has since become a cult film, which was proved by the fact that John Carpenter, who has since become a cult director, showed a clip from the old movie on a television set in his recently released horror film *Halloween.*

The trouble with *Alien* is that, despite its prodigious cost and highly elaborate production, it is frankly incredible. I don't mean that monsters in themselves are incredible but, if we are going to believe that they are real, then we need to be able to see them in a credible setting.

Ridley Scott's film opens promisingly on board the giant space freighter Nostromo, with the crew awakening from hibernation and arguing about such mundane matters as contracts and rates of pay. It's possible that a subtle sociological point is being made about celestial work values, and the idea of industrial disputes having a sort of galactic permanence in the scheme of things is stimulating to say the least. Bob Hawke would enjoy this film enormously. But the script (from a story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett) never quite lives up to this initial felicity. The crew intercept a mysterious distress signal and discover a wrecked space ship on an unknown planet. I found it hard to take things seriously when the intrepid heroine (Sigourney Weaver) spends more time rescuing the ship's cat than worrying about the fate of her fellow crewmen. The film has its nauseating moments as the alien form mutates and grows in the labyrinthine innards of the space ship, and strange things start happening to the crew. But, essentially, it's your old-fashioned monster movie in modern dress. And, as usual in such films, the monsters seem far less frightening when we get a good look at them. Full marks, however, to the surrealistic alien interiors designed by H. R. Giger, who has created a weird amalgam of technological and biological shapes, with the interior of the alien spaceship resembling a huge mechanised intestine.

•

Peter Hyam's **Hanover Street** is another throwback, this time a variant of Plot No 1 (boy meets girl), set in wartime London. Bombs are falling, upper lips are stiff, and a young American bomber pilot (Harrison Ford) meets a beautiful English girl (Lesley-Anne Down) at a bus stop. When this movie was first made in black and white about 40 years ago, it

I can recommend an unpretentious British comedy called **Porridge,** directed by Dick Clement, about life in one of Her Majesty's more relaxed penal institutions. The film is based on the TV series with Ronnie Barker. I went to the preview attended by Mr Barker himself, and furtively observed him laughing whenever other actors were on the screen, but remaining modestly po-faced at his own antics. It should be said that Mr Barker is extremely funny. The story concerns Ronnie's efforts to break into prison rather than out. The script by Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais has some rare moments. "What are you in for?" a prison officer asks. "Got caught," says Ronnie. — EVAN WILLIAMS

FROM LEFT: Fletcher (Ronnie Barker) with Grouty (Peter Vaughan); the governor (Geoffrey Bayldon); and his cellmate (Richard Beckinsale).

was called *Waterloo Bridge* or *Grosvenor Square* or something else lifted from the London street directory. This version of the doomed wartime romance includes liberal infusions from Plot No 5 (escaping from the Germans) and Plot No 7 (your rattling good Alistair McLean adventure yarn). In this case, the script was written by Mr Hyams himself, who gave us the excellent *Capricorn One* a couple of years ago.

I know what sophisticated people are going to say about *Hanover Street* – that it's shallow, contrived, mawkishly sentimental and utterly improbable as a story (there are one or two coincidences in the plot that would sound at times like a guidebook to the 100 Greatest Clichés in the Cinema. But, despite a few guffaws and sniggers at the press show, it was interesting that no one actually walked out, for the very good reason that most of us were enjoying the film thoroughly in spite of ourselves.

It only goes to show that, when it comes to reviewing films, or anything else, honesty is the best policy. I defy anyone *not* to enjoy *Hanover Street*. If you have an elderly English mother-in-law, she will probably enjoy it more than anyone. Christopher Plummer, who is looking and sounding more like Rex Harrison every day, has a good part as an intelligence officer, and the whole thing is handsomely and expensively photographed.

Lesley-Anne Down in the entirely enjoyable film *Hanover Street,* the story of a sad wartime romance.

•

The same Mr Plummer surfaces again as Sherlock Holmes in an excellent Canadian film called **Murder by Decree,** which speculates once again on the truth about Jack the Ripper. In all the theories one reads about Jack the Ripper (his real identity, his actual motives, etc), no one seems to have considered the possibility that he was just a lonely psychopath who went around murdering prostitutes. The theory put forward in this film (the title itself provides a goodly hint) has to do with a cover-up for high-ups in the British establishment, but even when we guess the outcome, our pleasure in the movie is not spoilt.

In a recent PLAYBOY, David Williamson was lamenting the fact that films are no longer a literary art form, which explains why many lovers of the old cinema now find their chief pleasure in plays. *Murder by Decree* is a distinctly old-fashioned film in that its chief strength lies in script and acting. There are some beautifully written parts for half a dozen of the best actors in England, and what more could anyone ask? I single out James Mason for his brilliant Dr Watson, and Donald Sutherland for his odd-ball pyschic who passes on essential information to Holmes. This is a wonderfully engrossing, intelligent film which comes to us complete with excellent outdoor scenes around the sleazy docks of London, and one unforgettable and frightening image of a sinister hansom cab. (The director, Bob Clark, is not to be confused with the Canadian Prime Minister, Joe.) – EVAN WILLIAMS

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MUSIC

some oldtimers hurl their rock against the wall erected by punk and new wave

MUSIC FORECASTERS began making predictions concerning the durability of Pink Floyd's *The Wall* (CBS) long before the two-record set appeared in the shops. Not known for producing anything less than excellent, Pink Floyd's reputation is such that it seems difficult to imagine the band could ever do anything better than *Dark Side of The Moon.* It may be absurd to make such a comparison, but it must be said that *The Wall* has "genius" scrawled all over it.

Like most of the imagery created by the band, *The Wall* is excitingly open to individual interpretation. Popular belief is that much of it is comment on a social and educational system that belches out unanimated, colorless components called bricks – every one a duplicate of another so that, together, they shape the boring backdrop of a wall growing larger every day. This theme is developed on sides one and two in a three-part work entitled Another Brick In The Wall. In one section, Roger Waters' defiant lyrics are intoned by school children in what sounds like a playground chant denouncing the system. Around the set theme of *The Wall,* Waters has slotted the powers of life – love, lust, ambition, disenchantment and death.

Musically, the LP is a monument to the combined talents of Roger Waters and David Gilmour. Because of complex arrangements which involved orchestra, backing vocals and special effects, the recording of the production was an immense task which took place between April and November, 1979, in France and the US. Reviewing such a work poses similarly awesome problems, particularly when its complexity is likely to alter one's opinion with continued playing. The only solution is to buy *The Wall* and judge for yourself.

•

It's hard to be objective about those impish Geordies called Lindisfarne. There is an ethnic quality about their music that labels it both elusive and unique. Brave as always, the band have the nerve to pursue that originality despite the pressure to keep pace with whatever London or LA says is the latest sensation. Their recent release, *The News* (Mercury), is proof of this single-mindedness.

Lindisfarne's 1972 album, *Fog On The Tyne,* was as successful as it was refreshingly different, and they followed it with two almost-as-brilliant collections. But a 1973 band split blew the Geordie combination into oblivion and, despite Alan Hull's perseverance with the remnants, the pride of the North-east collapsed on its feet. The resurrection took place in 1977 when a Christmas reunion got the act back together. All the old magic was still there, so they decided to make it a permanent arrangement.

The News follows one studio and one live album recorded since the reunion, and presents itself as a throwback to the quality of the early '70s. Hull's relaxed vocals, and the pastoral tirelessness of the music, say something about the traditional roots of the English form that defies duplication. This character is amplified by brooding string and brass arrangements which add a great deal to Lindisfarne's rustic acoustic sound. Fiddle, harmonica and mandolin have been restored to their rightful roles.

The exuberant harmonies on Miracles are vintage Lindisfarne, while the powerful arrangement of Easy And Free hints at a new maturity. Dedicated Hound is a howling rocker with a singing electric lead rarely heard on previous works. This is *The News* – and it's good. The publicity blurb promises Lindisfarne will be around for a long time and that, too, is good news.

•

Link Wray is 50, has one lung, and plays rock and roll guitar like he's never done anything else in his life. *Bullshot* (Charisma) is a 10-track blast from stem to stern, with Wray's guitar hacking a swathe through mostly self-penned tunes. Perhaps encouraged by the recent successful comeback of Jerry Lee Lewis, Wray has scrubbed up reasonably well. Dylan's It's All Over Now Baby Blue gets a good serving, but his best efforts might be on Leiber and Stoller's Don't, and on Wild Party, which was written by Wray himself.

•

Showing no signs of rusting out, two of rock and roll's monuments have again defied the threat of decay by belting out new albums. Neil Young and Crazy Horse's *Live Rust* (Reprise) and *Quadrophenia* by The Who (the Polydor film score) are important because they represent clear signals that some of rock's senior servants refuse to be left behind by fashion. Only recently, The Who's Pete Townshend mumbled something about trying to relate to the kids again.

Townshend should hardly need reminding that My Generation is just as relevant today as it was more than 10 years ago, and it was probably in the pursuit of relevancy that The Who pushed ahead with their movie projects, *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia.* The back cover of the four-disc soundtrack bears the dictionary quote: "Quadrophenia: *N.* personality split into four separate facets; advanced state of schizophrenia; twice the normal accepted medical condition; inability to control which facet is foremost at any one time." And doesn't that just about summarise the full-tilt history of The Who – from the High Numbers through modism, Woodstock, *Tommy,* Keith Moon's death and, most recently, the 11 concert deaths in the US? The music is a look at

Old seed-picker Link Wray, near right, and Neil Young, far right, prove that rock and roll *is* here to stay.

the Mod era and its influences. Don't mistake side four, which contains seven borrowed favorites, for anything else. It's just another aspect of Townshend's relevancy pitch that's somehow captured in the tag: "Modism ... an aphorism for clean living under difficult circumstances."

The label says *Live Rust* is Neil Young's first live album, which is true when you consider that *Time Fades Away* and one or two other albums included the odd studio cut. *Live Rust* is well-named, because it captures the spirit of Young's non-stop campaigning, from Buffalo Springfield in 1967 through 20 albums to the appropriately-named *Rust Never Sleeps* in 1979. In the words of one of the songs: "It's better to burn out than it is to rust," and Young and Crazy Horse scorch the brand of durability on his work with white-hot acoustic work and some red-blooded electrics. Here is Young recognising, but paying no lip service to, trend, as his guitar spits out the 10-year-old electric riffs on The Loner and Cinnamon Girl.

This two-record collection lassos together a generation of style, proving that rock and roll will never die. Since coming out of Canada 15 years ago, Young has repeatedly dazzled us with some of the finest rock albums of all time. The guy has got to fade into the black sooner or later, but for now – long may *he* run. – NEIL JAMESON

•

The wistful waif-like figure on the cover of Gallagher and Lyle's *Lonesome No More* (Mercury) accurately portrays the cloth-cap simplicity of the Britons' attractive songwriting style. Graham Lyle claims that he and Benny Gallagher are writing for people like themselves who have grown up with rock and roll only to have seen it abandoned in favor of middle-of-the-road schmaltz.

Warm, melodic ballads and lyrical simplicity are their stock in trade, while their British style has been supplemented by influences gleaned from US tours in the company of such acts as Supertramp.

Benny and Graham share an air-tight unity which is displayed in a track called Partners. Although it's a love song, the strength of its lyrics conveys the substance on which this successful partnership exists. It's a great tonic for the jaded rock and roller and, although never likely to set the charts on fire, certainly caters for a need. Missing You has been lifted as the single, but it seems a shame to tag just one item when the overall package is so uniformly attractive.

•

Name every form of outrage ever shouted from the roaring headlines of a sensationalist rag, and you've just about captured the spirit of Jimmy and the Boys. The most iconoclastic band in Australia has released a debut album called *Not Like Everybody Else* (Avenue), and, although the name suits, perhaps a more appropriate pitch would have been *Excesses.* You name it – drug addiction, baby-bashing, rape, self-mutilation, bondage, whatever – Jimmy and the Boys give it all a mention. It might stem from their precious private-school backgrounds, but The Boys have been scandalising the country with their startling live performances. Lead singer Ignatius Jones is obviously a young man of considerable intellect, and has the ability to create images through vocals, mime and expression. One Boys-watcher said that Jones reminded him of that slick waiter who would do dirty deeds to your girl if you turned your back for a minute while on your Mediterranean holiday. Interesting.

The real flaw in The Boys' recording pursuits is that (like The Tubes), they are essentially a visual outfit, being more at home in live situations which convey the full scope of their creativity. The album is certain to sell to those who enjoy their live act.

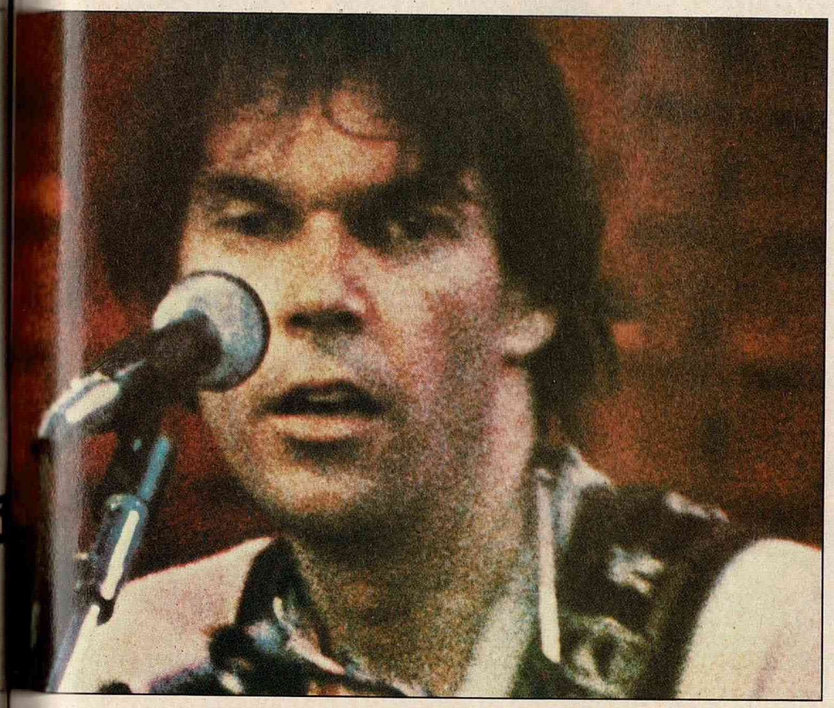
•

Dedicated to the memory of Eddie Jefferson – "the world's greatest jazz singer" – Manhattan Transfer's *Extensions* (Atlantic), has the sophisticated US vocal act moving in a new direction. Heavily jazz-oriented, *Extensions* retains the Transfer habit of applying unusual arrangements to old compositions. In this case, the objective is a futuristic portrayal of life in a modern depression, linking the stark images of the '30s with the present.

Art has always formed the basis of Transfer's expression and is predominant here – possibly at the risk of their powerful harmonies image. The futuristic theme appears on the title track and Twilight Zone, two works written by Alan Paul and Jay Graydon. Jefferson's classic standard, Body and Soul, is carefully treated, as is the rocky Trickle Trickle. However, it might take a live performance of the songs on *Extensions* to determine whether the new Transfer are an improvement on the old. This reviewer suspects that some of their elegance may have been lost in the transition. If that is a definite minus for *Extensions,* then dedicated fans will be relieved by the group's acappella treatment of Tom Watts' Foreign Affair.

•

Scotland's The Headboys are restoring further order to the Brit-rock front with a clever debut album prophetically titled *The Shape Of Things to Come* (RSO). The Headboys are Calum Malcolm (keyboards), Brian "Lew" Lewis (lead guitar and vocals), George Boyter (bass) and Davey Ross (drums). Their work falls somewhere between New Wave punch and Supertramp style with vigor. The title cut, with Malcolm's stark piano predominating, has been a success as a single, and sounds a prophetic blast for pop-rock's near, near future. There is some of the old Animals-Kinks-Troggs



raunch in their delivery of Kickin' The Kans and, when coupled with their reportedly slick stage act, might beat up quite a following for the Scots.

Pop-rock it might be, but that doesn't mean these guys are nongs. They easily switch theme from the sly My Favorite DJ to the pure send-up of the Hollywood cowboy on Indian Lullaby. As a postscript, the band's name refers to school, not sexual preference. On this head count, *The Shape of Things to Come* rates a good grade, and a note to: "keep up the good work". – A. D. AIRD

•

French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty was perhaps the first fiddler successful in moving from straight jazz to the field of electronic rock music. Much of this transition came as a result of his stints with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention and, later, the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Since then he has refined his sound to a remarkable degree, as is revealed on *A Taste for Passion* (Atlantic), recorded in mid-1979. On some tracks, such as Stay With Me, he achieves a sonorous, almost churchlike effect that is unique. His electric violin, generally played in the more mellow, lower end of the scale, blends beautifully with Australian keyboard wizard Allan Zavod who, following his own years with Maynard Ferguson, is doing well in America these days. Sunset Drive is a rocker that features some excellent solo electric bass by Ralphe Armstrong and great backing from guitarist Jamie Glaser and drummer Casey Scheuerell. Ponty contributes another eerie solo here against a sort of boogie-woogie beat – bizarre as that may sound!

He switches to acoustic piano on the brief Reminiscences, with its impressionistic Debussy-like overtones. Farewell is an appropriate closer to an enjoyable album by a group breaking new ground in a unique manner that bears attention.

•

It's difficult to summon forth much enthusiasm for Herbie Mann's latest, *Yellow Fever* (Atlantic). I regret to say that it is his least exciting release in some time, with one side of the disc being interchangeable with the other, and each track barely distinguishable from its predecessor.

Mann has always used some of the best studio men around and, on this album, it is easy to tell that these guys know what it is all about, even if, to these ears, the music sounds boring. There are those undistinguished vocal choruses and that predictable disco rhythm. Compared with his earlier release for the same label *Brazil Once Again, Yellow Fever* is a drag. Herbie tries to dress up Comin' Home Baby with some hip electronic effects, but City of my Dreams, Kidnappin' Lover and Walk on the Wild Side are depressingly similar, with little appeal for the jazz listener. But, with Herbie, one can never be too depressed. He has more tricks up his sleeve than Merlin, and it is likely that his next LP will be back on top – he's that sort of Mann!

•

In the early 1960s, tenor man Johnny Griffin became known as "The Fastest Horn in the West". His Tatum-like technique gave him a frightening facility which, together with his rare sense of invention, earned him a formidable reputation among his contemporaries.

He first attracted attention as a member of the Art Blakey and Thelonious Monk groups back in the 1950s. For a while, he co-led a combo with Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis before quitting America for Europe. There he played with bands all over the continent, especially on the Jazz Festival circuit. In 1978, after 15 years abroad, he returned to the States for a series of engagements, and appeared with an excellent quartet made up of Ronnie Mathews on acoustic piano, Ray Drummond on bass and Keith Copeland on drums. The noted jazz producer Orrin Keepnews got them into Fantasy Studios in California and *The Return of the Griffin* (Galaxy) was the result – and it's a great LP!

The sidemen may not have international reputations, but they are impressive on every count, both as soloists and accompanists. Drummond, in particular, is a remarkable bassist, with a lovely fat sound that never intrudes and whose work appeals to me far more than some of the bigger names of the day. Listen to him on the ballad When We Were One – a model of the way a bass *should* sound!

Griffin pays tribute to his old boss in Monk's Dream, which has a boppish flavor, with Mathews playing some Thelonious-like licks that affectionately salute the Monk without losing their subtle individuality.

The disc is a blend of stompers – Autumn Leaves, After Six; swingers – The Way It Is; and ballads – I Should Care. Griffin came from that straight-ahead school that was never diverted by Coltrane or Coleman developments, and it's marvellous to hear this virile style still alive and well in the hands of so inspired a performer. I hope this return to wax will presage an overdue reassessment of one of the great jazz saxophonist, who has been shamefully neglected in the past – this must be one of *the* best group discs of the past 12 months. – KYM BONYTHON

NEWSBREAKS

Promo of the Month goes to CBS for their video displays of **Mike Batt's** *Tarot Suite*. Batt, who wrote *Bright Eyes* for **Art Garfunkel,** follows *Schizophrenia* with this concept album which bases every track on a major arcana tarot card. A full-length video film featuring separate animation for every track has been made in England, and video displays are up in many record stores. "Even if it's a bad album, it'll be a hit – that's how much energy we've put into it," gushed a rep before *Tarot Suite's* release. "But, of course, it's *not* a bad album."

Loose Ends: **The Angels' John Brewster** ambled down to the local shops one recent Saturday morning and came back holding the keys to a new sports car . . . Sydney undergrounders **XL-Capris** formed their own record company to press 1000 singles of the punk version of **Tommy Leonetti's** *My City of Sydney* . . . **Cold Chisel** manager **Rod Willis** reports from conversations with British connection **Laurie Dunn** (Virgin Records) that English kids are currently being wowed by a brand new innovation – the guitar solo . . . new LPs expected from **Bruce Springsteen, Boz Scaggs, Meatloaf, Max Merritt, Queen** and **The Radiators** . . . and films: *The Anti-Nuclear Madison Square Garden Show* features **Jackson Browne, Doobie Brothers, Nicolette Larson, Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers, James Taylor** and **Carly Simon,** plus **Neil Young's** film *Rust Never Sleeps.*

Sunstruck: When **Graham Parker and the Rumor** paid a return visit last November, bright-eyed promo girl **Kobe Steele** of **David Douglas and Associates** took the boys out for a spot of good old Aussie shark-baiting. Five kilometres off Sydney, they dropped anchor, tossed the traditional gallons of oil, blood and guts overboard, and baited their hooks. In the Poms' excitement at a sea full of teeth and fins, they forgot to wake Ms Steele, who had dropped off in the blazing sun. Loaded down with giant tuna and tales of the ones that got away, the boys headed their boat back to shore for Parker's Capitol Theatre gig. The show needed less than usual lighting, and Kobe, confined to bed, peeled away her tour memento of second degree burns. – JENNY HUNTER BROWN

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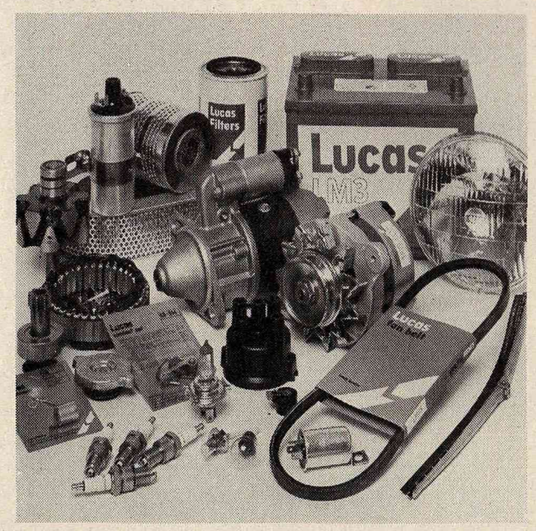

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ESE 63

BOOKS

once again, dear friends, how hollywood's love goddesses met a sorry end

AMERICAN writer Patrick Agan is the latest in a line of vultures picking over the sorry remains of Hollywood's dream factory era. His book, *The Decline and Fall of the Love Goddesses* (Pinnacle) is a collection of 10 life stories of actresses who achieved a level of screen stardom, in some cases quite minimal, but who, for one reason or another, were unable to cope.

Agan's attitude seems confused for, having stated his overblown nostalgia for the myth-making star system of the '30s, '40s, and '50s, he then illustrates it with a parade of sorry victims and losers. Writing without the blood-soaked, disgusted voyeurism of Kenneth Anger in *Hollywood Babylon,* he is apparently unable to see that the same false image-making that inflated his boyhood dreams also aided the downfall of the most pitiful of the casualties he describes.

A number of Agan's life stories are genuinely tragic. Marilyn Monroe, inevitably, serves as his final statement, though he has no new slant to bring to her already much-documented calamity. Then there is the interesting, but now little remembered, Frances Farmer, who was committed to a barbarous backwoods mental asylum by relatives unable to cope with her drinking and her savagely rebellious nature. Saddest of all, perhaps, is the stunning black actress Dorothy Dandridge. Her function as a black sex symbol for white consumption is painted as truly unlivable, and she committed suicide at 43.

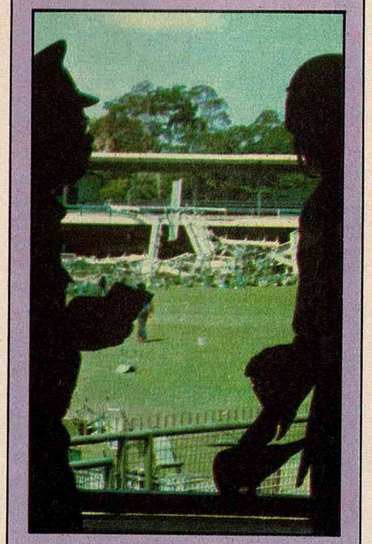
These are the exceptions. In other cases, such as Linda Darnell and the absurd, pneumatic Jayne Mansfield, Agan has to work very hard to extract any real drama. Some, indeed, come over as extraordinarily mundane, despite Agan's use of a style of writing that is pure Hollywood gush. There is a repetitive monotony in the tales of multiple Mexican divorces, abysmal television series, and prolonged drinking bouts. They are sad, but hardly momentous, as Agan would have the reader believe. About all that the book successfully demonstrates is that sex symbols age at the same rate as everyone else. – **GORDON GRAHAM**

•

It might be gathered from Ray Robinson's *The Wildest Tests* (Cassell Australia) that the greatest mistake England made was to introduce cricket to the colonies.

The penalty was twofold. Not only did "them damned colonials" have the cheek to present the Mother Country with the all-too-frequent walloping, but too often for comfort their supporters had the tendency to get a might uppity. It is this "uppity" nature of the supporters of the colonial game which comfortably pads out the bulk of Robinson's account of Test turmoil. Riots in Bombay, demonstrations in Sydney and bottle-throwing in Kingston are the stuff with which the distinguished Australian cricket writer plots his history of an aspect of the noble game which, well, is simply not cricket! The observation that England has been relatively free of major crowd disturbances is not necessarily a condemnation of the respective ethnic groups, but a self-explanatory comment on the cool disposition of the average English cricketing type. After all, the nation reserves the football season to vent its spleen on matters of spectator displeasure.

Mansfield: pneumatic, not dramatic.



The Kingston riots last year . . . they were simply not cricket!

Robinson's standing as a cricket historian cannot be discounted, and it is his ability to put parochialism aside which gives his journalism the spirit of fairness which has lately been missing from the game.

His early example of the cricketing tradition sets the standard and bears particular relevance in light of today's questionable attitudes: "In international careers linking on from 1928 to 1963, Bradman, Lindsay Hassett and Neil Harvey played 286 Test innings, Harvey in six countries. They were no more exempt than anyone else from the risk of judicial error. I saw most of their 260-odd dismissals and not once did they fail to quit the wicket immediately an umpire raised his finger. No meaningful stare, no scanning the skies, no tapping the pitch, no reluctant departure, no looking back."

For the indoctrinated, one of the game's most intriguing aspects is the constant battle between its present and its history. In every first class match, players not only compete against the other side, but also against the history books and standing records. It is the historical strength of journalism, such as *The Wildest Tests,* upon which modern cricket draws its relevancy and appeal. – **NEIL JAMESON**

•

The question of whether males are really necessary intrigues when so many animals reproduce and fill the Earth without choosing to be male or female. Some of these solo actors go far past the single-celled animals and do a Rumpelstiltskin, getting all excited and splitting up the middle to make two. And the snail tops all by being both male and female, a guarantee against girl shortage, though it can lead chaps to spend an unhealthy amount of time alone.

Fred Hapgood, in his new book *Why Males Exist, an inquiry into the evolution of sex* (Morrow), concludes that species having males and females distinct survive better, because specialising makes the sexes more efficient, and each mating mixes a wider range of genes so that offspring are more adaptable. Beyond that, the book is

disappointing, in spite of blurbs saying: "This is scientific journalism at its best . . . an accurate and well-written account." It has inaccuracies, the writing is clotted, and the matter badly arranged. It reads as if Fred ran late for his deadline and the editor was away sick, so we're asked to pay for a rough draft with no final chapter.

As if that isn't bad enough, the book paints a grim picture for men. Oh, it doesn't discuss humans, keeping to higher animals, but the message is plain. Men lose. Like the males of all species, we wear ourselves out competing with other males to seduce the women, and from all this struggling to please and serve, we then die younger than the females.

But Hapgood's manuscript offers some tips for beating the odds. First, be successful in your career, or at least sound successful. As with the elephant seal, the male who roars loudest or fastest is preferred of the females. Look successful too. Among men, as among birds of the species *Philomacus pugnax,* males with the largest and most brilliant feathers copulate most. And remember, many females prefer seasoned old fellas to handsome boys.

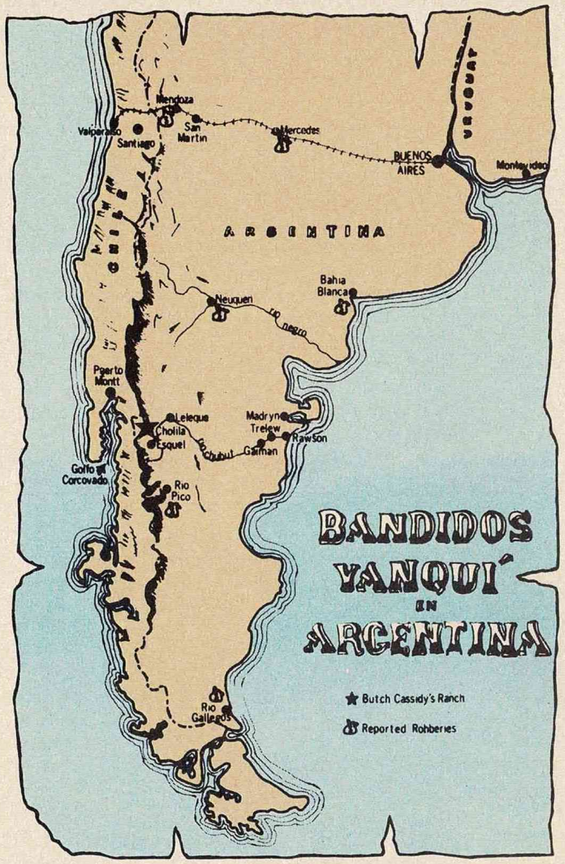
Added up, there's much to say for the old idea of leaving the girls alone and working like mad until you're rich at 30 or 40, then going courting with the brazen throat of confidence, clad in handmade suits and riding a Rolls.

And, if your career's just average, you could do well to learn from the European red deer stags, who lurk near the females of the top stag and steal them while he's fighting off another big noise. Red deer call it the sneaky fucker tactic. – MAURICE WHITTA

•

Larry Pointer is convinced that Butch Cassidy did not die in a shoot-out with Bolivian troops in 1908, but met his end in the late 1930s in Spokane, Washington from rectal cancer. Pointer's painstaking investigation to prove this hypothesis resulted in the compilation of *In Search of Butch Cassidy* (Constable), which probably stands as the most accurate and detailed account of the life of the outlaw.

Robert LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, was the best known of the many outlaws who operated in the mid-West around the turn of the century. The exploits of his Hole-in-the-Wall gang were so well documented and romanticised by many historians and novelists that Pointer found his primary task was to determine just what was fact.



Butch Cassidy's ranch in South America. Evidence dug up by Larry Pointer suggests his ramblings did not end here.

Pointer, when not working as an information specialist/agronomist, had written many articles on Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch. In the course of his research, the author found fresh evidence to back rumors held by some old-timers that Cassidy had actually returned from South America and resettled in the US under the name of William T. Phillips.

The process of Pointer's investigation provides fascinating reading as the author and his wife attempt to tie William T. Phillips, a mechanical engineer of Spokane, with Butch Cassidy, Wyoming desperado. Pointer's detection work turns up a ring that Phillips gave to an old girlfriend. The inscription reads: "George C. to Mary B." It was commonly known that Cassidy was called "George" before being tagged "Butch". A hand-writing expert contributes the amazing observation that letters written by Butch before he went to South America and during his stay in South America, and correspondence from Phillips all stemmed from the same hand. Both Phillips and Cassidy were expert marksmen, and Pointer provides a photo of a handgun owned by Phillips which bears the same inscription Butch carried on his possessions.

But the most amazing piece of evidence is a biography entitled *The Life and Times of Butch Cassidy* written by Phillips. At no stage does Phillips admit to being Butch, but offers that he "knew him very well". However, the detail in the biography is so exact that Pointer finds it quite impossible to come to any conclusion other than that William Phillips was really Butch Cassidy, the legendary outlaw.– NEIL JAMESON

•

Just who was the first American in space – Al Shepard, Gus Grissom or John Glenn? Few can remember. But, on that May day back in 1961 as the count-down to blast-off progressed at Cape Canaveral, nobody was in any doubt who the patriotic hero was, risking his life to challenge Yuri Gagarin in the space race.

The publicity had been orchestrated for months. A Magnificent Seven whittled down to three whose very appearance often prompted spontaneous applause. But not from the astronauts' peers. Their idols were the pilots of the first rocket planes – men like Chuck Yeager and Joe Walker who controlled their destinies in the skies – not NASA robots, wired from skull to rectum with electrical sensors. "A monkey's gonna make the first flight," jibed the flying fraternity. "A college-trained ape."

As Tom Wolfe reminds us in his latest masterpiece, a chimp called Ham was the first passenger in an American space capsule, followed by Shepard, Grissom and Glenn, men with the ineffable qualities of the book's title *The Right Stuff* published by Farrar Straus Giroux.

In this well-researched 436-page epic, crammed with behind-the-scenes incidents, Wolfe unavoidably tarnishes the clean-cut image of the early astronauts and their families, revealing a hitherto hidden world of groupies, booze, fast cars, pecking orders and stubborn women like Annie Glenn

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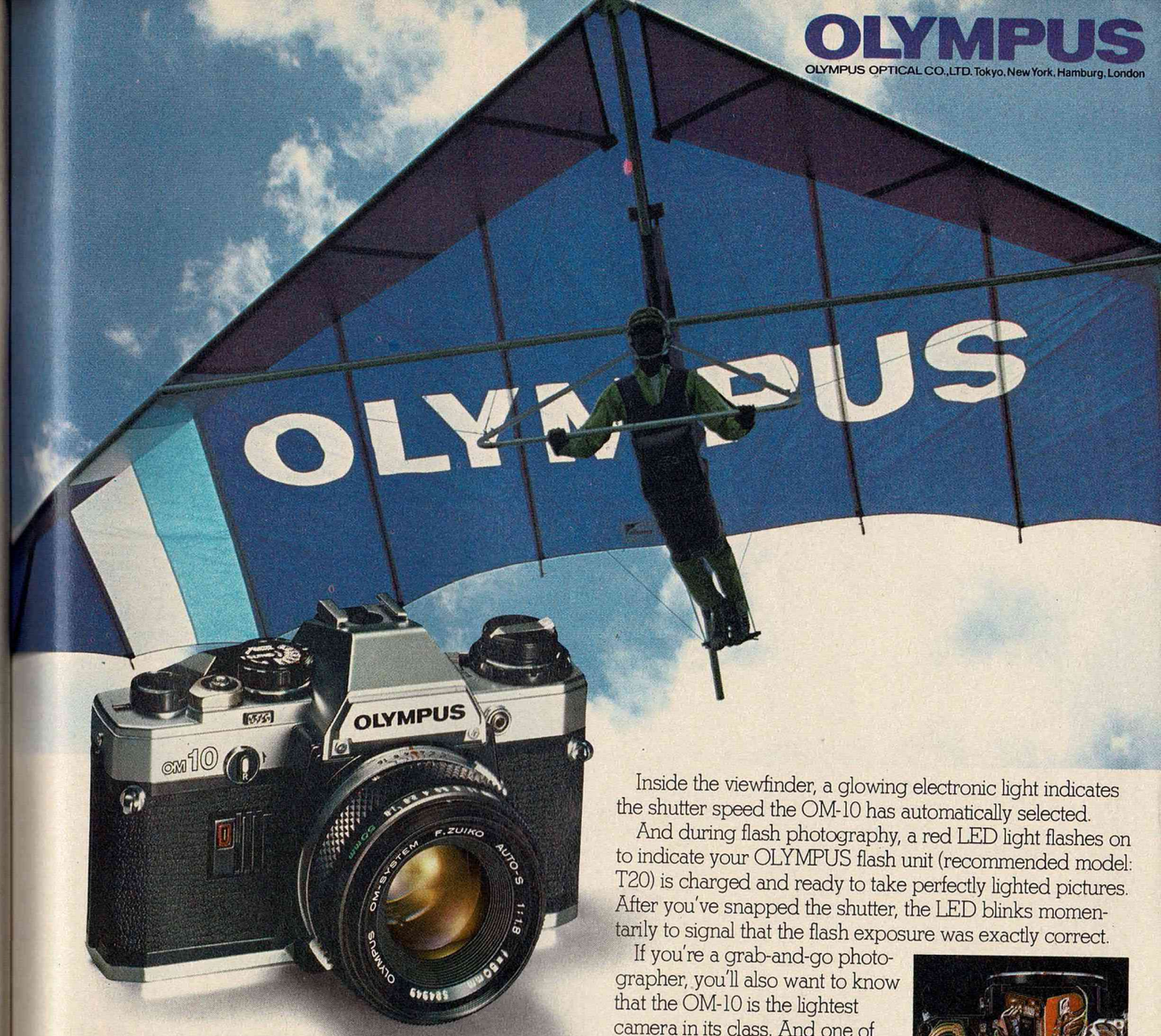

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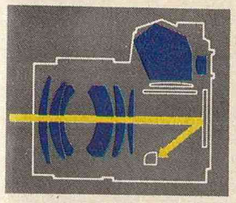

All you do is focus and *click*. The OM-10 utilizes OLYMPUS's famous, professional TTL Direct Light Measuring System to read light *directly* off the film during the instantaneous moment of exposure truth. Only OLYMPUS has this lightning-fast system.

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who refused President Lyndon Johnson admittance to her home during John's countdown.

Would Shepard have been quite the hero had we known he flew in a space suit filled with urine, having lost a battle with his bladder? Or Grissom, whose assertion that "malfunctioning" caused the flooding and sinking of his capsule on splashdown, when he almost certainly blew the hatch? Or Glenn, whose self-esteem was apparently such that he tried to unseat Shepard as the Prime Pilot?

Nonetheless, Wolfe does not belittle their achievements. Rather, he adds new dimensions, portraying the astronauts as full-blooded human beings, not glorified by-products of a technological era who happened to reach for the stars. – CAMILLA BEACH

•

Only life, and more particularly that mad segment of it known as Fleet Street, could have assembled the cast which makes *The Fall of the House of Beaverbrook* so fascinating. As the authors, Lewis Chester and Jonathan Fenby, both journalists, make clear, all of the characters ran on a mixture of ink, adrenalin and alcohol, with added power lust.

There was the founding father, Max Aitken. He made his first million from cement in Canada and spent it prodigally in Britain on talent. He was created Lord Beaverbrook in recognition of his ownership of *The Daily Express, The Sunday Express* and *The Evening Standard* in England and their counterparts in Scotland. He was also celebrated for his undeleted expletives on the telephone. On occasions, he received minions while seated in the dunny, imbibing paraffin oil for his constipation.

Some revered Beaverbrook. Others took a dimmer view. Among the latter was the austere Lord Reith, founder of the British Broadcasting Corporation. In his private diary, Lord Reith observed of Beaverbrook: "To no one is the vulgar designation *shit* more appropriately applied."

Beaverbrook's son, "Young Max" – a young fighter pilot of undeniable skill during World War Two – never learned to fly a newspaper by the seat of his pants. So, to assist him, Beaverbrook brought in Old Etonian Jocelyn Stevens. As proprietor-editor of the super glossy *Queen* magazine, Stevens once sacked a fashion editor – and threw her filing cabinet from an eighth floor window.

Another Old Etonian figured in the cast. He was Jimmy Goldsmith – now Sir James, and proprietor of *Now!* magazine. Goldsmith once eloped with the heiress to the Patino tin fortune in South America. He was told by her father: "In my family, we are not in the habit of marrying outside the Catholic Faith." Goldsmith replied: "In my family, we are not in the habit of marrying descendants of Red Indians."

In such a *galere,* an Australian identity might have been expected to get lost in the blaze of eccentricity. Not Rupert Murdoch, known in Britain half derisively, half fearfully, as "The Dirty Digger". At one stage, he offered to inject $20 million into the Beaverbrook giant to keep its tiny brain functioning while major surgery was carried out on its swollen extremities. In a letter to his friend "Young Max", Murdoch enclosed a personal cheque for $2.8 million. As it turned out, Murdoch's cheque was never cashed. Trafalgar House Ltd, a property company which had already taken over the Cunard shipping line, bought the empire lock, stock and talent in 1977 for more than $29 million.

Most of the Beaverbrook newspapers were saved. A certain style was gone. And there are those in Fleet Street prepared to swear into their pink gins that, when good journalists die, they go to work on the old *Daily Express.* There, the living is hard and the expenses are easy, and Beaverbrook's voice can be heard rasping, as he addresses a subordinate querying the spelling of a name: "G for God Almighty, L for Lunatics, A for Atlantic Ocean, N for Nancy, C for Cunt and Y for You." – JAMES MURRAY

•

BOOKENDS

Ted Morgan's long-awaited and wordy biography of Somerset Maugham – the book on which the great and complex man's literary executors, family and friends *did* co-operate – will be on sale here within a few weeks. Morgan – the assumed name of Pulitzer Prize-winning French writer, Sanche de Gramont – has been able to present the truth about Maugham's covert activities as a spy in World War One, the shaping of Maugham the writer, his homosexuality and his hatred for his wife, Syre. The 704-page biography will be released here by Jonathan Cape.

Cape will also publish the unusual autobiography of an unusual Australian, Clive James – a man who outgrew the tenements of South Sydney to take degrees at Sydney University and Cambridge and to forge himself a critical career on the London *Observer* and with British television. The London publishing house that signed him for his autobiography baulked at his original choice of title: Bastard from the Bush. James's book will appear as *Unreliable Memoirs.*

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NEXT MONTH

RANALD MACDONALD

EXOTIC CARS

FOOTBALL HEROES

DAVE THE RAVE

DEALERS IN DEATH — ADDICTS ARE NOT THE ONLY VICTIMS OF AUSTRALIA'S BIG-BUSINESS HEROIN IMPORTERS. IN DEFENCE OF THEIR TERRIFYING $160-MILLION-A-YEAR OPERATION, THESE RUTHLESS, HIGHLY PROFESSIONAL GANG LEADERS THINK NOTHING OF MURDER. STAFF WRITER **RUSSELL DEILEY** PROBES THE TWILIGHT WORLD OF HARD DRUGS FOR THIS DRAMATIC REPORT

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RANALD MACDONALD — AS MANAGING DIRECTOR OF *THE AGE*, AUSTRALIA'S MOST INFLUENTIAL NEWSPAPER, MACDONALD IS EMBROILED IN A BOOTS-AND-ALL BATTLE OVER PRESS INDEPENDENCE. HE TALKS ABOUT HIS CONCERN AND HIS HOPES WITH **JOHN JOST,** EDITOR OF AUSTRALIAN *PLAYBOY*

FOOTBALL'S BATTERED HEROES — IN A PRE-SEASON LOOK AT AUSTRALIA'S MAJOR CODES, **NEIL JAMESON** FINDS OUT HOW THE GIANTS MANAGE TO STAY AHEAD OF THE APPALLING INJURY TOLL

FEAR OF LAUGHING — WHERE'S OUR SENSE OF SEXUAL HUMOR HEADING IN THE 1980S? **ERICA JONG,** AUTHOR OF *FEAR OF FLYING*, CHARTS ITS LIKELY COURSE

DREAMS OF DISASTER — WE INVESTIGATE THE VALIDITY OF PREMONITIONS, AND THE PEOPLE IN AUSTRALIA AND THE UNITED STATES WHO HAVE THEM

HAVE WE GOT A CAR FOR *YOU!* — SURE, YOU'D LOVE A LAMBORGHINI, BUT THE BANK BALANCE WON'T AGREE. **ROB LUCK** TESTS THE RANGE OF AFFORDABLE EXOTICA AND GIVES RECOMMENDATIONS. A TREAT FOR CAR BUFFS

AND INTRODUCING **DAVE THE RAVE,** A BITINGLY SATIRICAL COMIC STRIP BY **TERRANCE HARRISON** ABOUT A TYPICAL YOB FROM BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN NEWCASTLE

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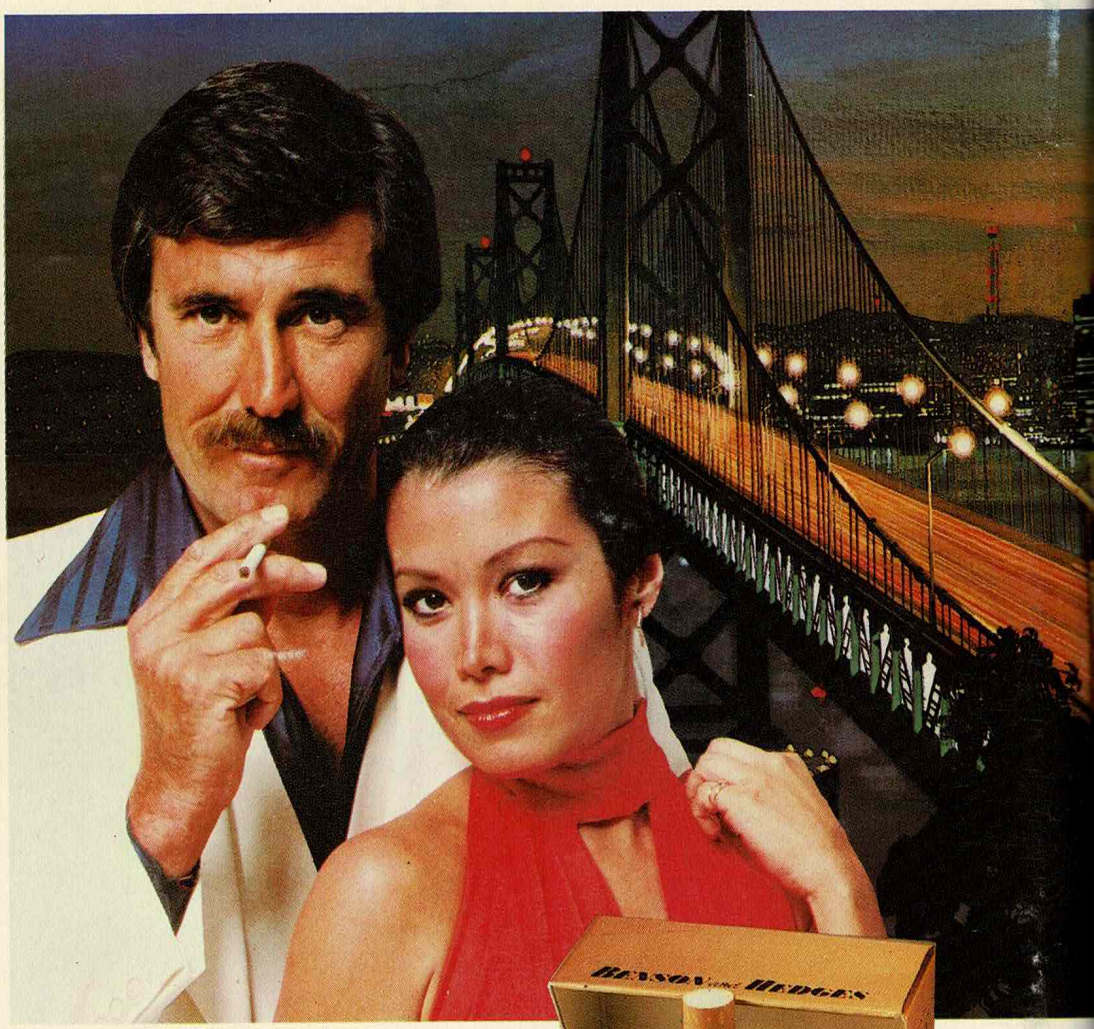
George Lazenby, an Australian International, enjoys Benson and Hedges Extra Mild.



George Lazenby and friend in front of the San Francisco Oakland Bay Bridge.

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